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faith healer



Should
Oral Roberts
be banned
from Canada?

New light on our national state of health

The only man the Allies didn't beat

MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 27 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





Terylene* slacks hold a press

even when you've been out in the rain

Why is the basset hound so unhappy? Is he envious of 'Terylene', the talented new textile fibre that dries wrinkle-free and holds a trouser crease as tenaciously as a dog holds on to a bone?

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'Terylene' and wool gabardine slacks, by Rothstein.

keep your eye  on



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TEN vases?

You can get too much of almost anything . . . even wedding presents. But the bride and groom with too much ready cash is a rarity indeed. So if your wedding day is in the planning stage, consider the wisdom of setting up your own savings programme now, so you may be all set financially when the big day arrives.

As a first step, make up your mind to deposit a definite amount every pay day into your Royal Bank Savings Account, or into a special Wedding Account that won't be touched until your wedding day is at hand. Tomorrow isn't too soon to get started. Your nearest Royal Bank branch will gladly look after you. After all . . . there's nothing quite like money in the bank.

**THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA**



MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 27, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 22

Editorial

Bossism is still bossism, even when labor's the boss

At least once a year we feel it our duty to write an anti-labor editorial. We do so on the same impulse that sometimes persuades us to write an anti-capitalist editorial, an anti-Communist editorial, an anti-Liberal editorial, an anti-Conservative editorial, an anti-CCF editorial, an anti-Social Credit editorial, and editorials criticizing booze, traffic jams and sex.

For this tiresome and virtuous habit there is an excuse. In our view every one of these respected and established institutions stands in danger of acquiring a satisfaction with itself and an obsession with its own goals that can, if unchecked and unexamined, become a serious danger to the health of society as a whole.

The two-year-old strike at the Kohler Company's factory in Sheboygan, Wis., is of small direct concern to any reader of this magazine. No one in this audience will suffer much if the strike goes on forever. Yet we believe that this long and famous dispute reflects a crisis in human relations quite as important as any other.

The Kohler plant was struck in April 1954 on the issue of the closed shop. That was, and is, the only issue. Hours, wages and security and welfare benefits are better at Kohler than elsewhere in its industry, elsewhere in its state, elsewhere in its county, elsewhere in its city. Nearly forty years ago, the firm was supporting group life insurance and group accident and health insurance. It adopted a pension plan long before the United Auto Workers, the union

with which it is in conflict, had obtained this benefit from any major industry. Most of its employees are happy and hundreds of them are still at work, strike or no strike.

Kohler was struck, and is struck, because its president, while perfectly content to sign a union contract, would not demand that all his employees join the union or be fired. He has defended, without reservation, the right of any and every employee to join any union of his choice. He has also defended the right of every employee to abstain from joining a union. In an effort to teach him better, the striking union and its affiliates have spent an estimated ten million dollars in strike pay and in propaganda urging a continent-wide boycott of the firm's products. Millions of dollars in wages have been sacrificed and hundreds of jobs have been wiped out, in a senseless attempt by labor to supplant the bossism it fought so hard and valiantly in its early years with a bossism of its own. Illegal picketing, frequently accompanied by violence, has been one of its chief instruments.

It's one of the deepest tragedies of this century that it began with labor and capital in bitter strife over questions so vital and stubborn that only strife could settle them. It will be an equal tragedy if the more old-fashioned elements of organized labor persist in the notion that 1956 is the same as 1906 and that the best way to save people from being pushed around—whether they're employees or employers—is to push them around some more.

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History of hunting

Artist Peter Whalley made this cover by cutting the design on a linoleum block, running off a print and then coloring it. "Medieval style," he explains—the picture, not the linoleum. He has a title for it too: Man's Hunting Habits from Cave to 'Copter.

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around one year . . .



around two years . . .



around three years . . .



around four years . . .

What are the greatest hazards at these ages?

TODAY, ACCIDENTS are the greatest single hazard of early childhood. In fact, accidents in and about the home take hundreds of lives each year in the age group from one to four. Thousands more of our children are injured . . . and many are permanently crippled . . . by accidents which might have been prevented.

One way to help safeguard young children is to know something about what a child does at various stages of growth. Around age one, for example, they put practically everything in their mouths. This is why household cleansers, and small objects such as pins and buttons, should be put away.

Age two is the time when the child explores and investigates everything around him. So, potentially dangerous things—such as medicines, knives, matches and electrical equipment—should be kept where a child cannot reach them.

The child of three is likely to have a serious fall, especially when he climbs near windows, on furniture, or goes up and

down stairs. Windows should have guards on them. Screens need to be firm and securely fastened. Stairs should always be free of objects on which a child can trip.

Four-year-old children are "runabouts." They should be taught to watch for cars in driveways and to ride their tricycles on the sidewalk.

In addition, children need regular health examinations for correcting defects of vision or hearing that could lead to mishaps. If repeated accidents occur, a special effort should be made to discover the cause.

Children of school age also have many accidents. So, it would be wise to emphasize to them the importance of crossing streets properly, obeying traffic lights and equipping and riding their bicycles for safety.

For more information about how you can help foresee and forestall accidents, send for Metropolitan's booklet, *A Formula for Child Safety*. Use the coupon below for your free copy.



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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Randolph Churchill's feud with Eden

When Napoleon realized that he had lost the Battle of Waterloo, he said to one of his generals, "I have only one regret. I failed to hang Fouché." Thus did the emperor express his innermost feelings toward that sinister figure who set a pattern for all time as a minister of police and became the most hated and feared man in France.

No one could be less like Fouché than Randolph Churchill, only son of Sir Winston, but I can well imagine that as Sir Anthony Eden looks upon the turbulent political scene today he mutters to himself, "I have only one regret. I failed to destroy Randolph."

All this is a prelude to a frank portrait which I propose to put before you. It is the portrait of a man, forty-five years old, who accumulates enemies as a miser accumulates gold.

To understand the significance of Randolph Churchill at this moment it is necessary to recall that the staunchest newspaper champion of Sir Anthony Eden today is no less a person than Baron Beaverbrook. It was not ever thus. During Eden's regime at the Foreign Office he was riddled with grapeshot and stink bombs by the Canadian press magnate. But when Eden became prime minister our compatriot saw the light and was converted like Saul of Tarsus.

But let there be no mistake about it—the immortal Max has many faults, but sycophancy is not one of them. His sudden enthusiasm for Eden was genuine.

He does not seek honors. After his stupendous services to the state as minister of aircraft production

in the Hitler war, he could have had a step-up in the peerage by merely whistling for it, but when other men had given their lives he refused to accept any reward.

It was inevitable that when the Express newspaper group became the open and belligerent champion of Eden as prime minister people would say that Max wanted a lift in the peerage which, according to the gossips, had been refused by Churchill. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. Winston would have given him anything including the silver spoons.

The fact is that the ways of the Beaver are stranger than the ways of a maid with a man. While the Daily Express, Sunday Express and Evening Standard blared encouragement to the new prime minister, there came the announcement that Mr. Randolph Churchill would write on politics once a week in the Evening Standard, and that he would express his own opinions even though they were contrary to those held by the Express group.

The wise ones winked. Since when did newspaper barons give space to writers who were antagonistic to the established policy of their newspapers? Four or five articles perhaps, just as window dressing, but not a weekly column. But they did not know the Beaver.

Which brings me to the hero of our narrative, Randolph Frederick Edward Spencer Churchill. The vital statistics of this formidable figure are that he has been married twice, that he sat in parliament as a Tory from 1940 to 1945, and did gallant war service with the Yugoslav continued on page 82

EVEN IN-LAW EDEN ISN'T SPARED BY RANDOLPH



Target and marksman: Though related by marriage Anthony Eden (left) is blistered as a bungler in Randolph Churchill's hot press attacks.



The architects consulted zoologists and naturalists on habits of the Canadian otter before starting work.

ARCHITECT IS AN OTTER'S BEST FRIEND

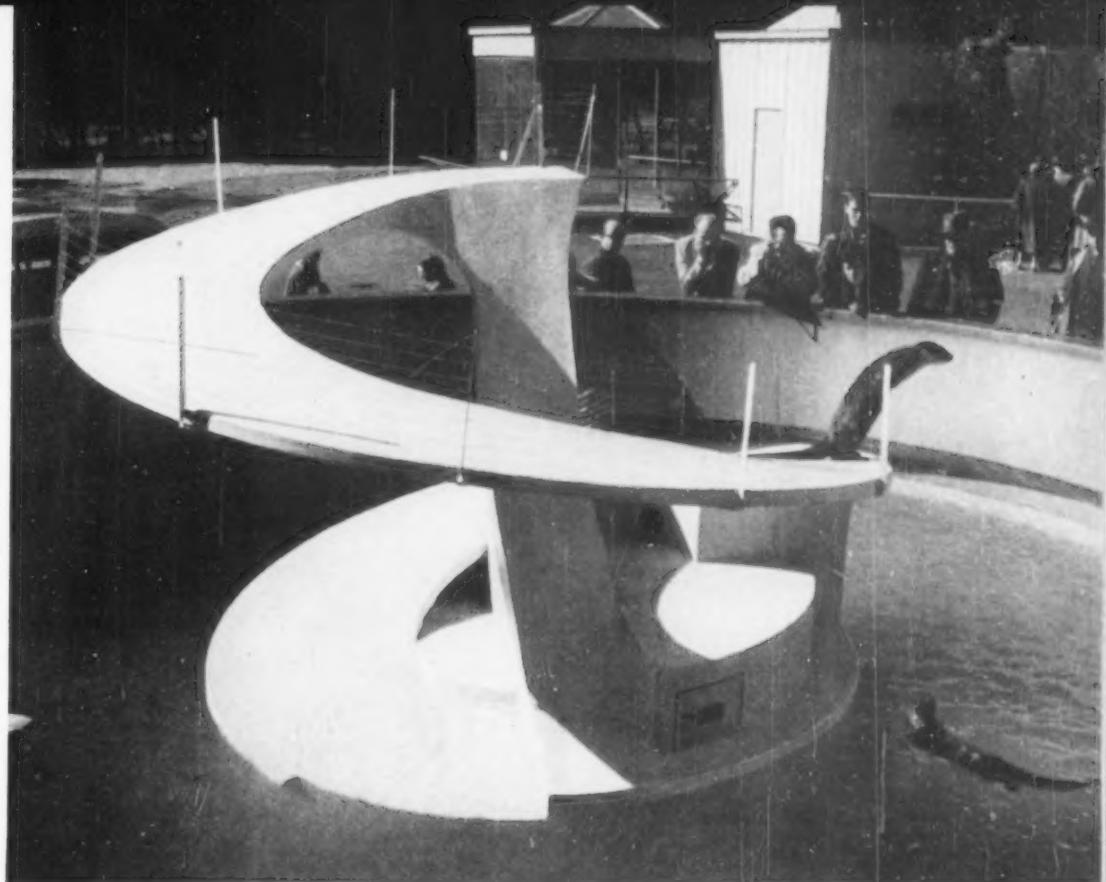
Sympathy, ingenuity and fir plywood make new otters' home a fun house

Vancouver's famed Stanley Park Zoo wanted a show-place home for otters. Zoo officials called on West Coast Architects Underwood, McKinley, Cameron, who called on the otters.

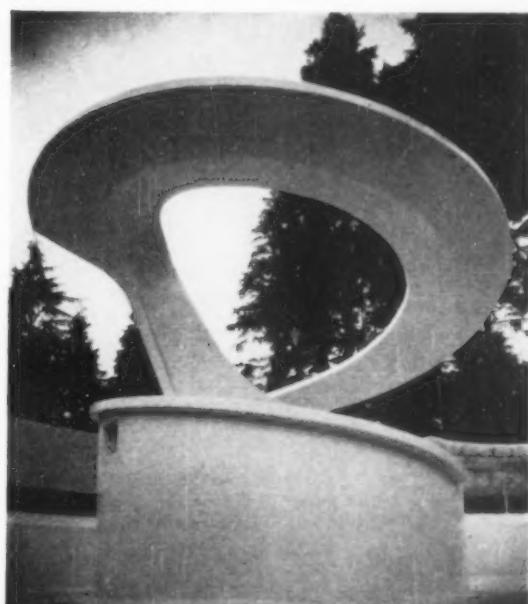
After some guarded observation (otters bite), the architects concluded that the problem was to design a stage for these natural-born water clowns. The captivating spiral shape in the pool shown at the right was the result.

This imaginative structure had to be cast in concrete. How could it be shaped accurately? Forms of Douglas fir plywood provided the answer. Using this adaptable material, the forms were constructed easily and with complete exactness. Concrete was poured, allowed to set, and, when the forms were stripped away, Stanley Park had a new attraction. Two of Vancouver's happiest otters soon became the city's top comedians.

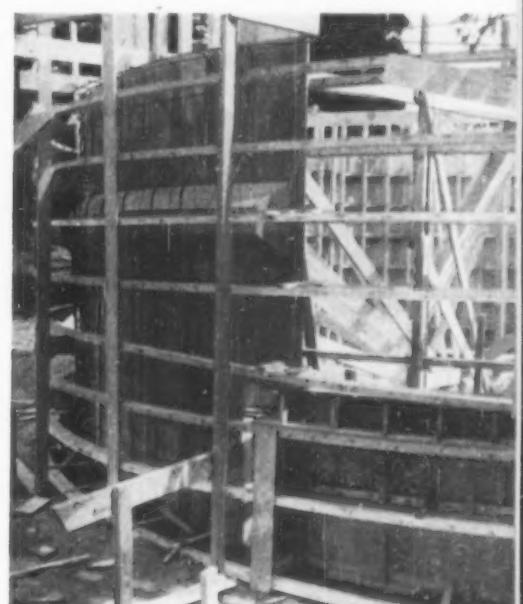
Authoritative technical information is available on concrete forms and many other applications of this versatile building material. **Write Plywood Manufacturers Association of B.C., 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.**



Frolicsome otters trundle up the spiral ramp, to swoosh down a smooth centre slide into the pool. Water flows continually on the slide to keep it slippery and fast. Fir plywood forms produced a surface so smooth very little touching up was required. Otters live inside the base. They enter through a round hole visible at right of the slide.



Intricate "sculpture in concrete" has become a conversation piece in architectural and engineering circles. The otter ramp is dramatic proof of eminent suitability of tough, flexible fir plywood for use in forming intricate concrete curves.



Construction view of otter pool base shows 4' x 8' panels of fir plywood used as forms for sides. For the Vee'd splash protection at the waterline, $\frac{1}{4}$ " fir plywood was sprung into position around the form.

Formwork of giant draft tubes in Waneta Dam on B.C.'s Pend d'Oreille River is another good example of fir plywood versatility. Tons of concrete were poured around the tough plywood skin to form one of four tubes in the dam.



Foundations of this new home are formed in Douglas fir plywood. Unbroken surfaces of the plywood panels provided a smooth finish, free of fins and ridges. Made with waterproof glue, these forms can be used many times.



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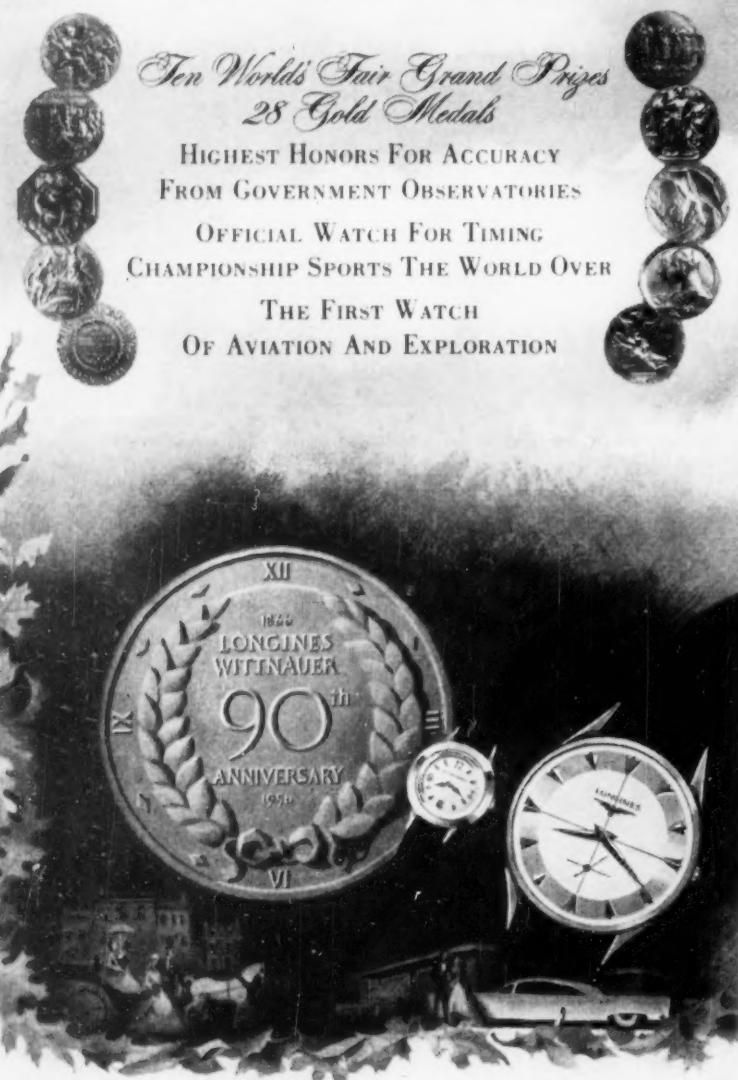
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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

MAJOR-GEN. W. H. S. MACKLIN SAYS

Canada doesn't need more people

Every time the Dominion Bureau of Statistics announces an increase in Canada's population it is a signal for widespread rejoicing. Shouts of "hosanna" and "hallelujah" are raised on all sides. Demographers rush to plot a new point on their graphs, and instantly proceed to project the curve of population into the future as far as their fancy takes them. The more steeply they think it will rise the better they like it.

We have the highest birth rate of any developed country in the world—more than twenty-eight per thousand per year. Our youths and maidens are marrying younger and having more children, and most Canadians think it's splendid. Since World War II we've imported some one million three hundred thousand immigrants, including our inimitable Mr. Pickersgill's inferior non-Canadian babies.

Yet many are not satisfied. Editors, prominent industrialists and politicians continue to agitate and to prod at the government for a speed-up in immigration. I think if some had their way they would build rafts and try to ferry over every human being in Europe this side of the Iron Curtain. I have heard it said in great seriousness that one half of the population of Great Britain should be transported to Canada. According to these enthusiasts, any Canadian problem—whether it be measles, inflation, or the national debt—can be solved by having more people.

The puzzle of population

I do not agree with them. I think this theory is an illusion, and that the old Boer, who complained loudly that his country was getting to be overpopulated because he could see the smoke of his neighbor's chimney, was much more realistic.

Looking at the matter from the broadest standpoint first, I reached the conclusion years ago that the most fundamental problem facing humanity today is neither racial, nor political, but biological: the seemingly insoluble puzzle of how to limit its own surplus fecundity. Of late years we have acquired a new basic problem: how to use and control atomic energy. I am afraid I do not think, as some do, that the solution to this second question will provide the right answer to the first, no matter whether the atomic energy is expended in hydrogen bombs or in industry.

The contention of the clergyman, Malthus, late in the eighteenth century, that the human race would out-



A former Adjutant-General of the Canadian Army, Gen. Macklin earlier criticized Canada's defense plans in a widely quoted Maclean's article.

strip its food supply, was discounted for two hundred years. But in the twentieth century science has greatly prolonged the average of human life, while there has been no corresponding inhibition of its reproduction.

So now, as Malthus foretold, the world's population is rising in an ever-steepener curve. There are no more virgin continents to develop, and multitudes are already hungry. When I hear of an increase in the birth rate, there rises a vision of the mountain of food each baby newcomer will eat if it lives to be seventy.

I have encountered this population problem at first hand in Asia. In the early 1930s it was my good fortune to spend two years in the Indian sub-continent. It occurred to me, from observations there, that whatever aspersions may be cast upon the system known sometimes as "colonialism," and sometimes, more accurately, as "imperialism," that system, in two centuries of British application, had wrought basic changes in India.

To simplify a complex matter, I will say that, under British rule, three things were introduced into India: transportation, sanitation, and irrigation. A great system of excellent railways was built, enabling the transfer of food from areas of surplus to areas of famine. Water supplies were purified, disposal of excrement systematized, drugs like quinine and the vaccines introduced. Gigantic dams were erected to water the desert and increase the food supply.

On top of this, peace succeeded a millennium of warfare, and thus the four horsemen of the Apocalypse—Conquest, War, Famine and Death—were restrained from their former devastating charges across the country. *continued on page 71*



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Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grassick

Tory dilemma: who can replace Drew?

It took George Drew's illness to make Conservatives realize how close he had come to being their Indispensable Man.

Not that they hadn't fully accepted him as leader. There was an anti-Drew faction in the party at one time, especially after the 1953 election defeat, but it disappeared long ago. Anything that may have been left of it was wiped out by the great debate on the Defense Production Act last year, when the Conservatives under Drew's generalship were able to block a law that even the Liberals now admit was a singularly bad one. Party morale rose higher than it had been in more than twenty years, and Drew's personal prestige reached a new peak.

But even then it's doubtful if many Conservatives knew, as they know now, how important Drew had become to the party. They didn't know how hard it would be, in the party's present circumstances, to find a man to succeed him.

Within hours of Drew's return from Bermuda for his second admission to hospital, Conservatives were talking about preparations for a national convention. There was no disloyalty in this—they merely took it for granted that he wouldn't be able to endure the strain of another session of parliament followed by the ordeal of a general election campaign. They thought, therefore, that the party would have to move as fast as possible in order to give a new leader maximum time to make himself known and get his

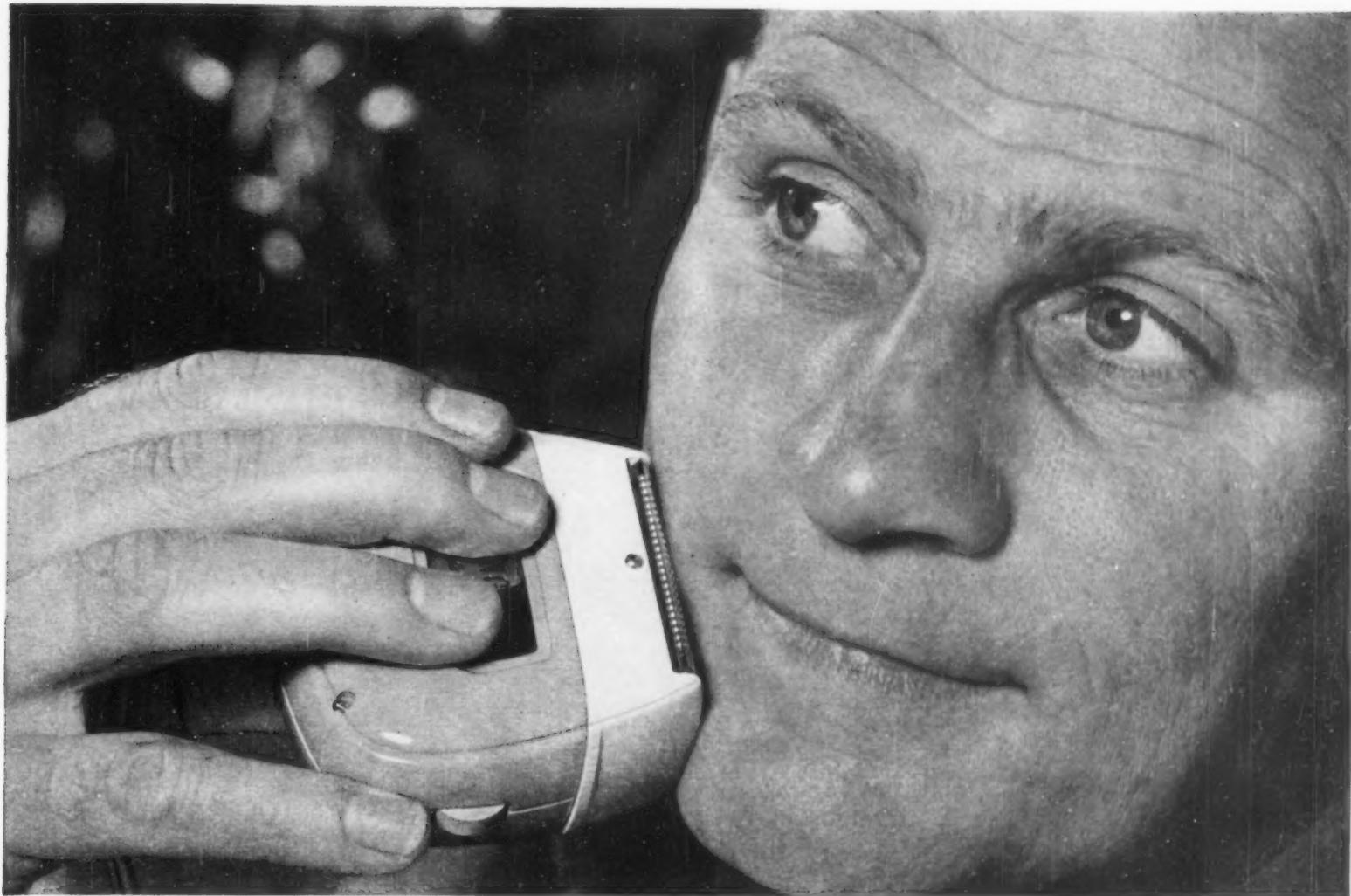
organization ready for the battle expected next May and June.

But even then, there were many powerful voices who disagreed.

"I'm against calling a convention unless and until it is absolutely unavoidable," said one senior member of the party. "Let George take it easy all through the session, let him even take it easy through the campaign, but let's keep him as leader if we possibly can." Among those who shared this view were some of the most prominent Conservative MPs. They were all, of course, friends and warm supporters of George Drew, but that was not their only and perhaps not even their primary reason for opposing a leadership convention. They were afraid a convention now would choose John Diefenbaker, MP for Prince Albert, as the new party leader.

Diefenbaker has twice contested the leadership already. In 1942 he was one of those, along with Murdoch MacPherson, of Regina, and Howard Green, of Vancouver, who ran at the convention that picked John Bracken. In 1948 he was the principal contender against George Drew, and he took his defeat hard. Everybody took it for granted, without even asking, that he would make another try for the job this time and would take defeat even harder—if in fact he were defeated.

He might not be. He has strong support in western Ontario as well as on the prairies. In the Maritimes, he is regarded as one of the party's most effec- *continued on page 101*

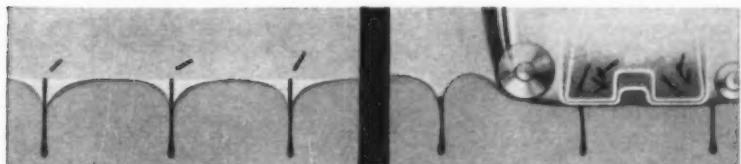


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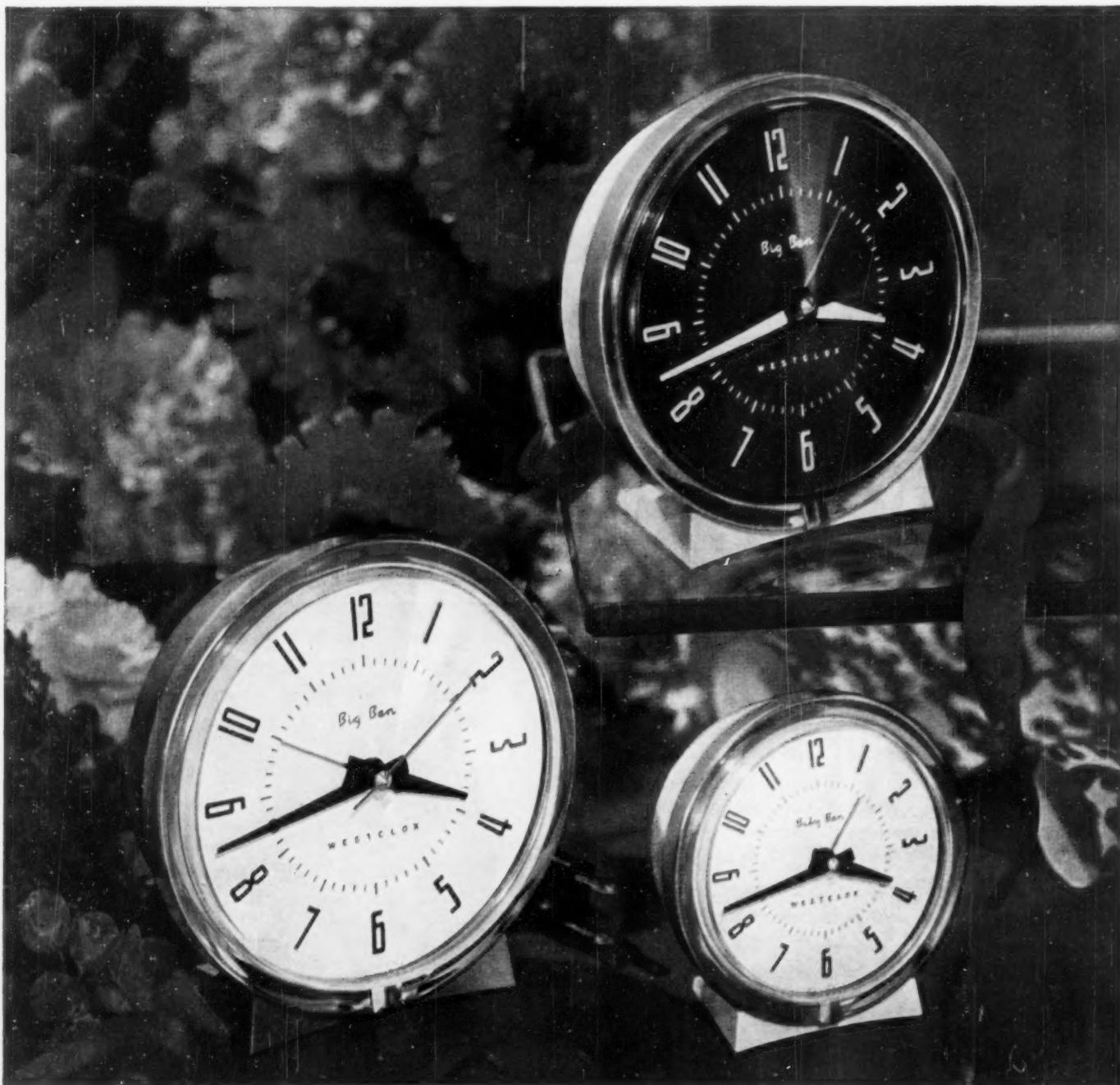
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Electric or Spring **WESTCLOX*** dependable as the day is long
WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY LIMITED, PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO

DOCTORS DECLARE

"His 'cures' don't cure"

MANY FELLOW MINISTERS DEPLORE

"Circus publicity"

SOCIAL WORKERS DEMAND

"Ban his programs"

A CBC OFFICIAL ADMITS

"They make your flesh creep"

These are typical complaints against

the TV and radio faith healing of

ORAL ROBERTS

but the Oklahoma evangelist claims

the world's largest weekly audience.

Here's a close-up of

today's most controversial preacher

BY SIDNEY KATZ

One recent Sunday afternoon, after watching a thirty-minute television program on CHCH Hamilton, officials of the Canadian Mental Health Association in Toronto threw up their hands in horror.

The show featured Rev. Oral Roberts, an Oklahoma preacher who resembles Cary Grant and who advertises himself as "America's Healing Evangelist." In the first half of the program Roberts was seen delivering a rousing sermon to twelve thousand people seated in a tent. In the second half, in an atmosphere laden with emotion and hysteria, Roberts laid hands in turn on a long line of people suffering from such disorders as cancer, schizophrenia, blindness and chronic arthritis. He later claimed that many of these were healed.

After a hurried caucus, the mental hygienists wrote the CBC in Ottawa, demanding that the show be removed from the air. "In our

Story and pictures continue over page



ORAL ROBERTS continued

opinion," they said, "this is a very dangerous presentation because of its hysterical nature which could be harmful to citizens susceptible to extreme appeals."

This was only one of many criticisms that have been launched against Roberts in recent months. Dr. W. E. Mann, secretary of the Diocesan Council for Social Service, Toronto, who is both a clergyman and a sociologist, accused Roberts of claiming medical cures without offering medical proof; of taking "love offerings" at every campaign instead of living off a regular salary; and of using undignified publicity methods. "Roberts is always tempting God — asking for signs and miracles while the TV cameras grind," says Mann. "In the Bible, God was not put on the spot and asked to produce. The miracle was granted." Dr. O. E. A. Stephens, a devoutly religious Toronto physician, after examining several people who had been "cured" by Roberts, could find no "cures" or temporary improvements that couldn't be explained by psychological shock or straight hysteria.

Jack Gould, the TV critic of the New York Times, challenged the ethics of "selling air time to healers who claim magic results, unsupported by the slightest shred of rational evidence." The Christian Century, a nondenominational magazine published in Chicago, editorialized that Roberts' religious activities were "insipid" and "a travesty on Christian teaching. His stream of publicity is equal to anything put out by a circus press agent." (Roberts employs the services of a New York advertising agency and a Chicago public relations firm.) Rev. E. Crossley Hunter, Toronto, observed that Roberts' type of faith healing had long been abandoned by the church because "it attracts hysterical and emotionally unbalanced people."

The deep concern of the Canadian Mental Health officials was not lessened when they learned that Roberts' Canadian audience extended far beyond Hamilton and environs. Every Sunday he is heard on radio stations in Vancouver, Trail, Calgary, Camrose, Regina, St. Thomas, Toronto, Saint John and St. John's. He's hoping to add other Canadian radio and TV outlets to his network in the near future. Furthermore, he's already held tent meetings in Calgary and Toronto. Other Canadian cities are included in his future itinerary.

But Roberts' Canadian listeners and viewers are a mere drop in the bucket. Perhaps the greatest Roberts miracle is his personal rise to prominence. Eight years ago, he was an obscure preacher in a small cattle town in Oklahoma. Today, it is probable that he has the largest weekly audience ever commanded by a single human being. In the United States he appears on almost eight hundred TV and radio stations every Sunday. Roberts hopes to boost this total to a thousand before the year is over. "If Jesus Christ were on earth today I'm sure he'd use radio and TV," he says.

Roberts gains an additional audience by barnstorming around the U. S. holding ten-day revival campaigns. The tent in which they are held, reputed to be the largest in the world, seats 20,000 people, uses 18,000 square yards of canvas, 38 miles of rope and covers one and a half times the area of a football field. Roberts' ultimate aim is "every creature and **continued on page 85**



ROBERTS PREACHES

"I don't touch hell," Roberts says of sermons that precede much-publicized "healing hours."



ROBERTS CONVERTS

ROBERTS "HEALS"



"I know this boy loves God and wants to be normal. It's coming, coming! Thank you, Jesus!"

Photos by Walter Curtin





The evangelist's objective is a million souls won in 1956. By mid-year, 561,000 had lined up to declare themselves saved.



ROBERTS COLLECTS

Big paper cups fill with up to \$4,000 at each meeting. He claims \$35,000 personal income, others estimate \$125,000.



"Heal this woman, Father! Look, where the goitre was—it's gone now!" Roberts' "world's biggest tent" seats 20,000.



"Everybody put your heads down. There are demons in the flesh; when they come out I won't be responsible for what happens."

We bought a race horse

He looked like a winner

and my wife and I didn't know any better.

But we learned —

about eccentric trainers

jockey fees

mood "sure things"

and the high cost of hoping.

And we've got the bills to prove it



Owners' expressions illuminate that old adage: "There are at least a thousand ways to lose a horse race . . ."

BY W. G. FORDYCE

In the spring of 1954 we bought a race horse. I'd had my share of thrills in life before that. I'd been in a cyclone in Regina that killed thirty-two people; I'd been in an earthquake in Santa Barbara that demolished the business section; and I'd been lost at sea in a thirty-two-foot boat on a stormy night. My wife, a nurse, had also had her moments.

But for real nonstop excitement there's nothing I know of that equals owning a race horse.

I'm not the horsey type, and neither is my wife. True, we enjoy an occasional visit to the track. Also, I've sometimes had that hankering that so many folks have—I mean, to own a race horse and make money. But had some fortune teller told us that we were actually going to have a horse of our own, I would have laughed it off as ridiculous.

I'm a retired car dealer and car-finance company man. My experience had been with a different type of horsepower. Just then I was giving financial assistance to a company that needed bolstering, and naturally I saw a lot of the owner. Over our coffees we'd talk of this and that, but mainly, it seemed, of a race horse that he'd acquired. The horse is still running on the prairies. We have no wish to embarrass him, so I won't mention



his name, but the dope on him was that he came from pretty classy ancestors. He had been close once in a ten-thousand-dollar race. His father had earned eighty-seven thousand dollars in five seasons, winning the Arkansas Derby at top weight, with Johnny Longden, the famous Canadian-born jockey, riding, and finishing fourth in the Kentucky Derby, again with Longden up. His feet were badly cut in that one, but it was never held as an excuse. That was the year that Shut Out won, Alsab was second and Valdina Orphan third. You could look it up.

Since his retirement from the track he'd sired a hundred and three registered foals in six years. Their winnings had amounted to \$658,521. He still commands a stud fee of two thousand dollars. And the horse I discussed was one of these babies.

So he could be a very good horse indeed, although up to then he hadn't lived up to his sire's reputation—but then his previous owner had died and the horse had been neglected for some time. He had now to be put back in shape, a thing that would take time and money—more money than his present owner could freely spare.

I thought about it. I could see that we had the opportunity of owning, or at least sharing in the



Fast workout at Vancouver's Exhibition Park gave the Fordyces high hopes for their half-interest horse—but they found he sometimes took a half-interest in running.

ownership of a fine and possibly profitable animal. But on the other hand I realized it was strictly a gamble and that, with horses, it isn't the initial cost so much as it's the overhead and underfoot. I say I realized this—I was to realize it more fully later.

But the upshot was that we paid five hundred dollars and got half an interest in the horse.

He was a lovely looking horse—a rich chestnut brown with a white blaze on his forehead. And he was a perfect gentleman. If you picked up his front feet to examine them, he'd have a rear foot held up for you when you got around to the back end.

My wife Christine fell for him right away. When we'd go out to visit him she'd take sugar lumps in her purse. After the first few visits she didn't have to take the sugar out of her purse—he'd come up, nose through the purse and do his own sugaring.

He was so good looking and he had such winning ways in the pasture that we believed that he really liked us. He seemed even to smile sometimes, although I noticed that if there was no sugar there were no smiles.

Well, we had the horse and the horse had to have several months of training prior to the racing

season. It was this training period that gave us our first real contact with the track. In a way I guess we were being trained too.

Our first need was a trainer. I knew then as little of trainers as I did of horses. I think now that one is about as big a gamble as the other.

The first man we got was erratic. He'd scream at the horse and yank at his bridle. Our horse soon became so nervous that a hand held out to pat him, if it was advanced too quickly, would make him rear and plunge. Even such novices as ourselves saw that our trainer wasn't right for our horse and we decided to get another.

The second trainer turned out to be quite fond of the horse—almost as fond of the horse as he was of the bottle. This man had several ideas as to what ailed the horse. He said that the horse's kidneys were bad and he began training the kidneys.

For a month's kidney training we got a medicine bill for sixty dollars. I don't know how the horse felt at that time, but I know that personally I wasn't feeling too well, especially when another trainer told me that our trainer was mistaken. "There's nothing wrong with the horse's kidneys," this second expert laughed, "it's just that he's hurt his back."

continued on page 77

"It happened to us"

This is another of the new series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

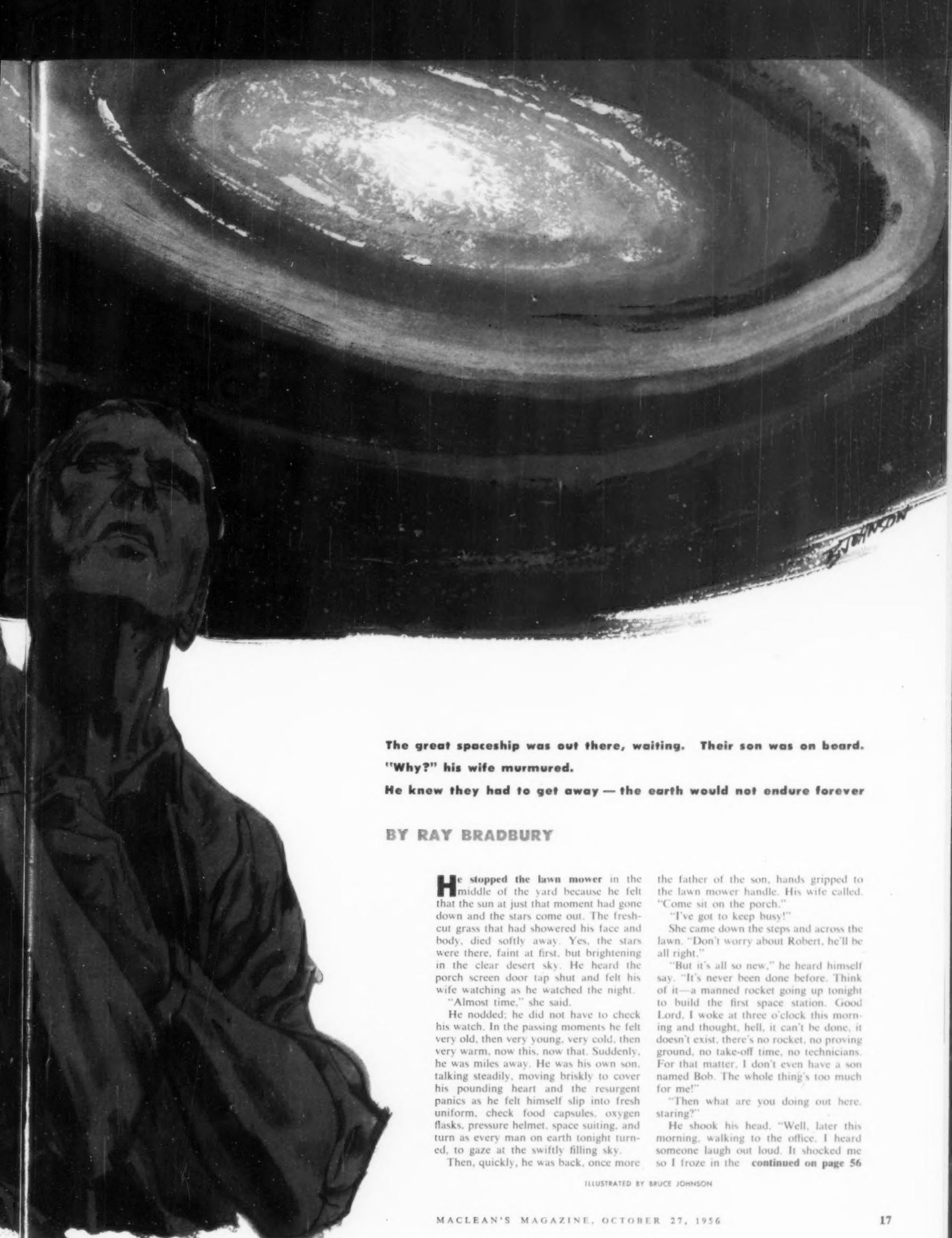
HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For publishable stories Maclean's will pay its regular article rates.



Fond farewell to a noble experiment (but Old Anonymous is still running gamely on Canadian racetracks).



**NEXT
STOP:
THE
STARS**



**The great spaceship was out there, waiting. Their son was on board.
"Why?" his wife murmured.
He knew they had to get away — the earth would not endure forever**

BY RAY BRADBURY

He stopped the lawn mower in the middle of the yard because he felt that the sun at just that moment had gone down and the stars come out. The fresh-cut grass that had showered his face and body, died softly away. Yes, the stars were there, faint at first, but brightening in the clear desert sky. He heard the porch screen door tap shut and felt his wife watching as he watched the night.

"Almost time," she said.

He nodded; he did not have to check his watch. In the passing moments he felt very old, then very young, very cold, then very warm, now this, now that. Suddenly, he was miles away. He was his own son, talking steadily, moving briskly to cover his pounding heart and the resurgent panics as he felt himself slip into fresh uniform, check food capsules, oxygen flasks, pressure helmet, space suiting, and turn as every man on earth tonight turned, to gaze at the swiftly filling sky.

Then, quickly, he was back, once more

the father of the son, hands gripped to the lawn mower handle. His wife called. "Come sit on the porch."

"I've got to keep busy!"

She came down the steps and across the lawn. "Don't worry about Robert, he'll be all right."

"But it's all so new," he heard himself say. "It's never been done before. Think of it—a manned rocket going up tonight to build the first space station. Good Lord, I woke at three o'clock this morning and thought, hell, it can't be done, it doesn't exist, there's no rocket, no proving ground, no take-off time, no technicians. For that matter, I don't even have a son named Bob. The whole thing's too much for me!"

"Then what are you doing out here, staring?"

He shook his head. "Well, later this morning, walking to the office, I heard someone laugh out loud. It shocked me so I froze in the *continued on page 56*

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON



Brightly lighted main street of Durham, Ont., has been the scene of widely publicized rowdyism. Other towns have "Saturday night trouble" too, residents point out.

THE TROUBLES OF A Saturday night town

are not unique to Durham, Ont. Most of the time it's peaceful and law-abiding, but for a few hours nearly every week it invites headlines with sudden outbursts of drunkenness, vandalism and cop-baiting. What's behind this strange transformation?

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

All across the country are thousands of what might be called Saturday night towns, communities strung along highways and railways but untouched by the traffic that passes through. These are the towns that become larger very slowly, with a growth more traceable to fertility than immigration. People live in the houses in which they were born. Nothing is secret from the neighbors and nothing is exposed to strangers. Through the week the residents work together with the ease that comes when pretense is impractical and the streets have no loafers but children.

Once a week, on Saturday night, the town dresses in its best, gets a shine of gaiety in its eye and joins in a main-street reunion with farmers

doing their weekly shopping. For the women it is time for garrulity, an exchange of symptoms, the deeds of children and the inspection of new hats and dresses. For the men it is the time for gusty laughter, considerable exaggeration and, for some, a spangled release of inhibitions. The week's work is done, tomorrow is a day of peace, churchgoing and maybe a band concert. The night holds the prospect of dimming frustration with drink, soothing envy with a fist fight and renewing hope with a swagger.

One of Canada's Saturday night towns, Durham in Ontario, last summer suffered from an exposure of its frailties that dismayed its citizens, amused city-dwellers long departed from similar towns

and created a highly publicized controversy over its drinking habits. Durham angrily insists that it isn't the only town in the country where men get drunk and fight on Saturday nights. This is unquestionably true. Durham is only typical of many Saturday night towns, with the unwelcome distinction of being the one that gained national attention.

Durham is just over a hundred miles northwest of Toronto and thirty miles south of Owen Sound, a city on Georgian Bay. With just under two thousand residents, the town has maintained enough industry to keep its citizens at home but not enough to attract many new families. As a result of this balance, descendants of the early Scots, English and Irish who founded the town are still

living in the area. In any schoolroom of the community, chances are that most of the students are related, however distantly. "I suppose he's a relative of mine," a prim churchgoing spinster once remarked, during a conversation about a man with a long police record, "but of course I'm not sure."

Durham's month of squirming in the limelight of newspaper and radio publicity was climaxed one warm August night a few hours after midnight when a man hurled a twenty-five-pound building block through the window of the shabby Durham police station. The incident was one in a chain of such moments of explosive violence that won the town such unwelcome and far from wholly justified labels as a community where "hoodlums and rowdies have taken over."

"One Toronto newspaper says we don't care about law and order in this town," fumed Durham's Mayor Frank Irwin. "That's just plain crazy. People in Durham are just as peaceful and law-abiding as anybody else in the country."

This is probably accurate, but some of Durham's less peaceful and law-abiding citizens last July caused a Durham police officer to quit his job in fear for his own safety and move out of town. Over the past five years, Durham has had six police chiefs; all left, without regret, for better-paying jobs. One of them was very nearly thrown off a twenty-foot bridge into the Saugeen River and another avoided, by a lucky intervention, being tarred and feathered.

This is the debit side of the ledger. On the credit side, Durham's children are deeply and tenderly loved. They are well fed and dressed more richly than their parents can easily afford. Durham's new public and high schools are the town's two most distinguished buildings. Children have a wonderful life in Durham, completely surrounded by fond relatives wherever they wander. As a result, Durham has no juvenile delinquency. It is also free of the type of adult crimes that grow from juvenile delinquency, such as stealing, cheating and sex crimes. Durham's clashes with organized law and order stem from the town's long-time tolerance of drinking and fighting as being normal and even necessary pursuits of men in the early stages of manhood. "They'll outgrow it," Durham explains sincerely. "We've always had a crop of young men like these and they always outgrow it when they start raising their own families."

A striking example of this aspect of Durham's attitude toward excessive drink occurred during a trial of a resident who was accused of driving while impaired. A lawyer asked the accused man's wife for her definition of drunkenness. She considered. Finally she beamed: "It's when a man can't drive and can't talk."

Yet the most recent vote taken in Durham on the question of opening an Ontario Liquor Control Board outlet in the town was won by the dries. A majority of citizens voted in favor of the outlet but the percentage was below that required by law. Durham, with nine churches to serve its two thousand inhabitants, has a strong core of ardent prohibitionists.

Durham is like many isolated and semi-isolated towns and villages in Canada. Like islands off the shipping lanes, the inhabitants work out their own standards of dress and decorum and establish to their own satisfaction which of the human faults are permissible and which are not.

The rules governing what many people in Durham regard as normal behavior for young men in their early twenties have always been clear-cut and are still being respected: the celebrants are to confine their activities to the main street during the hours when most of Durham is asleep. "I never see any of this trouble," comments town clerk William Renwick. "I'm in bed when it is going on."

This arrangement has served Durham's restless youths for generations and might still be operating efficiently as an outlet for **continued on page 65**

What the people who live
closest to Durham's problem
say about the rowdyism
loosed on quiet Main Street



Mayor Frank Irwin: "The dries are responsible for all the trouble. No one is going to drive eighteen miles and bring back just one crock . . ."



Reeve Marion Calder: "I'm in bed early and didn't know about it until this year. It's terrible. We never know when lives might be taken . . ."



Chief Louis Berger: "We've had as many as four drunken drivers in as many days. Either council doesn't know or they're closing their eyes . . ."



Ex-Chief Frank Illingworth: "Once I struggled with a man for half an hour. About two hundred people watched, but not a soul helped me . . ."



Ex-Constable Oliver Monk (whose service station was damaged and boycotted after he arrested three men): "Even good customers stayed away."



Saturday night playboy Lloyd Hopkins: "The magistrate always warns us he's gonna put us in jail. He never will. He's a pretty good guy."



Upper Town resident Fraser Hunter, retired Indian Army colonel: "I don't know what they're doing in Lower Town until I read the papers."

By David MacDonald

DECORATIONS BY DESMOND ENGLISH

How sick / or healthy / are Canadians?

How much do we pay out of our own pockets to doctors, hospitals, drug stores and dentists? How much time do we lose from our lives through illness or accidents?

Only one country in the world today knows

the full answers to such questions

about itself—that's Canada

Until recently no nation—including Canada—could accurately tot up its profits and losses in health, because no complete national checkup had ever been made. But now, because of a unique country-wide survey, far bigger and more complex than anything ever attempted by Gallup or Kinsey, the state of Canada's health

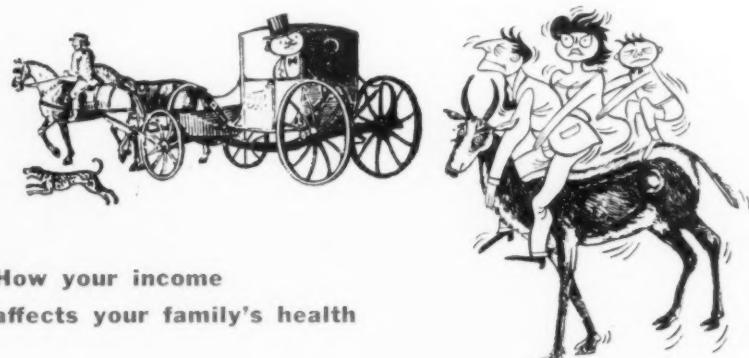
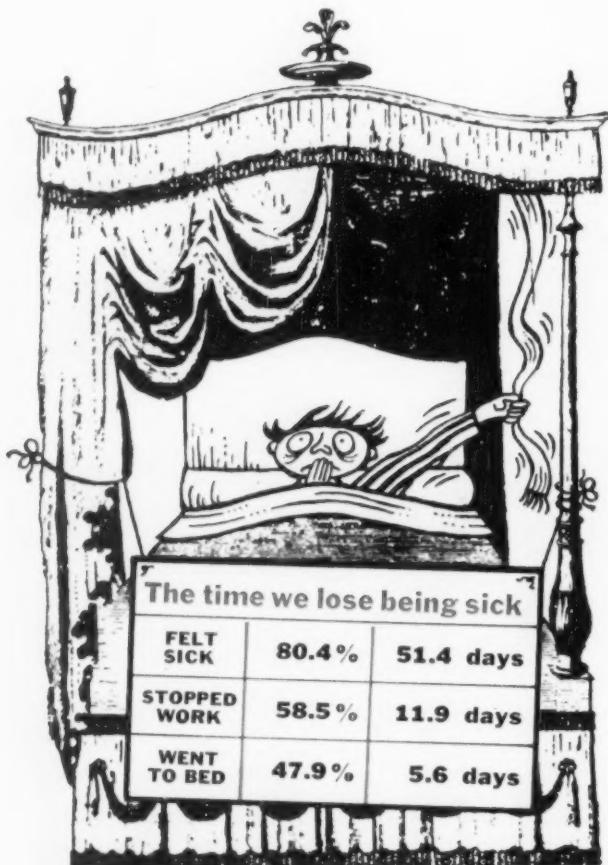
is a matter of firm and revealing record.

The study was so all-embracing that the experts are still totting up the results five years later. But enough information has now emerged to piece together a fascinating, and often surprising, picture of the state of Canada's health.

It began back in the fall of 1950, when three hundred and eighty trained interviewers set out across the nation to call on thirty-six thousand carefully selected people and to ask an old but important question: "How do you feel?" As enumerators for the Canadian Sickness Survey, these benevolent busybodies were paid by the

federal Department of National Health and Welfare to keep tabs on the aches and ailments of ten thousand families—a population sample large and representative enough to tell, with at least eighty percent accuracy, how Canada itself was feeling.

Inquisitive types, these enumerators. They asked why a coal miner in Cape Breton didn't see a dentist, how long a Vancouver shipping magnate's children were laid up by measles, and if a farmer's wife in Saskatchewan spent more money on hospital insurance or patent medicines. Which families drank pasteurized milk or earned



**How your income
affects your family's health**

These figures for all Canadians show that as a family's income rises so does the number of families getting health care. And, conversely, as income goes up the number of days lost through illness goes down.

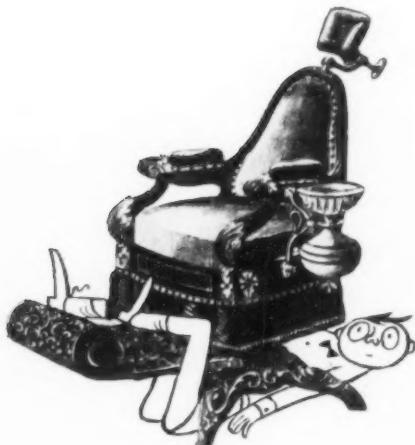
INCOME	AMOUNT OF ILLNESS	LENGTH OF ILLNESS
	Percentage of people getting care	Days lost through illness
\$1,500 OR UNDER	45.3%	17.8
\$1,500 TO \$2,999	53.7%	11.0
\$3,000 TO \$4,999	55.0%	9.6
\$5,000 OR OVER	61.1%	11.3

more than three thousand dollars a year? Which homes had bathtubs, outdoor privies, leaky roofs or TV sets? Each month, for a year, the enumerators were back with yet more queries about a teen-ager's acne or an old man's arthritis, about the cost—in time and money—of every malady from the common cold to cancer. To aid in this inventory of illness each of the ten thousand participating families kept a day-to-day diary of its health problems for twelve months.

When the survey ended, in November 1951, tons of documents, questionnaires and forms poured into the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in Ottawa to be edited, indexed, coded and tabulated by a complex of electronic mathematicians. From them, today, the experts who plan and direct Canada's health services are learning volumes about our chronic ailments, acute diseases and pesky little pains, how often we call a doctor and what we pay him.

They now know that:

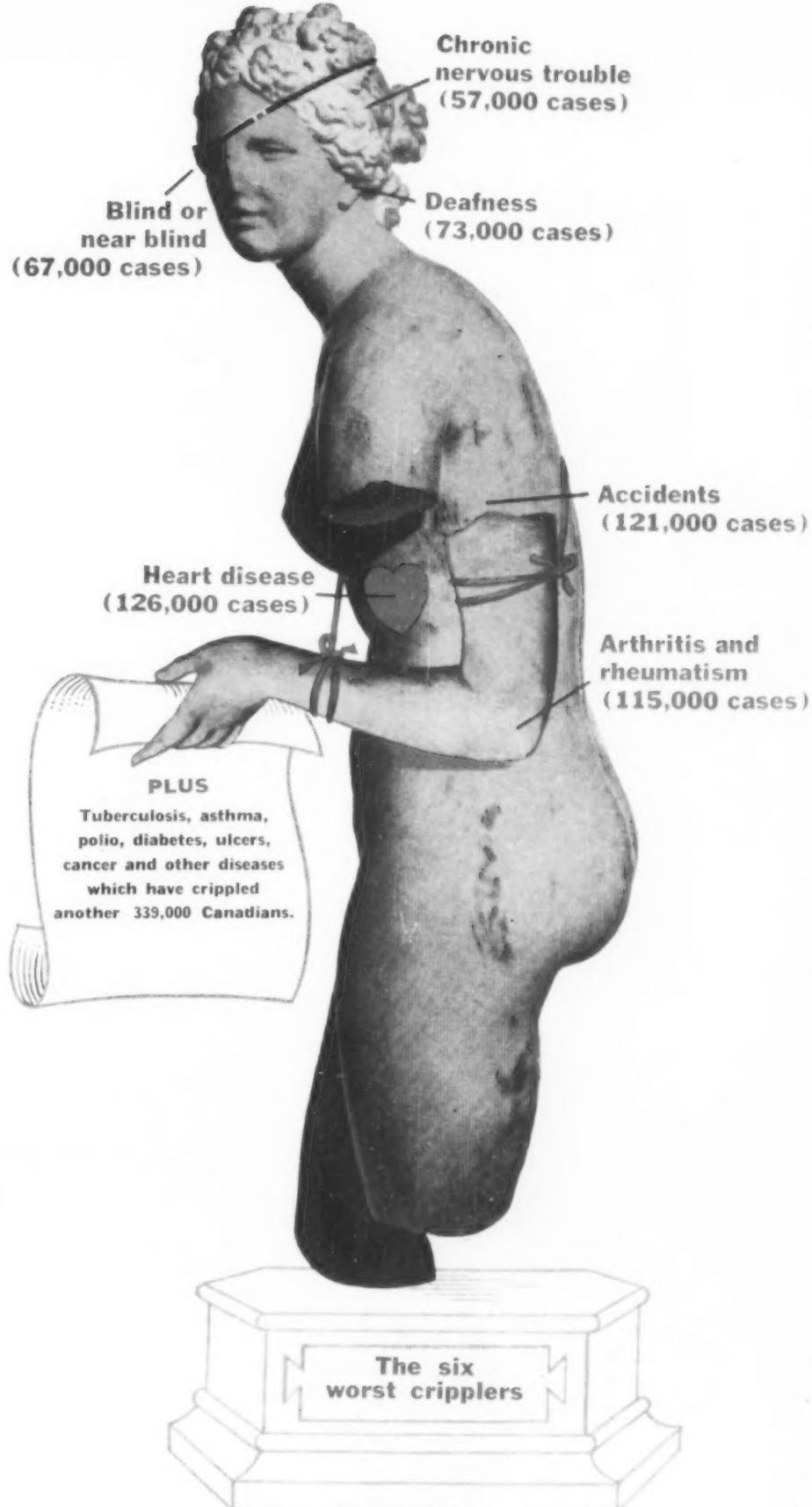
- Eight in every ten Canadians get sick at least once a year, six stay home and five go to bed.
- In terms of time, the average person feels under the weather for 51.4 days a year—about once a week. He can't go to work on twelve days, including five and a half spent in bed at home or in hospital. The time lost by wage earners alone, because of illness, is worth about \$325,000,000.
- About one million Canadians have some form of permanent physical disability. Of these, 423,000 are severely or totally disabled, more than half of them in the "working" ages of eighteen to sixty-five.
- Though 80 percent of us get sick, to varying degrees, in a year, only 53 percent receive any medical care. Forty-three percent see a doctor,



The difference family income makes in children's dental care

Family income bracket	Percentage of children who see dentist once a year
LOW	6.2%
MIDDLE	12.2%
HIGHER	21.5%

(FIGURES DO NOT COUNT CHILDREN'S VISITS TO SCHOOL DENTAL CLINICS)



Almost a million Canadians are disabled to some extent, about half of them severely or totally. More than half the victims are between the ages of eighteen and sixty-five.

continued over page ▶



Here's how many Canadians get health care

Out of every hundred Canadians here's how many require health care in a year, and the kind of care they receive:

HAVE SOME CARE	53.1%	HAVE AN OPERATION	3.7%
HAVE NONE	46.9%	SEE A DENTIST	14.7%
SEE A DOCTOR	43.0%	HAVE EYES TESTED	3.3%
GO TO HOSPITAL	10.2%		



What sickness costs the average family a year

(out-of-pocket expenses, not including hidden taxes to pay for government health care)

10.2 go to hospital, 3.7 undergo an operation and only 14.7 percent visit the dentist.

► Not counting the slice of every tax dollar that goes into health services, the average family spends \$82 a year trying to keep well, a national total—in the survey year—of \$373,800,000. This, plus all other public and private expenses for hospitals and medical services, brings Canada's total health bill close to one billion dollars—decidedly big business.

► The largest family outlay—\$88,400,000—is for health insurance, followed by \$87,700,000 in direct payments to physicians, \$73,000,000 for drugs, \$46,500,000 paid directly to hospitals and \$33,000,000 for dental care. Eye examinations, nursing fees and other smaller items of health care make up the remaining \$45,000,000.

► In spite of the rapid growth of governmental assistance programs and of prepaid health schemes, both public and private, half of the bills for health care still come straight to our own doors.

The Sickness Survey is also illustrating how age, sex, income and even factors like health insurance can influence what ails us. It has shown thus far that the older we get the more and longer illnesses we suffer; that while women get sick more often, men get sicker; that the less money we earn and, significantly, the less health insurance we buy, the more we go without proper medical care.

Why do only half seek treatment?

As these findings are probed further in the statistical mills, health officials expect to get answers to many more specific questions. Does heart disease, cancer, diabetes or the ordinary backache steal more time from our lives, and is the stomach ulcer most prevalent in rural areas or bustling cities? Are people in poorer sections like Newfoundland sicker than those in, say, Ontario? Who are the healthiest Canadians and what is their environment?

Not the least important task of the Sickness Survey is to count the unmet need and demand for medical services in Canada—to find out why doctors treat only half the illnesses that disable us. Is it because we don't call them—for reasons of cost, fear or sheer neglect—or because the nation's seventeen thousand physicians are just too busy to come?

Thus, besides adding up the amount and cost of illness, this survey will point out just where Canada needs more doctors, hospital beds, research and other health services.

It has already figured largely in the biggest job of social planning in Canadian history—the four-hundred-million-dollar-a-year national hospitalization scheme that Health Minister Paul Martin has proposed to the provinces. "The Sickness Survey was a tremendous help," Martin has said. "It not only confirmed the need for an insurance plan—by showing that the burden of health and hospital care is very great, especially for families of moderate income—but it also gave us a pretty clear idea of the cost."

The survey was prompted in 1948 when Prime Minister Mackenzie King, heralding the development of "a comprehensive health insurance plan for all Canada," made twenty-nine million dollars available to the provinces to expand and improve their health services.

The administrator of this gigantic giveaway program was—and is—Dr. Fred Jackson, a peppery little man of sixty-five who had recently resigned as deputy minister of health for Manitoba and moved to Ottawa to help draft the health insurance plan King was promising.

It was "Stonewall" Jackson—so named for his birthplace, Stonewall, Man.—who suggested to

a meeting of chief medical officers from all ten provinces that, to put the twenty-nine million dollars to best use, a survey should be made to determine just what health services the country needed. Fine, said the other MDs, *you* make it. Jackson argued that the federal government couldn't do so, the provision of health services being constitutionally the provinces' baby. Finally the health officers hit on a compromise. Each province would make its own sickness survey, with grants from Ottawa (the cost has run to more than half a million dollars so far) and under the supervision of the federal health department and the Bureau of Statistics.

Several other countries, among them the United States and Britain, had carried out sickness surveys—big one-day counts, or smaller periodic checks of different households. But the Canadian doctors had more ambitious ideas, untried before. They decided to take a massive cross section of the population and—by means of day-to-day diaries and monthly visits by enumerators—to follow it through a full year of colds, doctors' bills, good health and bad.

Ten thousand tales of sickness

Each province recruited its own enumerators—some were teachers, social workers or public-health nurses and all were at least high-school graduates—but their training was supervised by Ottawa, for uniformity's sake. Meanwhile, survey experts from the Bureau of Statistics picked out ten thousand homes that, together, provided a scale model of the Canadian population. It took in wheat farms and fishing villages, crowded slum tenements and posh country estates. In a few remote areas they were guided by aerial photographs with the sample homes ringed in red pencil. One Newfoundland enumerator rowed out in the Atlantic each month to interview a lighthouse keeper on Burnt Island. Another, a woman, had to search around the edge of Lesser Slave Lake, in Alberta, for an Indian family that kept moving its teepee every few weeks. Still, others went their rounds afoot, on horseback or by snowmobile.

Only a few citizens refused to co-operate in the survey. Several families in Quebec declined on the suspicion that the enumerator was really a spy from the income-tax department, and one man in Ottawa held out for free medicine. "No medicines," he insisted, "no information." Some families, indeed, were too co-operative. One Nova Scotian enumerator was puzzled to find that the strongest-looking housewife on her route always listed a nurse's nightmare of complaints. It finally turned out she'd been adopting her neighbors' ills. "You wanted sickness," the lady explained, "so I got you some."

By the end of the survey year, ten thousand stories of sickness and health had arrived in Ottawa to be analyzed by a team of experts headed by Dr. Robert Kohn, a forty-eight-year-old Austrian who is chief of the public health section of DBS.

Their findings, to date, fall under three general headings: volume of sickness, amount of medical care and expenditures for health care.

1. Volume of Sickness: At any given time—if the first day of the Sickness Survey is typical—about nine people in every hundred don't feel in the pink, and three of them can't go about their normal activities at home, at work or in school because of illness. Within a year sickness catches up with all but twenty of the group. Twenty-two get some complaint that isn't serious enough to break their usual routines, ten stay home and forty-eight wind up in bed, at home or in hospital, for one or more days.

At first glance, the gross totals of sick periods seem to indicate national hypochondria—705,000,000 complaint days and 164,000,000 days of disability, including 76,000,000 spent in bed. But the picture isn't that bad. It takes in morning-after headaches, chronic illnesses, maternity confinements and the hospital time of healthy newborn babies.

What causes the most sickness? The statisticians haven't yet completed estimates on the ninety leading diseases and conditions, but preliminary figures indicate that flu and the common cold account for about half our ailments. Next come diseases of the digestive system (eight percent), infective and parasitic disease (six percent), and accidents, poisonings and violence (five percent).

The volume of illness traces some significant patterns in respect to sex, income and age. From adolescence on, women feel ill more often than men. Much of this is due to menstruation, plus the fact that between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five women are busy having babies, a survey "sickness." Even so, among all age groups, the average female feels below par for almost two months of the year, fourteen days longer than a man.

Variations in illness are still more pronounced between people in different income brackets. The survey has demonstrated that even if money can't buy health, sickness comes more often without it. Among Canadian families whose annual income is under fifteen hundred dollars—and this takes in nearly a fifth of the population—illness disables the average person for eighteen days a year, against only ten days for those

whose earnings are three thousand dollars or more.

While it's scarcely hot news that advancing age brings increasing illness, the Sickness Survey shows how much. The best years of our lives are from fifteen to twenty-five. From then on, though we don't get sick much more often, our sicknesses grow longer. Although fewer than eight percent of the Canadian people are over sixty-five, they account for sixteen percent of disability and bed days.

Probably the sharpest illustration of what illness steals from our lives has been given by Robert Kohn, of DBS: the average Canadian, during a lifetime of seventy years, is sick a total of ten years and disabled for two.

2. Amount of Medical Care: The striking statistics aren't the numbers of Canadians who get medical care, but the numbers who don't. During the year of the survey—a normal one—eighty percent of the people were sick. Yet only fifty-three percent got medical care of *any* kind. Fifty-seven percent didn't see a doctor—one quarter of all complaints and more than half of all disabling illnesses went unattended by physicians. Only one person in ten was admitted to hospital, and only one in seven went to the dentist.

Those who got the most care were, again, the old folks and the women; those who got the least were the low-income families. Although people over sixty-five made up less than eight percent of the population, they accounted for almost twenty percent of the seven million calls that doctors made to *continued on page 74*



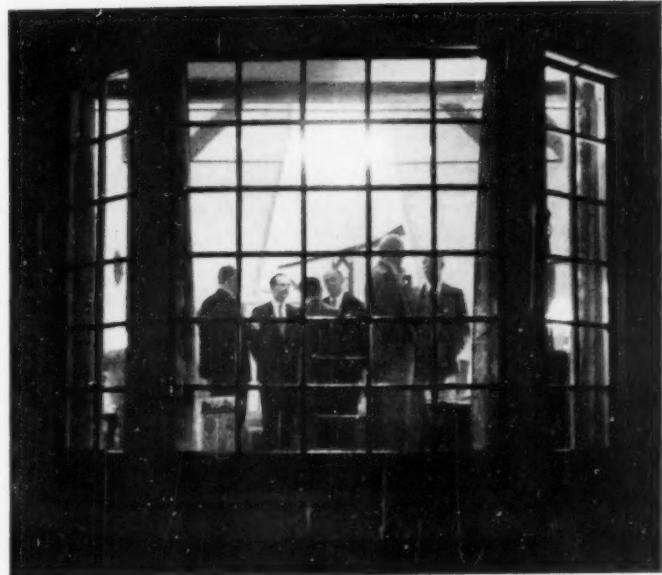
How we pay doctor and hospital bills

The total cost for all Canadians Hospital services Doctors' services
\$263,000,000 \$173,000,000

WHO PAYS	HOSPITAL BILLS	DOCTORS' BILLS
DIRECT PAYMENT BY PATIENT	\$94,680,000 (36% of total bill)	\$105,530,000 (61% of total bill)
HEALTH INSURANCE CARRIED BY PATIENT	\$63,120,000 (24%)	\$43,250,000 (25%)
HEALTH PLANS RUN BY 4 PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS	\$49,970,000 (19%)	\$13,840,000 (8%)
WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION	\$13,150,000 (5%)	
FEDERAL, PROVINCIAL OR MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENTS FOR INDIGENTS, VETERANS, INDIANS AND OTHERS	\$15,780,000 (6%)	\$10,380,000 (6%)
CHARITABLE FUNDS AND PUBLIC GRANTS	\$26,300,000 (10%)	

Cyrus Eaton's hideaway for brains

By Ian Sclanders PHOTOS BY JOHN SEBERT



International sessions at Pugwash broke up late—and amicably. Above from left are guests from Russia, U. S., China, France, Canada and Britain.

Each summer this Canadian millionaire



brings famous brains to Pugwash, N.S., to relax



and talk about the world's problems. This year's seminar



included a Russian, an Englishman,

an Arab, a Jew, an



ex-German chancellor. Here's what they decided about the Middle East

The little white boats of the Pugwash fleet were loaded high with slat-and-twine traps baited with herring. As they nosed out of port for the fishing grounds, the day the lobster season opened on Nova Scotia's Northumberland Strait shore, the sun threw a cloak of gold over the blue-green water and the salt breeze was soft and warm.

It was August 10. Just two weeks earlier the Egyptian president, Nasser, had seized the Suez Canal, giving new dimensions to old fears, hatreds, suspicions and prejudices.

But at Pugwash, where intellectuals from hostile lands, representing conflicting ideologies, had been brought together for a strange gathering by Cyrus Eaton—a multimillionaire who collects thinkers the way other multimillionaires collect yachts, race horses or rare postage stamps—the fears, hatreds, suspicions and prejudices seemed remote and unreal, like half-remembered nightmares. Paradoxically, this was true even though these intellectuals had come to Pugwash to consider the dangerous and urgent problems of the Middle East and to speak for opposing points of view.

As the lobster boats departed, an Israeli and an Iraqi stood watching from the village wharf, arm in arm, the ancient bitterness between Jew

and Arab forgotten at least for the moment. "In Venice," said the Israeli, "the first boat would carry musicians and it would be followed by boats with singers. But these Nova Scotians — silent Scots!"

The Iraqi chuckled.

At the same time on the same wharf an officer of the U. S. State Department was exchanging restrained pleasantries with a member of the national assembly of Red China, which the U. S. vehemently refuses to recognize diplomatically.

Cyrus Eaton, of Cleveland, in Ohio, and Pugwash and Deep Cove, in Nova Scotia, was chatting with a Russian Communist. He glanced over his shoulder at the Israeli and the Iraqi, the State Department officer and the Chinese, and his blue eyes twinkled with satisfaction. Eaton, who once worked as a waterboy in a Nova Scotia railroad construction gang and now controls a railroad—the billion-dollar Chesapeake and Ohio—as well as steel mills, iron and coal mines and a multiplicity of other enterprises, was born at Pugwash in 1883. The curious international gathering in his native village was organized and paid for by him.

It was held in Pineo Lodge, a fifteen-room white clapboard house on a grassy tree-shaded brow overlooking Northumberland Strait, the



First conference, in 1955, included biologist Julian Huxley, left, McGill's Cyril James, shown with Eaton.

arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence that separates Prince Edward Island from the mainland. While the details are slightly vague, as far as Eaton has been able to ascertain this house was built by ship-owning forebears of his around 1800.

The Eaton family lost possession of it a century ago when Cyrus Eaton's great uncle emigrated to New Zealand and his grandfather ventured lucklessly to California's gold fields and returned to Pugwash broke.

As a lad, Cyrus Eaton admired the rambling house. As a wealthy man, he bought it. As an individualist who reads poetry, studies philosophy and dreams the sort of dreams not ordinarily associated with financiers and industrialists, he decided that the old house and the peaceful atmosphere of Pugwash might be used to advance human knowledge and understanding. So Pineo Lodge became the scene of an experiment at the loftiest level of education, a thinkers' retreat, a spot to which men with brilliant minds could travel at Eaton's expense and where, also at his expense, they could relax, breathe sea air, swim, eat lobsters, drink vintage wines and stimulate one another with scintillating conversation.

Last year—the first year of the experiment—the Pugwash thinkers included Dr. Julian Huxley, the English biologist and philosopher; Dr. Henry Steele Commager, Columbia University's noted historian; Dr. Julian Boyd, of Princeton, editor of the *Jefferson Papers*, and Dr. F. Cyril James, principal of McGill University. They wandered, with their heads in the clouds, through a variety of academic pastures.

But this year's Pugwash thinkers—one of them the last chancellor of Germany before Hitler and another leading architect of the mighty steel mills behind the Russian Urals—stuck closely to one subject, the Middle East. While their deliberations were in no way official they could, conceivably, have some bearing on political policies. If they were essentially scholars, the eleven men from nine countries at Pugwash were the type of scholars from whom governments seek advice.

They talked in private so they would not be inhibited by the prospect of being publicly quoted. Nobody took down what they said and reports they may make to their governments will be confidential. They passed no resolutions. But, meeting two hours each morning and two hours each evening from August 3 to 11 under the cathedral ceiling of the big book-lined study in Pineo Lodge, the majority of them came to certain general conclusions:

1. That few if any Middle Eastern countries have the social or economic requirements necessary for a successful liberal democracy—requirements like a high per-capita income, a high per-capita mileage of railways and a high per-capita distribution of newspapers.

2. That it is a mistake for Western countries to say that Middle Eastern countries, if they are not ready or able to be liberal democracies, must be kept under tutelage.

3. That no country can turn into a liberal democracy overnight and all countries that have reached this status have done so by first achieving national unity, then by passing laws guaranteeing constitutional liberties, then by gradually extending these liberties to the mass population.

4. That countries with liberal traditions, having learned how to settle their own disputes at the conference table, can easily put too much faith in the proposition that no issue anywhere (notably in the Middle East) is so tough or intractable that it can't be resolved by debate.

If not all the thinkers concurred in all these opinions, most concurred in most of them. Their sessions were as quiet, as orderly, as those in a college classroom—were, in fact, much like college classes. H. N. Fieldhouse, the tall broad-shouldered Oxford-educated dean of the faculty of arts and sciences at McGill, acted as moderator and there was a **continued on page 59**



Red delegates were amiable and paid their own way

Chinese delegate gleefully shows soccer result to Russian (USSR 9, Canada 0).

Alexander Samarin, Soviet engineer, buys cigarettes in local co-op, which he praised as "a form of socialism."



Arab and Jew "look at the record" in breakfast debate.

Dr. Leo Kohn, Israeli diplomat, standing, checks a point with Majid Khadduri, from Iraq. Others in the discussion are James Baster, UN economist, at left, and Arab-speaking Brig. Stephen Longrigg.

**Elder sages earnestly fraternized
in an ancient homestead**

Dr. Heinrich Bruening (left), pre-Hitler German chancellor now on Harvard University's staff, spent many hours in deep conversation with his host Cyrus Eaton.



Scene of annual conference is Pineo Lodge, a white mansion built 150 years ago by Eaton's ancestors.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

The only man the Allies

They had this cocksure Nazi airman locked up three times,

in England and in Canada. Each time he boasted he'd get out and he did, to become one of history's wiliest

BY KENDAL BURT AND JAMES LEASOR

As the passenger liner *Duchess of York* prepared to clear from Clydeside in the mid-winter of 1940-41—a dank and desperate time of war—there was a sudden bustle on the decks and guards scurried in answer to whistles and shouts of command. The ship was carrying more than a thousand German prisoners-of-war and about the same number of British trainee airmen. It was bound for Canada. The Britons, most of them young, facing their first adventure, were full of spirit. The Germans, sure of their nation's victory in a blitz war and arrogant in their confidence, were surly and rebellious. What chance to escape from Canada to Germany? It seemed too far.

At the first sounds of alarm on the ship the

guards spread swiftly. As they ran they shouted a name: "Werra!" To the prisoners-of-war standing idly, burdened with luggage and the first food rations they had been issued, the guards repeated angrily: "Werra! Do you know where Werra is?" The Germans shrugged or stared blankly at them.

In a small cabin Oberleutnant Franz von Werra heard the commotion and walked out to the deck. He was a small man but sturdy, with flashing clear blue eyes and fair wavy hair. Like most small men, he walked smartly, at his full height. He went directly to a guard officer.

"Werra!" he said.

"Are you Werra?" the guard asked.

"Yes. What have I done wrong now?"

The officer seemed relieved. "You'll have to come with me. There's a cabin where you must remain under guard until we sail. Leave your kit. We have orders not to let you out of sight."

He beckoned to two guards, nodded to Werra and watched the German march briskly away.

This tableau was neither too dramatic nor too farfetched. Even at that early point in the war Oberleutnant Baron Franz von Werra was one of Nazi Germany's foremost pilots and its most celebrated escape artist. About the first claim there could have been some doubt—Werra was actually a better liar than a flier—but about the second there was none. He had escaped from two British POW camps; in one flight he had come within an ace of making off with a top-

A dashing Luftwaffe hero or an airborne Münchhausen? Baron Franz von Werra was both.

1 A showoff, Werra was a Luftwaffe glamour boy with all the trappings, including a pet lion. His title as a Swiss baron was also a pose.



2 A fighter over Britain in 1940, he was shot down in this Messerschmitt near London. He told of escaping from a burning plane. There was actually no fire.



didn't beat

and most notorious escape artists

A refugee, Franz von Werra arrives in New York after his escape from Canada. In neutral U. S. of 1941, he won fleeting fame and a temporary haven.



secret Hurricane fighter that the British themselves had not yet put into combat.

And he was far from finished. Before his strange career reached an end he was to attempt the piracy of a passenger ship—part of a large, well-escorted convoy—in mid-Atlantic, become one of only three Nazi POWs to escape from Canada and the only one to get back to Germany; he was to create serious diplomatic pressure between Canada and the still-neutral U. S.; and he was—most important of all—to shut off a valuable source of information to the Allied powers.

Franz von Werra was an almost perfect image of the imperious young superman that Hitler created. He was efficient, bold and apparently

full of courage. He claimed for himself a Swiss baronetcy that he never owned and which the Swiss never grant. In Germany he surrounded himself with the trappings of a dashing pilot—a racing car and a lion cub named Simba. He wore a red jerkin for a flying jacket and was flattered when German tabloids referred to him as "the Red Devil—the terror of the British Air Force."

To support this lurid reputation he claimed—and was credited with—thirteen British and French planes shot down. Caught in the fire of a British Spitfire on Sept. 5, 1940, he himself was shot down near London. Thus life changed for Baron von Werra from the popularity of a successful young Luftwaffe pilot to the pri-

vations of a prisoner-of-war. It also began his career of escape.

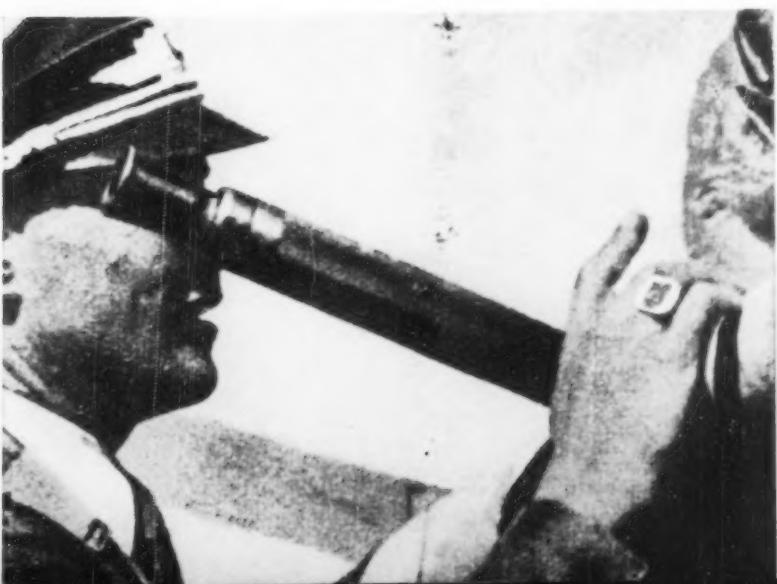
After his capture in England Werra was taken to the RAF's interrogation centre at Trent Park, Cockfosters, in Middlesex. There British Intelligence went to work. For ten days he withstood attempts to wean information from him. Then he contemptuously bet a Squadron Leader Hawkes, his chief interrogator, that the British wouldn't keep him six months.

He easily won the bet. At his first prison camp in the Lake district of England he escaped in twelve days. Captured and moved to a second camp, Swanwick, he tunneled his way to freedom with three others. Caught again, he found himself in the first large group of Nazi prison-

Here in pictures is the adventurous career of one of the war's most enigmatic figures ► ►

3 A romancer, he lied about everything, including his name. But British knew him from his stiffened forefinger and his ring in this German magazine picture.

4 A captive, he was sent to Grizedale Hall camp in the Lake district after boasting that he'd escape in six months. It took him twelve days.





5 An escapee. Franz von Werra plunged from a speeding POW train between Montreal and Ottawa as shown in this German artist's conception.



6 A charmer, he invaded New York night clubs as a playboy warrior after getting to the U. S. His ears were frozen in trek across the St. Lawrence.

The only man the Allies didn't beat continued

ers heading for Canada on a British troopship.

Even then, faced with the prospect of being four thousand miles instead of four hundred from home, Werra did not give up his idea of escape. The Duchess of York was no sooner at sea than he began making quiet friendships with the kitchen crew. He volunteered to peel potatoes and was accepted. He ingratiated himself with others in the crew and began penetrating into forbidden parts of the ship. He got as far as the engine room. He was never challenged.

These excursions gave him an idea. Would it be possible for prisoners to seize the ship and sail it into a German-held French-Atlantic port under the noses of the British?

He discussed the matter with several U-boat

commanders, one of whom had been an officer on the Bremen in peacetime. A plot was hatched. It was taken for granted that the Duchess of York would separate from the convoy, which was bound for North Africa. Half a dozen prisoners disguised as crew made sorties, getting past sentries without being challenged. Between them they reconnoitred the wireless cabin, armory, bridge, engine room.

A plan of action was worked out. Assault parties would be formed, each assigned a single objective. First, the wireless operators were to be overpowered. Next, the armory would be captured and weapons distributed to assault parties. The prisoners would then deal with the guards and RAF personnel. If the operation succeeded, all the U-boats in the Atlantic were to be called to escort the ship into port.

Werra and the other conspirators went to bed in a fever of excitement. At dawn next morn-

ing one of them looked into Werra's cabin and beckoned him to go outside.

Not a ship nor a smudge of smoke to starboard. They ran across the ship. Not a ship nor a smudge of smoke to port. They ran aft to look behind.

And there, a few hundred meters dead astern, was the battleship Ramilles, last of the escort squadron but formidable enough to discourage any attempt at piracy.

Werra was desolate, but only momentarily. When the ship reached harbor, he thought, there might be a possibility of dropping overboard and swimming to shore. He had only a dim notion of Canadian winter, but he and a companion named Manhard tried to prepare for it. They found a bathroom with a sea-water cock and daily they would immerse themselves in the ice-cold water in the hope they would be used to it if the opportunity offered.

Hitler gave him an Iron Cross for feats of valor and daring that he never performed.

7 A prankster, he wrote to RAF officers after his escape, including a Squadron Leader Boniface (left) from whose field he almost succeeded in stealing a plane.



8 An actor, he posed and dressed as a Mexican peon to enter Mexico after the U. S. had hinted he might be handed to Canada.



But they had no idea of what Canada's cold could be like. Coming out of the heated cabin as the ship approached Halifax Werra felt the thin air stab into his lungs like ice. Everything was aglitter, the sea, a string of red buoys across the harbor mouth, the snow on land, the windows of tall buildings, icicles on the superstructure of the ship.

First the *Ramillies* and then the *Duchess of York* sailed into the western passage of Halifax harbor. There were curiously exciting smells of fish, oil, tar and fresh-sawn timber.

Werra looked at the water and looked at Manhard. They both shook their heads. After a couple of hours the prisoners began to leave the ship. They were a seedy crew. With their cardboard cartons or kitbags of belongings, their undersize civilian coats, some with white padding protruding from burst shoulder seams, their hang-dog air, they bore no resemblance to the immaculate officers of propaganda pictures.

German air-force officers were being sent to a camp north of Lake Superior in Ontario, they learned from the guards. In the coach in which Werra was to travel there were thirty-five officer prisoners and twelve guards. There were far more seats than prisoners and they were able to spread themselves in comfort.

Three guards were on duty at a time. They stood in the aisle, one at either end of the section occupied by the prisoners, the third in the middle. They were armed with pistols. The coaches were heated and had double windows for insulation against the cold. One army blanket was loaned to each prisoner.

Werra sat by a window with his friend Manhard beside him. Facing them were two other prisoners, Wagner, by the window, and Wilhelm, next to the aisle.

The train left Halifax at about 7.30 p.m. It was snowing heavily. The outer windows were almost completely covered with ferns of frost on the inside. Soon after the train started a Canadian officer entered and gave the following orders, which Wagner interpreted:

Prisoners could move about within the coach, but in each bay of four seats not more than one man was to stand up at one time. Anybody wishing to go to the toilet was to hold up his hand. Prisoners would be escorted to the toilet one at a time in turn. Windows were not to be opened or tampered with. The guards knew what to do if they saw anyone violating this order.

Several hours later German orderlies carried in containers of food. Grinning broadly and winking, they whipped off the covers. There were exclamations all over the coach. Potatoes fried crisp in bacon fat, baked beans with tomato sauce, thick slices of fried ham! Afterward there was canned fruit. And coffee! Not concentrated coffee and chicory diluted from a bottle, as in British camps. But real coffee, with sugar to taste!

After the meal the prisoners were in a benign mood. So this was Canada! Werra was tickled to see that one good meal had been enough to undermine the determination of half a dozen escapers, men who had talked about escape *ad nauseam* during the crossing.

From the guards Werra learned that the train would in all probability pass through Montreal and Ottawa. According to Wagner, who had been in Canada, the best place to escape would be between those two cities, for the Canadian-U.S. border, the St. Lawrence River, was within a day's hitchhiking distance.

How to get the windows open?

There were other places where the U.S. border would be closer—in northwest New Brunswick the railway ran near the border of Maine. But Werra decided it would be best to try to escape as late as possible in the journey. This would allow time for the excitement of any other escape attempt to die down. Above all, he did not want to get off the train in the backwoods. The point where he escaped must be close to the U.S. border, within reach of main roads. The obvious choice was somewhere between Montreal and Ottawa.

There was no chance of getting out the lavatory window. The door was wedged wide open and a guard stood near the doorway all the time the prisoner was inside. It would have to be the coach window. But with a guard standing only a few yards away, this looked impossible.

The attempt would have to be made while the train was in motion. As soon as it stopped, at signals or in stations, the three guards in the coach were immediately on the alert, and other guards kept both sides of the train under observation. The other prisoners would have to stage a diversion at the critical time for the benefit of the guards—perhaps a quarrel farther along the coach would be the thing. And Werra would have

to choose a moment when the train was traveling slowly, preferably just after it started following a halt. He would need the cover of darkness—the best time would be shortly before dawn.

But how was Werra to get the windows open unnoticed? He observed that when the train halted the heat inside the coach partly melted the frost on panes and the ice on the frame between them. After a long stop it should be possible to open the inner window fairly easily. After the next halt Werra put this plan into effect. Wagner stood up and kept an eye on the guards while Werra, hidden by the backs of the seats, knelt down in front of the window and raised it a quarter of an inch. He wedged it with paper in case the vibration of the train closed it again. Thereafter, whenever a guard happened to pass, Werra or Wagner would lay his arm carelessly along the window sill to conceal the tiny opening. During the next halt they had the satisfaction of seeing water from the melting ice trickle from the gap.

The ice between the windows was greatly reduced in the next twenty-four hours, but freeing the frame would be speeded even more if the coach temperature could be raised to maximum. Werra therefore arranged with other prisoners to open all heat regulators to "Full" as soon as the train left Montreal.

There were other difficulties to overcome: how to keep watch on three guards at once and to open the window when their attention was distracted; how to conceal the open window; how to shut both windows afterward, for it would make all the difference if his disappearance were not discovered for some time; he must be wearing his overcoat when he dived out, but how, having been sitting in his shirt sleeves, could he put it on without arousing the guards' curiosity?

An escaper must have luck, and luck solved most of these problems for Werra.

The train reached Montreal late the following night. There was a long halt during which the heat was cut off while the locomotive was changed. The temperature in the coach dropped rapidly, and it was quite natural for the regulators to be opened full when the heating was reconnected.

At the evening meal that night they had tomato soup, goulash, and a whole case of dessert apples. The prisoners were starved for fresh fruit, and they ate the lot. This surfeit of apples proved too much for the men. In Werra's coach from midnight on there was a long queue for the toilet. In spite of the heat *continued on page 42*

The German public never learned of the secrets he stole from Britain and gave the Nazis

9 A dandy, he married his teen-age sweetheart though Goering told him he'd become so famous he could take his pick of women.



10 A flight leader, he flew again against Russia but died when his plane plunged into the sea off Holland on coastal patrol. Germany insisted he was killed in action.



BARON WERRA, ESCAPOLOGIST DIES ON RUSSIAN FRONT

By FRANK MACMIN, "Daily Herald" Rep
BARON FRANZ VON WERRA, Escap
No. 1 of the Nazi Air Forces, the man
loves to his core, is dead. He has been
the Russian front.
Three times he was a prisoner
of war. Three times he escaped.



Could he teach them? These are the Crees who faced starvation when Jimmy Watt (right) showed them with matches how their vanishing beaver would multiply if spared.

How Jimmy Watt saved his Crees

Without beaver to hunt these starving Indians faced extinction.

Yet this dour Scot trader preached conservation, kept them alive on his meagre salary and died as his fight was won

Would they follow him? Indians came to have implicit faith in Watt's judgment. This band even followed Watt (background centre) and his wife on a perilous 800-mile trek from Hudson Strait to Gulf of St. Lawrence.



BY FRED BODSWORTH

At the Hudson's Bay Company post of Rupert House on the east coast of James Bay the Crees straggle in periodically during the winter with beaver pelts from their inland traplines. They come across the ice of the broad Rupert River, their dogs yapping and the snow tossing up in white puffs from beneath the pelt-laden sleds. They draw up in front of the new white frame home of Magella Bujold, Quebec game inspector, and carry their bundles of fur into Bujold's office where each skin has to be tagged before it can be sold. Then, frequently, a strange rite takes place.

The Indian trapper stoops over his stack of beaver pelts, selects the largest and most valuable, and lays it aside, murmuring to Bujold, "That one, Mrs. Watt."

Thus the Crees of Rupert House remember and still pay grateful homage to the widow of a man who, a quarter century ago, led them out of a purgatory of famine and disease, and brought their race back from the brink of extinction. It is one of the Canadian north's most moving stories, this drama of Jimmy Watt, the dour and determined Scot who brought back the vanishing beaver and became the savior of the James Bay Crees.

In 1930 Watt established on James Bay the first modern Canadian beaver preserve at a time when governments, the fur trade and the Indians themselves were skeptical and indifferent toward wildlife conservation. He lived to see his conservation ideas practiced throughout the continent.

Jimmy Watt died in 1944, but his widow, Maud Watt, a vivacious sixty with greying hair, still lives among the Crees at Rupert House because she's happiest there. Twelve years after her husband's death, the Crees still support her with gifts of beaver skins. Last year she received about a hundred, averaging twenty dollars in value, but the two thousand dollars from their sale was not all her own. Mrs. Watt has living quarters at the rear of a recreation hall erected by the Indians in her husband's memory, and she pays for the hall's heating and maintenance, around five hundred dollars a year, from the beaver pelts the Crees lay aside for her.

The gift pelts at first given spontaneously and haphazardly, are now managed under a semi-official government plan. Under the trapping system that Watt introduced, each trapper is given a beaver quota he may trap each winter, based on the beaver population in his trapping territory. A few years after Watt's death the Crees asked if each family could trap one or two beaver above quota for Mrs. Watt, and the practice was approved. But there is nothing in the plan that requires them to hand over to Mrs. Watt their largest pelts, or to fill her quota first when poor trapping conditions have prevented them from filling their own. These things they still do out of respect for Jimmy Watt, their *Anisk Oogemow*, the "Beaver Chief," who saved the beaver and thereby saved the Crees.

The Watt Memorial Hall, white clapboard with red trim, always freshly painted, stands out incongruously among the sagging tents and shanties of the Rupert House summer Indian encampment. But the finest memorial of the work of Jimmy Watt is the prosperity of the Indians themselves.

The Crees of James Bay are a hunting and trapping people who still lead lives that follow a nomadic pattern little changed from that of their aboriginal ancestors. Most live in tents the year round, not because they can't afford better, but because that is what they prefer.

A good Cree trapper now earns about two thousand dollars a year **continued on page 49**



What did he see ahead? Watt said his preserves would put 4,000 beaver into area in ten years—and they did.

"It is one of the north's most moving stories, this drama of a determined Scot . . . and the Crees of Rupert House pay grateful homage"



Jimmy Watt's widow, the former Maud Maloney, still lives among Crees who support her with furs in tribute to Watt. Photo was taken at Watt's post in 1939.



Jimmy Watt's home from 1920 until his death in 1944 was remote Rupert House on James Bay. To his fiercely devoted Crees, Watt was known as "Beaver Chief."



Lake Erie added to three centuries' grim toll last fall when a storm swept fisherman John Wilson from this tug and cost other fishermen three million dollars. Charles Dickens

Booby-trapped with reefs, wild and unpredictable, shallow Erie is a commercial bonanza

On one sandspit a hundred ships and a thousand men have perished. No wonder

The world's worst-tempered

By Duncan McLeod

On a placid day in 1670 two Sulpician missionaries, François Dollier de Casson and René de Bréhaut de Galinée, paddled their canoe along the shores of the large and little-known lake to the south of familiar Lake Ontario, while casting cautious glances at sky and water. For they remembered the day a storm had struck with so little warning and so quickly whipped the water into raging waves that it could be the work only of their enemy, the Devil. Ever since, sailors have cast uneasy glances at the 9,940 temperamental square miles of Lake Erie. Today, however, they know that Nature rather than the Devil is responsible for Erie's terrible tantrums and that in this shallowest of the Great Lakes she has fashioned one of the most violent death traps in North America.

Paradoxically, Lake Erie doesn't *look* dangerous. A narrow, elongated body, it stretches 240 miles northeastward from the Detroit River to the Niagara River, with a maximum width of fifty-seven miles. Its coastline is fairly regular, with the exception of pyramid-shaped Point Pelee near its western end and the sandy spit of Long Point at its eastern end, which jut respectively ten and twenty miles into the Canadian side of the lake. At its western end is a cluster of low islands, the largest of which is also named Pelee, and which is Canada's much boasted "most southerly territory—on a line with northern California."

But in spite of Erie's unspectacular coastline practically every mile of shore has been littered with the debris of sailing barques, brigs, schooners, steamers, freighters, fishing vessels and the bodies of drowned, frozen and burned men, women and children. One twenty-mile zone is known as the Graveyard of Lake Erie from the number of ships that have foundered on its reefs and shallows; another eighty-mile stretch conceals so many hulls of sunken ships that it is a peril to navigation. No one knows how many ships and lives Erie has claimed since white men first sailed her deceptive waters, but out of the forty-three shipwrecks that have taken the heaviest toll of life on the Great Lakes since 1850, nineteen have been on Lake Erie, with a death toll of 773, compared with 2,076 lives lost on the other Great Lakes combined. In addition there have been hundreds of other dis-

asters caused by Erie's moods—despite the fact that bitter experience has made sailors extremely wary about venturing on Lake Erie.

But Lake Erie's fearful reputation is balanced by its good points. Commercially it is the heart of the Great Lakes, the world's largest and busiest inland waterway. On its south shore Lake Erie has spawned gigantic industrial cities—Buffalo, Toledo and Cleveland—where iron ore meets coal to become steel.

Vital to Canada as a link in Great Lakes navigation, the northern shore of Lake Erie is not heavily industrialized. On the other hand Canadians take full advantage of the lake's wealth of fish—Erie is the richest fresh-water fishery in the world—and numerous fishing towns and villages dot the coast, places with such names as Port Dover, Erieau, Port Talbot, Nanticoke and Kingsville. Behind Lake Erie's shores are prosperous farms that grow such semitropical crops as tobacco, peaches and strawberries, as well as many other types of vegetables and fruits. These can be grown there because Lake Erie is the Deep South of Canada—and the lake assists by acting as a thermostatic control to prevent radical changes in temperature, particularly in spring and fall when frost could destroy delicate plants.

With the exception of the fishing communities, the Canadian coast is a desolate expanse of wind-scarred dunes, sandy spits, wide beaches and low-lying marshes. But its picturesqueness and balmy climate make Lake Erie's Canadian shores a popular summer playground. In autumn its shallow marshes—particularly at Long Point—attract hordes of migrating ducks and geese which are eagerly hunted by sportsmen. The peculiar lonely charm of Lake Erie has been described by Pauline Johnson, the Canadian poetess, as:

A dash of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned;
Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of the strand;
And, creeping close to these,
Long shores that lounge at ease,
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'western breeze.

It is because Lake Erie "rocks and ripples to a sou'western" **continued on next page**

called Erie "almost as bad as the Atlantic."

but a mariner's nightmare.

they call it

lake



Geography makes Erie the stormiest and most traveled of the Great Lakes. Tropic and northern weather battle along Erie's narrow funnel, to the peril of Canadian fishing boats and freighters serving big U.S. cities.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

Tea and Sympathy: A lot more candid in its treatment of seldom-discussed human complexities than the advance ballyhoo gave us reason to expect, this is a worthwhile screen version of Robert Anderson's stage drama. It tells of a compassionate faculty wife (beautifully played by Deborah Kerr) who rallies to the defense of an eighteen-year-old boy (John Kerr) after his classmates and his own father have persecuted him for "effeminacy."

A Lamp Is Heavy: The hard life of hospital nurses is sketchily examined in a British picture based on a novel by Edmonton's Sheila MacKay Russell. Parts of it were warmly moving but there is too much talk and not enough really honest scrutiny of the environment. With Belinda Lee, Diana Wynyard, George Baker.

The Last Wagon: One of the year's better westerns. Richard Widmark as an Indian-raised frontiersman is backed by a group of promising younger players; some of the human relationships are explored with insight, and the big fight at the climax (wagon-train survivors versus Apaches) is a dandy.

War and Peace: Here it is at last—a six-million-dollar, three-and-a-half-hour epic that oddly manages to seem both too long and too short. Tolstoy's mammoth novel about Russia's resistance against Napoleon has been handled with respect but inevitably trimmed and diluted, and most of the characters emerge as hollow dummies. There are, however, several superb scenes, magnificently filmed by the English camera ace, Jack Cardiff. The cast includes Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, Anita Ekberg and umpteen thousands of assistants.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Ambassador's Daughter: Comedy. Good.
Away All Boats: War at sea. Fair.
The Bad Seed: Suspense and horror. Good until weak ending.
Bigger Than Life: Drama. Fair.
The Birds & the Bees: Comedy. Fair.
The Black Sleep: Horror. Fair.
The Black Tent: Desert drama. Fair.
Bus Stop: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Cast a Dark Shadow: Crime. Good.
The Catered Affair: Drama. Good.
Charley Moon: British musical. Poor.
The Come-On: Crime and sex. Fair.
A Cry in the Night: Drama. Poor.
Dance Little Lady: Drama. Poor.
The Fastest Gun Alive: Suspense in the West. Good.
The First Traveling Saleslady: Western comedy-drama. Fair.
Foreign Intrigue: Spy drama. Fair.
French Cancan: Music-drama. Good.
The Great Locomotive Chase: Civil War adventure. Good.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.
High Society: Musical. Good.
Invitation to the Dance: All-ballet, no-talk musical. Fair.
Johnny Concho: Western. Good.
Jubal: Western drama. Good.
The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.
The King and I: Music-drama. Tops.

The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.
The Last Ten Days: German drama about Hitler. Excellent.
The Leather Saint: Comedy. Fair.
The Long Arm: Detective story. Good.
Lovers and Lollipops: Comedy. Good.
Moby Dick: Sea drama. Excellent.
On the Threshold of Space: Factual science thriller. Good.
Partners: Western farce. Poor.
Patterns: Business drama. Good.
Pillars of the Sky: Western. Fair.
Please Murder Me: Suspense. Poor.
Private's Progress: Comedy. Good.
The Proud Ones: Western. Good.
Reach for the Sky: RAF drama. Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
Run for the Sun: Suspense. Good.
Safari: Jungle melodrama. Fair.
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business comedy. Excellent.
Somebody Up There Likes Me: Crime-and-boxing biography. Good.
La Strada: Italian drama. Good.
That Certain Feeling: Comedy. Fair.
A Town Like Alice: Drama. Fair.
Trapeze: Circus drama. Good.
23 Paces to Baker Street: Mystery and suspense. Good.
Walk the Proud Land: Western. Fair.

breeze" that it is dangerous. For it is just a gigantic puddle, with an average depth of fifty-eight feet. Even a light breeze disturbs it into restless choppiness, which makes it a miserable lake for those prone to sea-sickness, as discovered by Charles Dickens, who sailed on the lake in 1842 and wrote: "Lake Erie won't do for persons who are liable to seasickness . . . It is almost as bad in that respect as the Atlantic."

Dickens never encountered a gale on Lake Erie, or he would have used stronger words. For heavy winds vex its waters into waves often up to eighteen feet high. Because of the lake's shallowness these come with a machine-gun rapidity and battering-ram force. Moreover Lake Erie lies directly in the path of violent sou'western storms spawned in spring and autumn by the meeting of cold-air masses from northern Canada and warm-air masses from the Caribbean. The marriage of these hurricane-velocity storms, plus the lake's shallowness, make Lake Erie's moods not only extremely dangerous but entirely unpredictable.

For instance, in 1764 a British Army expedition, sent from Fort Niagara to relieve Fort Detroit besieged by the Indian chief Pontiac, was surprised at night encampment on Lake Erie's shores by a storm. They lost boats, baggage and ammunition and had to walk ignominiously back to Fort Niagara through the wilderness.

In addition, the northeast lie of Lake Erie enables these sou'western storms to act upon its shallow waters with full force for the lake's entire length, so that sometimes water is piled up at its eastern limits as much as eight feet above normal—and lowered a corresponding amount in the west. This occasionally causes a rare phenomenon. When the heaped-up water is accelerated in its flow back to the depressed area by a sudden shift in the wind or a lowering of the atmospheric pressure, a giant wave is created, known as a seiche. Old-time sailors were puzzled by this phenomenon and had no name for it. When American scientists discovered the reason they used the word the Swiss had given to a similar phenomenon that occurs on Lake Geneva.

In 1817 a Captain James Sloan had a strange experience with a seiche. He was sailing out of a Canadian harbor when he felt his ship strike bottom. When he looked over the side he saw the water rushing away. In a few minutes the water was all gone and the captain climbed off his stranded schooner and walked about it in bewilderment. On Aug. 8, 1926, the wave of a seiche struck the U. S. shore and drowned eleven bathers. Seiches may explain why ships have disappeared on Lake Erie as mysteriously as if a giant hand had pulled them under.

Before channels were dredged into harbors, captains caught in one of Lake Erie's storms found themselves trapped with little chance of escape. There are no real natural harbors on Lake Erie. Its beaches are shallow and booby-trapped with reefs and shoals. When ships were unable to make headway against the combined force of wind and waves they went aground so far out it was impossible for the crew or passengers to reach the shore through the powerful undertow. As the ships sank, their only chance for life was to climb into the rigging or up the mast and hope the storm would cease before they died of exposure or became exhausted and fell into the lake.

Even when channels were dug, ships met disaster on the treacherous coast whenever blinding snow, fog or rain

prevented them from finding the harbor's entrance. Today all lake freighters are equipped with radar that enables them to find their way into man-made harbors in storms, but the coast is still dangerous.

When ships are caught in a storm they try to reach Long Point Bay on the Canadian side, the only natural haven on the lake. But to reach the bay, ships must skirt Long Point's twenty-mile sandy spit which juts diagonally almost halfway across the lake. Until recently, an occasional ship running before a sou'wester, instead of rounding the point, would find itself off its western banks. For magnetic compasses react strangely in this area, veering several degrees to the northward. Even today this magnetic deviation, caused, captains believe, by iron-ore bodies beneath the lake, is not mentioned on navigation charts.

For most ships this is no longer a danger, since they are equipped with non-magnetic gyrocompasses. However in the day of the sailing ships it led many to their doom. When captains found themselves off Long Point's western shore they had to turn broadside to the wind and waves and beat up the coast to try to round the point. This was not only an exceedingly difficult manoeuvre, but an extremely dangerous one, for it exposed the length of the ship to the full fury of the storm. The great numbers of vessels that did not escape gave the west shore of Long Point its name of the Graveyard of Lake Erie. Dr. J. A. Bannister, a retired teacher of Port Dover near Long Point and historian of Lake Erie's shipwrecks, estimates that a hundred or more schooners, brigs, barges and freighters, with such names as the Arctic, Stampede and Annie Hanson, have crashed against Long Point, with the loss of over a thousand lives. Mute testimony to its tragic past are skeletons of ships on its desolate shores and lonely graves of unknown sailors among its dunes.

A ball for the heroine

One memorable wreck was that of the schooner Conductor, in November 1854. It struck only a couple of hundred feet from the beach and the seven frightened crew members and the captain climbed into the rigging to escape the heavy seas. On shore, Abigail Becker, the young wife of a trapper, saw their plight and lit bonfires to encourage them to swim to the beach. The crew, suffering horribly from icy spray dashing over their perch, cast themselves one after the other into the waves. As they were carried half-drowned and numbed by the icy water toward shore the brave woman waded out and helped them. All but the cook took the desperate gamble. He couldn't swim and remained all night on the swaying mast. In the morning the storm ceased and the crew built a raft and brought him ashore. The grateful merchants of Buffalo who owned the Conductor held a gala ball in Mrs. Becker's honor and gave her six hundred dollars and a gold medal. Queen Victoria sent her a letter of congratulation.

A close rival to Long Point as a killer of ships and men is the western extremity of the lake. A cluster of islands there blocks two thirds of the lake's width and forces ships to follow a channel eighty miles long from the Detroit River to beyond Southeast Shoal, off Point Pelee. In storms there was the constant danger the ship might be tossed off course and thrown against the shallow, reef-strewn coast, and this eighty-mile stretch is littered with sunken hulls. Today they are such a menace to navigation that



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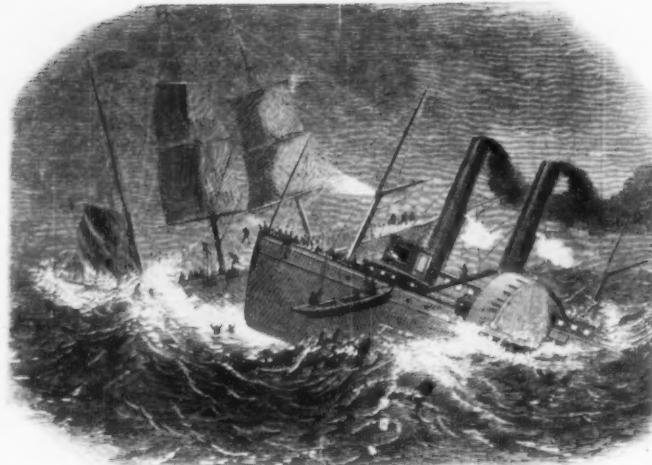


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There's death in Erie's many moods

Collision caused by one of Erie's strange hazards, midsummer mist, took heavy toll on the steamer Morning Star and barque Cortland, June 1868.

captains are agitating to have them removed.

The safety of ships has been increased by the division of the channel into two "lanes" for vessels going in opposite directions, but lake captains still proceed cautiously in case a salt-water captain, unfamiliar with the danger of the channel, takes a short cut and appears suddenly before their bows.

In all the Great Lakes the danger of fog—particularly in early spring and late autumn—is great, but in Lake Erie it is especially so. In some years as many as 332 hours of fog have been registered on Lake Erie in the eight-month navigation season. In addition a phenomenon peculiar to Lake Erie is summer haze, a mist that rises from the lake on hot summer days and lowers visibility to two miles or less.

Although today Lake Erie is the busiest link in the Great Lakes, it was also the biggest problem that Canada had to overcome to make the Great Lakes an interconnecting waterway for vessels. For Lake Erie sits in its shallow bowl—created by a glacier which scooped out an ancient river valley thousands of years ago—326 feet above Lake Ontario, imprisoned by the solid granite formation of the Niagara Escarpment which rises sharply a few miles from the southern shores of Lake Ontario. Only at its eastern end has Lake Erie broken through this formidable barrier—and in so doing given birth to Niagara Falls, an impassable barrier for ships. For about one hundred and fifty years the only way the French and English could carry goods from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie was by portaging around Niagara Falls, an expensive and time-consuming task.

Lake Erie's strategic and economic importance was realized at an early date. After the War of 1812 the United States, confronted with the fact that Canada was to remain British, saw that the country to the north had the huge advantage of the St. Lawrence River which provided a cheap water route for goods into the interior of North America via the Great Lakes, and that unless something was done much of the trade with the interior would float down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

In 1817 the United States began to build its answer—the 363-mile-long Erie Barge Canal from the eastern tip of Lake Erie across New York State to Albany, on the Hudson River. In 1825 the canal was completed, assuring the future greatness of New York City and ending the dominance of Montreal, for Ameri-

cans could now undersell the Canadians who were hampered by expensive portages in the St. Lawrence Rapids and the Niagara Peninsula. In 1825 however Canada began to construct her answer to the Erie Canal. This was the first Welland Canal across the Niagara Peninsula to by-pass Niagara Falls. It was promoted as a private enterprise by William Hamilton Merritt, a former cavalry captain in the War of 1812, who was to become president of Canada's pre-Confederation Executive Council.

The first Welland Canal was completed in 1829. Merritt also promoted the first canals to by-pass the rapids in the St. Lawrence River, thus enabling ships to sail from the Atlantic to the Upper Great Lakes.

"Men became beasts"

With the completion of these two canals Lake Erie's age-old isolation was broken, and its career of prosperity—and tragedy—began. Immigrants began to pour through the canals into the new lands of the northwest, and, to carry them, towns began to build luxuriously fitted steamers.

One of these was the G. P. Griffiths. On the night of June 17, 1850, she left Buffalo with 326 passengers, mostly immigrants. At three in the morning the mate noticed smoke pouring from the hold. He notified Captain C. C. Roby who ordered the ship headed for shore, only five miles distant. But when the flaming ship was half a mile from shore it struck a reef.

Captain Roby knew his ship was doomed. He gathered together his wife, two small children and his mother, kissed them farewell with tears streaming down his cheeks, threw them into the water, and jumped in after them. All were drowned. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser said:

Men became beasts and fought back women and children. Frenzied mothers leaped overboard with their babes in their arms. Scorched by flames, their faces blackened, their eyes bulging, and even their garments on fire, over three hundred people fought for their lives. Men seized their wives and flung them overboard, leaping after them to destruction. Human beings fought like demons for possession of chairs, boards, or any objects that might support them in the water. Others, crazed by the terrible scenes about them, dashed into the

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roaring flames, their dying shrieks mingling with the hopeless cries of those who still struggled for life. When the final death roll was called it was found 287 had perished in that frightful hour of fire.

An even worse disaster involving an immigrant steamer took place in 1852 when the vessel Atlantic in a summer haze collided with the Ogdensburg of Long Point. The Atlantic churned on believing no damage had been done, but then began to sink. Her passengers were awoken and ordered to abandon ship. Three hundred panicked, jumped into the water and were drowned. Two hundred and fifty were rescued by the Ogdensburg whose crew heard their terrified screams and returned. The Atlantic sank with sixty thousand dollars in gold, being shipped by the Adams Express Company. The treasure still awaits finding and salvage, and at today's value is estimated to be worth two hundred thousand dollars.

Then came lake freighters

As towns and villages began to spring up around Lake Erie's shores, businessmen began to build sailing brigs, barques and even three-masted schooners for a profitable coastal trade. Lake Erie weather was hard on these sailing ships, but their final destruction was caused by railroads, which began to be built in 1850, and in a short time monopolized the coastal trade. By 1890 only a handful of sailing vessels still remained on the Great Lakes.

After the sailing ships had gone a new type of ship made its appearance on Lake Erie. This was the bulk freighter, which carried iron ore and grain from Lake Superior to the industrial cities of the east. One of these was the Idaho, two hundred and twenty feet long, a propeller-driven steamer with a towering foremast one hundred feet high. On Nov. 5, 1894, she left Buffalo in good weather, but off Long Point ran into a sizzling sou'wester. The waves increased to such fury that the ship was unable to make headway. The pounding opened her seams and water poured into the hold. Soon the boilers were drowned. Captain Alexander Gillies lowered anchors but the pounding only opened the seams more. Suddenly the Idaho lurched and slid under the waves, taking nineteen of her twenty-one-man crew with her.

But William Gill, a deck hand, and Louis La Force, second mate, stood close

to the high mast and climbed it as the ship sank. The mast swung dizzily in circles then steadied as the ship settled on the bottom, leaving the two men twenty-five feet above the waves. That night they clung to the mast, their clothes freezing from spray and sleet. At dawn only a wilderness of storm-tossed waves met their eyes. A freighter appeared, but nobody aboard sighted them.

Shortly before noon Gill saw a large freighter bearing down on them. It was the Mariposa, one of the largest ships on the lakes. Captain Frank Root realized there was only one way to save the men—he must manoeuvre his big ship in the howling storm alongside the swaying mast so his crew could lift them aboard. This required seamanship of the highest skill, for he dared not hit the mast since his ship would snap it off. Twice his ship fell away from the mast; on the third attempt his bows gently nudged it and the men were lifted aboard.

Such fierce storms as that which destroyed the Idaho are not uncommon on Lake Erie, but in a separate category are the historic tempests of such violence that few ships can withstand their fury. Usually they strike in early winter, spawned by warring air masses from Canada and the Caribbean. One struck Lake Erie on Dec. 9, 1909, and although ships were warned of its approach, so sudden was its onslaught that three vessels were sent to the bottom with fifty-three sailors.

Four years later, on Nov. 9, 1913, another storm warning was given. This time ships on Lake Erie had time to scurry for shelter. Only Lightship No. 82 was torn loose from its moorings off Point Abino on the Canadian shore, capsized and tossed into Buffalo's harbor, fifteen miles distant. Six men went down with her. But the loss on the other upper lakes was catastrophic. Ten ships were sunk; two hundred and thirty-five sailors drowned; twenty-six vessels grounded. Among the ships lost were two British ocean tramps, the Leaffield and Wexford, and two six-hundred-foot, nine-thousand-ton lake freighters, the Regina and Charles S. Price.

Storm warnings came too late on Friday, Oct. 20, 1916—a day that stands in the annals of the Great Lakes as Black Friday. Four ships were caught on Lake Erie and sunk, drowning fifty-two sailors.

The worst disaster of recent times was that of the tug Admiral and its barge,





the Cleveco. On Dec. 1, 1942, they were caught in a storm only a few miles from Cleveland's harbor. The Admiral headed for Cleveland towing the Cleveco. Suddenly the lookout on the Cleveco discovered a horrifying fact—the towline seemed to be coming from the bottom of the lake. He notified Captain W. H. Smith, who concluded the Admiral must have sunk with its fourteen men.

Without power of its own the Cleveco radioed for tugs. These were despatched, but were unable to locate the elusive Cleveco in a heavy snowstorm. A sudden change in temperature caused a fog to rise from the lake's surface, and visibility was lowered to zero. In midafternoon the tugs received a radio message from the Cleveco that she was taking water. That was her last message. The Cleveco, with her eighteen men, disappeared.

To prevent another such tragedy, radar was installed on rescue craft and freighters in 1946. Together with direction-finding stations, fog sirens, lighthouses, lightships, ship-to-shore radios, periodic weather bulletins and gyrocompasses, it was thought that everything that man could do to defeat Lake Erie's dangers had been done.

But there is one group of sailors who, from the very nature of their profession, must gamble on Lake Erie's treacherous moods. These are the commercial fishermen. They begin fishing early in March as soon as the ice breaks up and continue until freeze-up at the end of December, to catch the early and late spawning runs. But it is in the early spring and late fall that the danger of storms is greatest. Moreover, to return before dusk the fishermen must leave their harbors around 3 a.m. and receive no weather reports until 6 a.m. when U.S. radio stations broadcast the early forecast for the public. Marine weather bulletins are issued only during the lake navigation season: April 15 to Dec. 15.

Even when the weather is threatening, the fishermen must try to reach their nets, for not only does their living depend on the fish, but the storms tear expensive nets to pieces.

Paradoxically, Lake Erie's villainous shallowness is both the fisherman's worst enemy and best friend. Its shoals and bars make it the most fertile inland marine farm in the world. They swarm with marine vegetation and minute plankton which feed ninety-one species of fish, ranging in size from two-hundred-pound sturgeon to the little silver smelt. Commercially the most important Erie fish are ciscoes (herring), whitefish, pickerel, perch and silver bass. Lake Erie's average annual fish harvest is more than twenty million pounds, two thirds of the total catch of the Great Lakes.

The Erie fisherman gambles not only with storms, but with his luck as a fisherman. He receives no wages, but a share of the catch. Most Erie fishermen average \$2,500 a year, but some earn as little as \$1,000. Much depends on the captain and his "fish sense." Hence fishermen vie to serve under a good captain.

Erie has evolved its own type of fishing tug, a sturdy, powerful vessel almost totally enclosed against the weather, and with a top speed of twelve miles an hour (the fishermen use no nautical terms and do not keep a log). Aside from a small magnetic compass the only nautical equipment in the wheelhouse is a short-wave radio. This is regarded as a necessity, since it enables captains throughout the lake to warn others of the approach of Erie's sudden storms, especially in March and December.

On the morning of March 22, 1955, fishermen were hauling in their nets

A Room Upstairs for Louise

by Cam Forrest

AS soon as she started high school, Louise Lamont wanted a room of her own. Her dad, Dave, who's the easygoing type, stalled her off for a while — but with Mrs. Lamont expecting number four, he finally gave in.

The Lamont's home had been built with attic use in mind, so an upstairs bedroom was clearly the best solution. I advised Dave that with a minimum of framing, and by taking advantage of smart, inexpensive PV Hardboards for paneling, he could build a first-class extra bedroom in a few weekends.

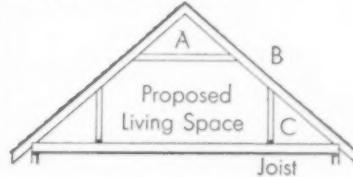
So Dave set to work one day last month — and the photo will give you an idea of just how well he succeeded! Let's look at it step-by-step.



SHORT WEEKS AGO it was a dark, empty attic. **How Dave Lamont changed it into this attractive room** is described below.

Framing the Room

The Lamont's attic looked like this, in cross-section:



Dave nailed 2"x4"s across the rafters (at A) 8' from the attic floor. (He could have come down to 7'4" if space had been limited.)

A 4' wide strip of roof rafters, (B), was also used as part of the new room's ceiling, leaving short side walls, (C).

Along the base of the proposed walls, Dave laid 2"x4" sill plates, and then ran short 2"x4"s from these to the rafters above.

At this stage, Dave got the heating ducts and new wiring put in, inspected and passed. Next came insulation — to keep Louise from broiling in the summer and shivering all winter.

Floors, Walls, Ceiling

Dave nailed $\frac{5}{8}$ " PV fir plywood to the joists to provide a strong, rigid subfloor. This he later covered with large squares of PV Weatherproof Hardboard. Varnished and waxed, it's a finish floor almost as hard as iron.

Panelling was the next step. For the ceiling, Louise liked the pattern of PV Square-tex — 4'x4' panels of all-wood hardboard, specially designed for the purpose. The panel grooves, running at right angles, form a pattern of bold relief squares which create a smart modern note. All panel joints and most nails are concealed by these grooves.

Louise chose smooth-surfaced Utility Board for the side panels, and Plank Board for the end wall. (Plank Board has vertical grooves every 8" or 16". The grooves, as is the case with Square-tex, hide all panel joints.)

Before Dave applied the hardboard, he made sure that all panel edges and joints were supported.



He did this by strapping with 1"x4" lumber and nailing fill-ins of the same material as shown in

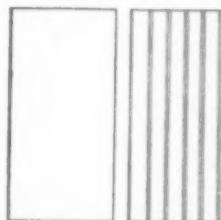


the diagram. It's the easiest solution, but 2"x4" set in nailing girts would have done the job too.

Where panel joints occurred in the side walls, Dave simply bevelled the edges of the Utility Board lightly with a sharp plane. All the hardboards went up fast, took paint beautifully — and I know they'll prove exceptionally wear-resistant.

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PV Utility Board PV Plank Board

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when their radios blared: "Better head for home. It's blowing hard up at the western end of the lake!"

Even though fishermen were warned, the storm struck so swiftly up the lake that several boats were caught. At the western end a tug was thrown upon an island, but the three fishermen swam to its beach. Near Point Pelee, Carl Fraser and Lloyd Malotte had to swim four hundred yards through the icy waves to shore when their launch capsized. Near the centre of the lake a tug was thrown onto a reef, but the five fishermen managed to reach land. At Port Dover, the tug Ciscoe was caught on the lake, unable to find the harbor's entrance for blinding snow squalls. On board were Captain Harold Young, Gordon Rockefeller, John Siskovitch, Gordon Messer, and John Wilson.

No help could be sent them, for the lake was raging with a fury that would have made any attempt foolhardy. At Port Dover waves crashed over the sea wall and smashed boats, jetties and sheds. So quickly had the storm sent waves roaring over the sea wall that several automobiles were caught and submerged before their owners could move them. At Long Point the causeway was littered with the wreckage of cottages and their furnishings.

Early next morning the Ciscoe was found twenty-five miles down the lake on the western side of Long Point. It was grounded six hundred feet from shore, buffeted mercilessly, its radio antennae smashed. From the wheelhouse figures waved desperately. Rescue was impossible, for furious waves lashed the shore. It was not until late afternoon when the waves had quieted and the Ciscoe had been tossed only two hundred feet from the beach that a lifeboat was able to reach the tug and take

off the half-frozen and exhausted crew. Spectators cheered as they were helped ashore, but their happiness died when they saw the stark face of Mrs. Laverne Wilson, whose husband John had been washed overboard the previous night, leaving her a widow with two small children.

Although only one fisherman was a victim of the storm, the loss was heavy. Fishermen estimated their loss at \$3,750,000. This included \$1,440,000 for replacement of one hundred and twenty boats smashed at docks or sunk in the lake; gear valued at \$50,000; boat damages of \$60,000; and dock destruction, \$50,000. Production loss through destruction of nets was set at \$2,000,000.

Not only did the storm destroy nearly ten percent of the tugs and launches on the Canadian side of the lake, but it ripped to shreds hundreds of nets. This was a crippling blow, for insurance premiums against loss of nets is so high that fishermen seldom are covered.

One of the fishermen practically put out of business by the loss of more than half his nets was Paul Cosley, a slim, tanned fisherman in his late thirties who operates a tug out of Port Dover with his brothers Peter and Stanley as a family venture. But the Cosleys had no thought of quitting, for like most fishermen on Lake Erie, they can't imagine themselves doing anything else.

A couple of years ago Stanley Cosley became so fed up with the life of a fisherman that he went to work in a factory at Brantford, Ont. Two months later he was back fishing, to the accompaniment of knowing smiles. To the people of Port Dover, Stanley's return was another case proving the truth of their saying: "An Erie fisherman has as much chance to stop fishing as a fish has to stop swimming." *

JASPER

by Simpkins

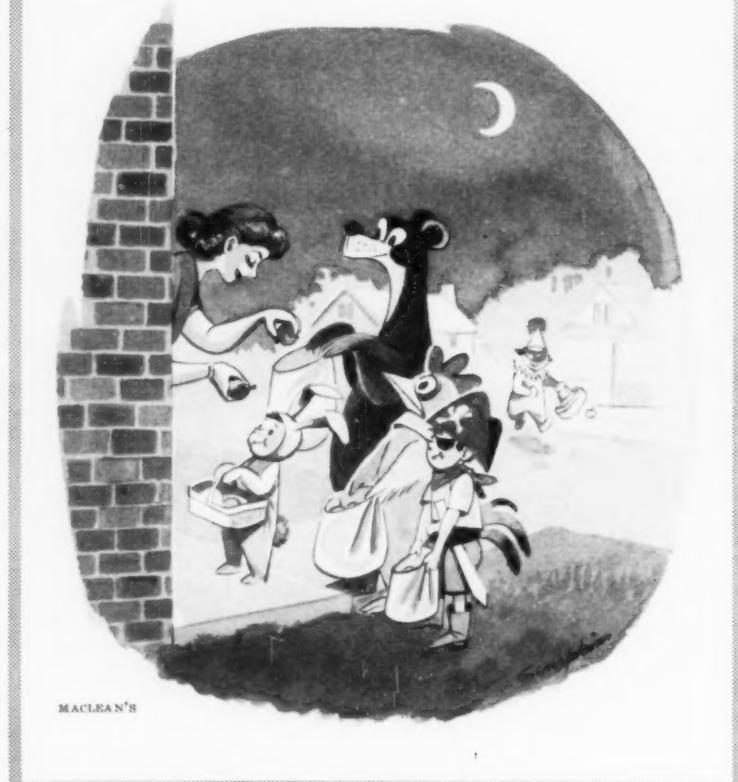




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Continued from page 29

"It was madness. Suicide. But the next moment Werra vanished through the open train window"

in the coach, some prisoners, white-faced and shivering from sickness, wrapped coats or blankets about them. Werra was able to put on his overcoat without arousing the slightest suspicion. Then he sat with his head in his hands. The guards expected no trouble from prisoners in this condition.

But the train would not slow down. It went on and on at an exasperatingly high speed. It seemed hours before the brakes were applied and the train gradually came to a halt. Werra glanced at his companions. All were wide awake and looking at him questioningly. Manhard and Wilhelm sat facing one another in the seats beside the aisle, each watching a guard. Their thumbs protruded from the blankets over their knees. Werra watched those thumbs. One thumb was horizontal, the other vertical.

Now both were sticking up. Werra stood up, opened out his blanket and shook it. Wagner knelt down behind it in front of the window. A second later he was back in his seat. Werra finished folding his blanket and sat down again. The inner window was wide open. No word had been spoken.

As the train stood in the station the frost quickly melted on Werra's outer window. Soon he could see the silhouettes of the guards walking against the station lights. If he could see them, could they see him? All the other windows were white and opaque from frost. His was like a gap in a white row of teeth.

A bell clanged. The guards climbed aboard, banging snow from their boots. Two of them got in the prisoners' end of the coach and walked down the aisle toward their seats. They would have to pass the defrosted window. Werra, his head in his hands, peered at them through his fingers. The first guard walked by, looking straight ahead. The second walked in a stumbling way and Werra saw his glasses were misted. He passed by too.

Werra glanced at his friends. They were all ready.

There were several prisoners now with raised hands, for during the halt there had been no visits to the toilet. A guard escorted the first man out. Two guards were left.

Wagner, holding two corners of his blanket in his lap, looked at Werra. Werra nodded. Wagner stood up, and opened out the blanket. Wilhelm slid along into Wagner's corner seat. Masked by the blanket, Werra stood up, caught hold of the outer window, and jerked upward. It did not move. Another fierce jerk and then a steady lift.

A rush of cold air pressed the blanket against Wagner's body. He continued to shake the corners up and down, looking up the coach toward the two guards. Von Werra felt the icy blast on his face. Snowdrifts flashed by at a terrifying speed. It was madness. Suicide. He couldn't do it.

The next moment Wilhelm saw Werra's boots disappear through the middle of the open window; he saw Werra's body, rigid, arms straight out above his head, suspended almost horizontally a foot or so outside the coach. It dropped back and was gone.

Wilhelm shut the outer and inner windows and slid back along the seat. Wagner folded the blanket slowly and sat down. No word was spoken.

All three were aghast. A few seconds before Werra had been sitting there, his head in his hands. Now he was gone. They watched the ferns of frost spread over the window. In a minute it was covered. It was as though the window had never been opened and Werra had never been with them.

It was not until the next afternoon that Werra's absence was discovered. The train was then several hundred miles from the point where he had dived out the window.

Werra landed on piled snow at the side of the track. He lay for a minute, feeling sick from the shock. Dizzily, he stood up. The cold struck him like a blow—he had jumped from stifling heat into zero temperature. The perspiration froze on his skin. Heavens, it was cold! He would have to do something or his ears would drop off. He pulled from his pocket a tartan scarf he had bought at Swanwick, and wrapped it over his head.

The car shield read "Police"

Having taken a bearing on the pole star, he crossed the railway track and set out south across a stretch of open country. Sometimes he was in the open, knee-deep in snow, sometimes groping, stumbling in the blackness. After a while he hit a broad avenue of trees. The snow had been flattened by a tractor. He hastened on, sometimes running. Suddenly he heard the sound of an engine. He listened intently. The noise grew louder, and after a few moments a car flashed across the open half a mile ahead of him. A road! In a few minutes he had reached it.

For an hour he followed it without seeing any vehicles. Then he heard a sound and resolved that he would seek a ride. He half raised his arm as the engine noise grew louder. It was a big car. On its bumper there was a red shield bearing the word "POLICE." Werra pretended to ignore the car as it drew level, but the driver pulled in beside him.

The policeman was beckoning him to get in. He had no option. Police cars were probably out scouring every highway looking for a short, fair man wearing a blue overcoat and no hat. But from the policeman's opening remarks it appeared that he was more concerned with Werra's half-completed hitchhiking gesture. What Werra had been unable to tell him was that since the war begging a lift had been made illegal in Canada. "You changed your mind just in time," the policeman said. "If you'd hailed me, I'd have run you in. But I'll give you a ride."

Whether any policeman ever did help Werra on his way no one knows for certain. If the policeman did not exist, at least he could not have come forward to contradict Werra's story. The indisputable fact remains that Werra did arrive at Johnstown on the north bank of the St. Lawrence and saw the twinkling lights of the United States on the other shore—lights he was able to identify from a map he had picked up at a gas station.

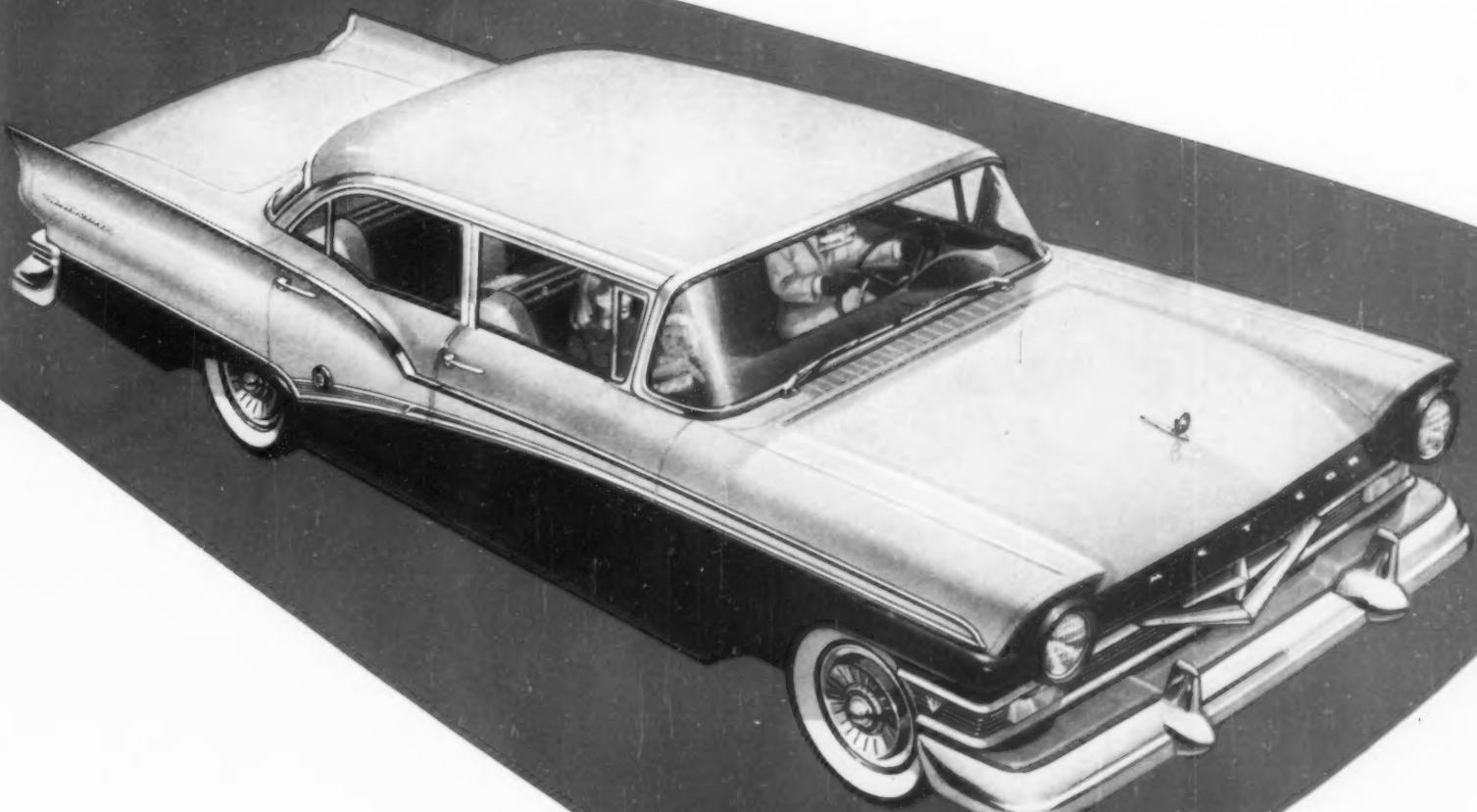
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He had no idea how he was going to cross the river. According to his map, there were international bridges at Cornwall, forty-five miles downstream, and at Thousand Islands, forty miles upstream. Between the two bridges there were ferries at Morrisburg, Prescott and Brockville. Prescott was the nearest, only a few miles away. But would the ferry be working at that time of year?

He walked south and came to what appeared to be a wide, flat snow-covered valley. It was a few seconds before he realized that this was the St. Lawrence. He was tremendously excited. It was frozen. All he had to do was to wait until it was dark and walk across. But the size of the river was terrifying. How wide was it? Five hundred metres? A thousand?

He set out along the bank, wading through the snow. He was dead tired and ravenously hungry. He had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. It had been cold enough all day but with the approach of night the temperature dropped rapidly. There was a bitter wind at his back. It pierced his clothing like a knife.

He had struggled for about two miles through the snow when he saw a haze of light across the river. His map said it must be Ogdensburg. He shivered in the quiet desolation of snow and waited. At seven o'clock, long after dark, he set off across the open ice.

The snow had been blown into drifts near the bank. He floundered, fought his way forward. Fifty yards out the going became easy, but the wind swept over the ice straight up the river. It seemed to be laden with splinters of glass.

Now and again he heard the sound of ice cracking, loud and menacing. But he knew that if ice were freezing the cracking wasn't dangerous. Still the shock waves and the rumbles frightened him. He tripped over something and went sprawling. He lay for a moment, numb from cold, winded and shaken, almost overcome by a desire to sleep. It seemed he was on a lake near Berlin on a summer evening, green reeds rustling, white sails billowing, ripples lapping against shining varnished wood . . . lapping . . . lapping.

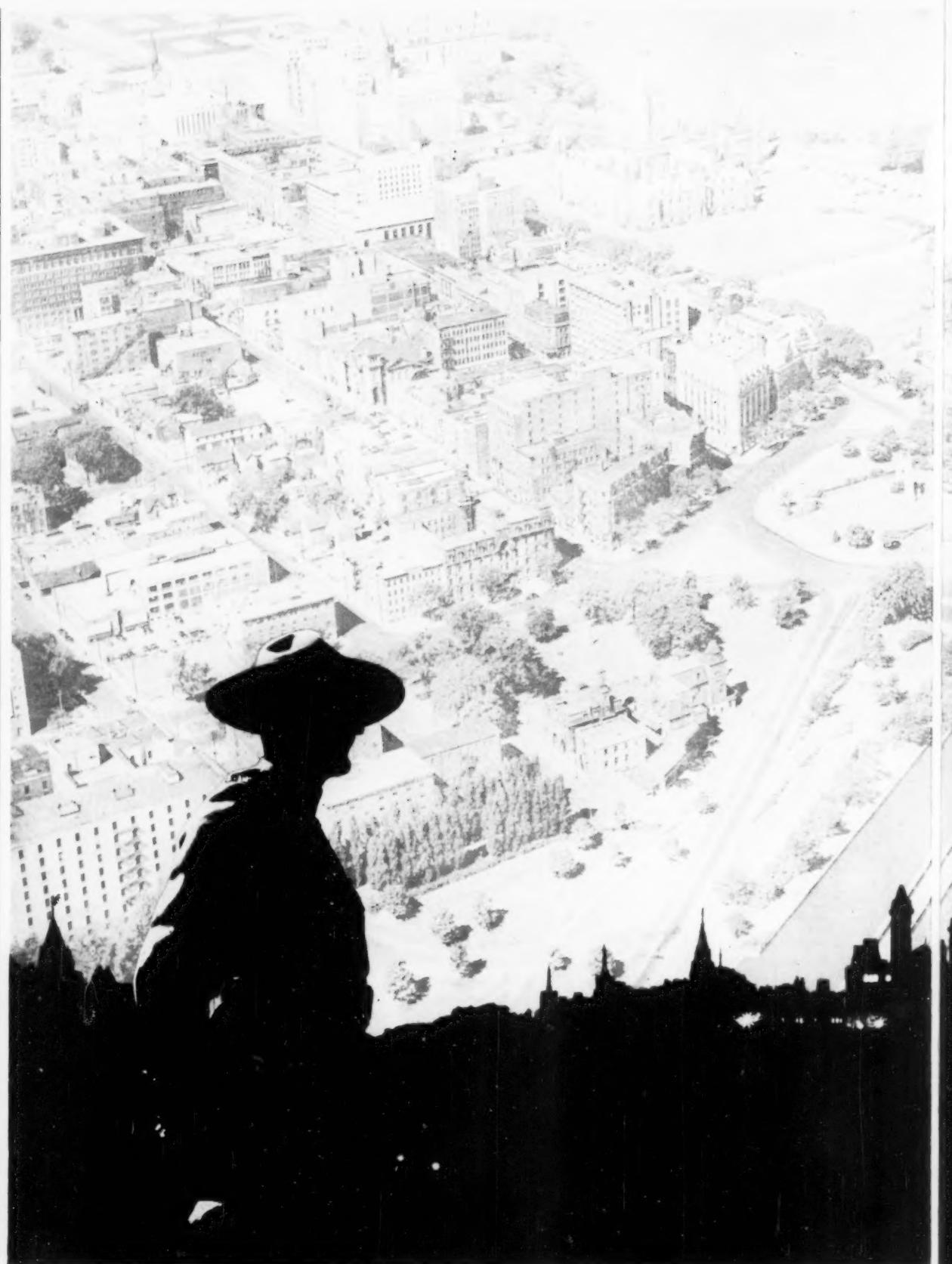
The sound of a car horn brought him back. He got up, aching all over, slipping and stumbling on slabs of ice. He was only a quarter of a mile from the American shore. Cars rolled along the waterfront, headlights blazing. He hurried forward, then stopped. Ten, fifteen yards . . . the snow seemed to turn black. The shore already?

Then he saw the lights reflected on the blackness: water! He could not grasp it. How could there be water when the river was frozen? He frantically hacked with the heel of his boot at a slab of ice. A corner broke off and he tossed it into the blackness. It fell with a hollow splash. There was an ice-free channel between him and the American shore.

Werra fought his way back to the Canadian bank and headed for Prescott. He came to a deserted summer camp. He floundered about in the snow and eventually found an upturned rowboat. Then he found a wooden fence. After kicking and wrenching he managed to free two

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palings. He used one as a shovel to dig away the snow from the boat. He finally got it free. But he still had to turn the boat the right way up. It took all his strength and the aid of the two boards but finally he righted it. His pulse banged in his ears. He nearly collapsed with exhaustion.

He tossed the boards into the boat and began pushing it. He advanced a foot to eighteen inches at a time. He became an automaton, oblivious to everything except the rasping of his breath and the taste of his saliva. At last he reached the open ice. He tried to tie his scarf to the mooring ring to act as a pulling rope but his fingers were without feeling and he could not tie a knot.

Werra kept pushing on his nightmare journey toward that strip of open black water. He tipped the boat into the water with the last of his strength, jumped in and pushed off against the ice with one of the boards. The boat slid into the water, rocked violently and in the struggle to regain his balance the board slipped out of his numb hand.

He sat down and picked up the remaining board, trying to use it as a paddle. But it was too long, too heavy and too clumsy. He could neither feel it nor grip it. It slid out of his hands into the water. He had the impression the boat was spinning in the darkness, hurtling down to the sea. When it bumped and grated against a margin of ice he leaped. He managed to fall on the ice. The last he heard of it, the boat was still bumping and scraping downstream.

He got to his feet, staggered across the ice and scrambled up on the bank. It seemed to him that he had been in the boat for hours, and that he had drifted miles downstream. But then he saw lights and two cars parked ahead of him. He walked toward them. The hood of one car was raised and a man was tinkering with the engine. A young woman in a fur coat stood by him and there was another girl sitting in the car.

Werra moved across in front of the car. The headlamps shone on his overcoat, stiff with ice. His legs cast long shadows on the snow. The woman stared at him and then in the direction of the river from which he had come. She asked lightly:

"What's the matter with you?"

"Excuse me. Is this America?"

"Are you sick, or something?"

"No, truly. What is that house over there? What is this place?"

"That is the New York State Hospital. I am a nurse there. You are in Ogdensburg."

Instead of having drifted miles downstream, he had traveled barely half a mile.

"I am an officer of the German Air Force," he said. "I escape across the river from Canada. I am"—he corrected himself—"I was a prisoner-of-war."

Werra gave himself up to police in Ogdensburg and things moved fast after his arrest. When he arrived at police headquarters reporters milled around him.

And now the other side of Werra's character took over. He committed one indiscretion after another. He boasted, exaggerated outrageously and spoke of the British war effort with contempt. The next morning, January 25, the story of his escape, and pictures of him, were front-page news throughout America. The Times, of London, published an account from its New York correspondent:

Baron Münchhausen Escapes German Airman Tells The Tale

He said that he shot down three British planes that day, but had come into collision with another German

plane when coming out of a dive. He said he had flown over England so many times he was unable to count the flights. He had escaped this time, he said, so as to take part in a "knock-out blow" against England in March. He asserted that United States help was "too late" to "save" England, and predicted a British capitulation in September.

Werra got in touch by telephone from Ogdensburg with the German consul in New York. The consul instructed an

Ogdensburg lawyer, James Davies, to take up the case immediately. Davies was present at the resumed hearing by an Immigration Board at Ogdensburg the day after Werra's arrival. Werra waived examination on a charge of "entering the United States without reporting to an immigration officer" and elected to appear before a Federal Grand Jury at Albany, N.Y., several days later. He was released from custody under a bond of \$5,000 paid by the German consul.

Davies was anxious to get Werra away from the border as soon as possible.

One of the reasons for the haste soon became manifest: a few hours after Werra left Ogdensburg the Ontario Provincial Police delivered a summons to the Ogdensburg police to be served on Werra, charging him with plunder and theft of a rowboat worth thirty-five dollars. The charge was a criminal one and the case could not be tried in a U.S. court. It might have led to Werra's extradition to Canada. But by then he was in New York and his case had been lifted from the thirty-five-dollar local level to the arena of international politics.

In New York Werra learned that Hitler had awarded him the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross in recognition of an exploit "unique in the annals of fighter aviation in this war"—his imaginary attack on a British airfield, in which he had claimed five planes.

In Germany the publicity given to Werra's escape elevated him to a national figure. Werra was presented as an earnest hero of the National-Socialist Reich, who dared all for the Führer and the Fatherland.

A great fuss was also made in Germany over the warrant by Ontario police charging Werra with the theft of a rowboat. "Canada weeps for \$35" and "Canada covers itself with ridicule" were typical newspaper headings. But the German embassy in Washington took a more serious view. "In view of the great importance Canada appears to attach to the boat," the embassy said in a statement, "Franz von Werra will gladly place at the disposal of the American authorities the sum of \$35 . . . so that the warrant against him may be withdrawn."

Behind the scenes in Washington a great tussle was going on for possession of Werra, with the Germans pulling one way, the Canadians and the British the other, and the Americans acting as referee. Werra's escape was a serious threat to British security. The British were not only concerned at the possible return to Germany of an experienced pilot; they were concerned at the possible return of one who had been subjected to their interrogation methods, for Werra had been intensively grilled at Cockfosters, the famous RAF interrogation centre, and was the only German outside an internment camp who could know the workings of the British questioning system.

"Wish you were here"

The harm had already been done, however. As soon as Werra reached New York the German military attaché instructed him to write a report on his experiences, with special reference to procedure at British air interrogation centres. This report was immediately communicated in code to Luftwaffe headquarters in Berlin. The intelligence and operations branches were so impressed by it that instructions aimed at tightening up aircrew security were teletyped to all operational units of the Luftwaffe. The effect of this was soon felt by British air intelligence. German aircrews captured after Werra's report were extremely "security minded."

A booklet, "How to behave if taken prisoner," based on Werra's observations, was later made available to all flying personnel.

In the course of his unexpected holiday Werra wrote numerous "Wish-you-were-here" picture postcards to old friends and comrades. He did not forget his newer acquaintances — the various RAF and army officers he had met in England. One such postcard is reproduced on page 28. It was addressed to "Mr. Boniface" who happily preserved it as a war souvenir. Squadron Leader Boniface was adjutant at Hucknall airbase from which Werra almost escaped with a Hurricane fighter.

Werra had a wonderful time in New York, visiting theatres and night clubs and attending social functions. "Escaped Hun Baron Woman's Pet in U.S." was the heading to a news item in the London Daily Mirror.

"At night," the report continued, "the baron eats and drinks at his admirers' expense, repaying them with fantastic stories of his 'bravery' . . ." When he

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"Across the bridge was Mexico. A cart approached. Werra stepped behind it as border police watched"

dined out with his bodyguard it was said "you can't see the baron for skirts."

Behind the scenes the tussle for his "body" was intensified. He went out less often and his bodyguard was reinforced. The Germans did not rule out the possibility of an attempt to kidnap him.

Then, on April 23, the news was out: VON WERRA FLEES, screamed the headlines. In Washington the attorney-general was quoted as saying that Werra was in Peru, and was probably trying to reach Germany via the Pacific and the Trans-Siberian railway.

Werra actually left New York alone by train. A few mornings later he reached El Paso at the extreme western tip of Texas. At El Paso there are two toll bridges across the Rio Grande. On the opposite side is the Mexican city of Ciudad Juarez. Werra left two suitcases in the luggage office and made his way to one of the bridges. Mexican laborers and peasants were crossing into the U. S. from Ciudad Juarez. U. S. border police were out in force watching them. Now and again carts filled with manure trundled past. The police waved them on hurriedly, screwing up their noses.

Werra turned back into El Paso. He was wearing a new suit, a soft grey hat. After lunch, he found the bazaar district, where he bought a Mexican straw hat, a pair of jeans, a brightly colored shirt and a pair of sandals. He went into a nearby park and changed into the clothes.

Workers started drifting back across the bridge to Ciudad Juarez shortly after 5 p.m. Werra stood about fifty yards from the check-point, watching from under his broad-brimmed hat. An empty manure cart approached. He stepped off the pavement and trailed behind the cart. The smell was appalling. There was a shallow backboard, and on the floor was a manure fork. Werra picked up the fork and slung it over his shoulder. At the check-point there was a group of border police watching. Werra passed within a couple of feet of them.

As a result of his escape the U. S. regulations governing escaped prisoners-of-war were at once tightened. During the nine months that remained before the U. S. entered the war several prisoners crossed the border from Canada and went deep into the U. S. before surrendering or being arrested. Not one was allowed to remain.

Who engineered his escape? The German embassy in Washington and German consul in New York denied any knowledge of it. But the U. S. attorney-general, in a strong attack on German consular officials, said he had positive evidence that they connived at the escape. "The airman's conduct," he said, "was unlawful and ungracious . . . In marked contrast to the way he was treated here, American nationals have been seized in Germany without being informed of the charge against them, and detained in prison without right of counsel, communication or bail."

Werra meanwhile was in Mexico City, where the German consulate again took over. He was rushed by air to Berlin via Peru, Bolivia, Spain and Italy.

Werra reached Berlin incognito on April 18. Five days later Canada announced that warships had been ordered to intercept the ship on which it was suspected he had escaped. On April 29, when Werra had been home almost two weeks, a Canadian cruiser halted the U. S. liner President Garfield bound for Japan from San Francisco. A boarding party found no trace of Werra but took off four German

civil airline pilots on their way home to Germany. They were taken to Canada and interned.

A few weeks after he got home Werra went to the Reich Chancellery to receive from Hitler the Knight's Cross for his supposed attack on a British airfield. Hitler congratulated him on his escape and on the brilliant exploit. It had shown his ability, said Hitler, "to turn a tactically

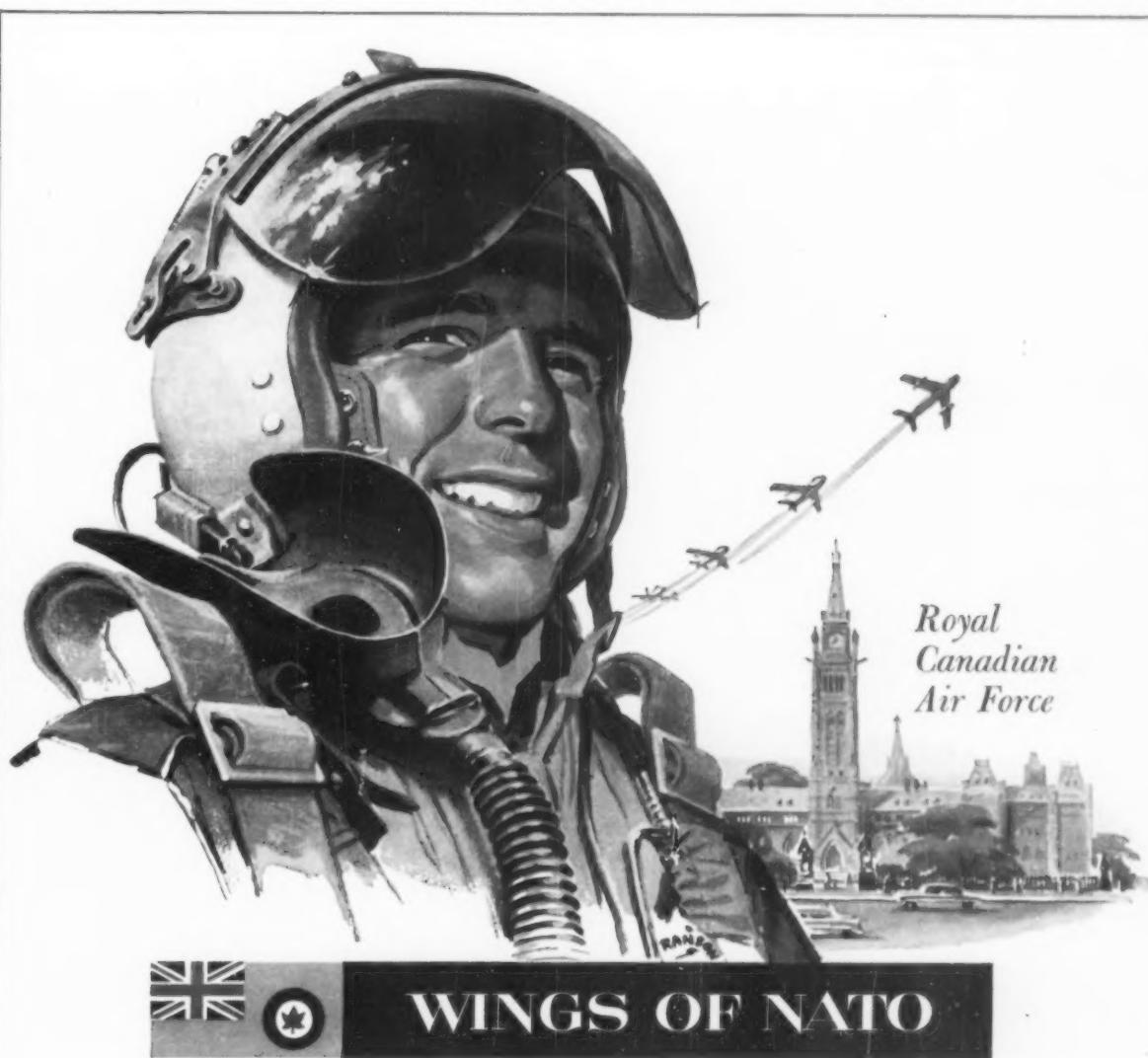
unfavorable situation to his own advantage."

Werra's escape had consequences out of all proportion to its significance as a feat of daring. Within a few days of his return to Berlin he was attached to the Intelligence Branch of GAF Operations Staff. The next few weeks he spent writing reports and answering questions.

In May the Intelligence Branch pub-

lished a twelve-page booklet dealing with his experiences. It was a permanent record for everyday use of the reports he had prepared in America, and became the Luftwaffe's standard guide to aircrash and POW security. It was still in use, with only minor modifications, in July 1944.

Until Werra's escape, German propaganda alleging that Nazi prisoners were



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ill-treated had played right into the hands of British interrogators. The opening sentence of Werra's report gave the lie to stories of British brutality:

"Generally speaking, British treatment of German war prisoners is unexceptionable. Such isolated instances of maltreatment as have occurred have resulted from wrong behavior on the part of the prisoners concerned in the first, decisive moments of captivity."

The information he took back to Berlin was not confined to matters of interest to the Luftwaffe. For instance, as a result

of his talks with captive U-boat officers he was able to give the German Navy valuable details about how certain U-boats were sunk—destroyer manoeuvres prior to attacks, depth-charge patterns and intervals, and certain facts about asdic, the Royal Navy's underwater listening apparatus.

He reported that British interrogators showed an extraordinary interest in prisoners' field post numbers, often taking great pains to get this apparently harmless and useless scrap of information. When the Germans looked into the mat-

ter they realized that the British could deduce a prisoner's unit and its location from his field post number. The system of numbering was changed.

All arms of the Wehrmacht, the intelligence agencies and other departments connected with the German war effort were anxious to obtain information from Werra. Reich Marshal Goering sent for him and ordered him to visit all RAF prisoner-of-war camps in Germany. He was to compare conditions with those in British camps, and instruct German camp commanders on the anti-escape measures used by the British.

Goering promoted Werra to *Hauptmann* (flight lieutenant) in recognition of his escape. The Reich Marshal was apparently surprised and tickled to find that Werra was so small, but jokingly remarked that it did not matter—he was now famous and could marry any rich and beautiful German woman he liked.

Several books about British escapes from German prison camps mention Werra's tour. He is reported to have commiserated with RAF prisoners at Barth camp, he was seen at Sagan, and P. R. Reid mentions his visit to Colditz Castle in *The Colditz Story*. Many British POWs bear witness to the introduction of additional security measures following a visit from Werra. Judging by the continuing rate of escapes, they do not appear to have been much of a deterrent.

German interrogation was lax

His visit to the German Air Interrogation Centre had far-reaching consequences which lasted throughout the war. This was the notorious Dulag Luft, transit camp for aircrews at Oberursel, near Frankfurt-am-Main. Dulag Luft was to Allied airmen what the British Air Interrogation Centre at Cockfosters had been to Werra and other German aircrews captured during the Battle of Britain.

Although Dulag Luft had already been placed under command of the Luftwaffe's Operational Intelligence Branch by the time of Werra's visit, the Germans had not yet appreciated the importance of interrogation as a source of military information. Owing to the small scale of air operations over Germany and the occupied countries up to that time, relatively few RAF men had been taken prisoner, and their interrogation at Dulag Luft was superficial, almost farcical.

Werra sat in at these interrogations. "I would rather be interrogated by half a dozen German inquisitors than by one RAF expert," he reported to Goering.

As a result of his visit, Dulag Luft

was remodeled and both British organization and methods of interrogation were adopted.

With the help of a German journalist Werra wrote a book on his adventures, but publication was withheld on security grounds. The German high command was unwilling to let it be known how much information he had brought back with him.

In the middle of June Werra flew a Messerschmitt again for the first time. Intelligence Branch of GAF Operations Staff had given him permission to make practice flights "whenever his duties elsewhere allow."

A week later, on June 22, 1941, Germany invaded Russia. Werra remained in Berlin, answering questions, writing reports, giving lectures. The conquest of Russia was regarded as a foregone conclusion, a matter only of weeks. Luftwaffe pilots, especially fighter pilots, approached the campaign as though it were money. Werra read of the tremendous scores fighter pilots on the Eastern Front were knocking up, and fumed with frustration.

At the time he was shot down over England, he had been in the top ten with thirteen accredited victories. Now the top aces had about sixty, while pilots he had never heard of were up in the forties. He had been left behind. By vigorous use of influence he was posted to the Russian front as commanding officer of First Gruppe of No. 53 Fighter Geschwader, famous as the "Ace of Spades" Geschwader. During his few weeks at the front Werra was credited with eight more air victories, bringing his supposed total to twenty-one.

Then his group was withdrawn from Russia to be re-equipped with a new Mark of Me 109. He went on leave, also on his honeymoon, for he married a girl he had met just before the war.

In September Werra's Gruppe was moved to the coast of Holland on coastal defense. On the morning of October 25, leading a patrol of three fighters, he dived over the coast and turned out to sea. Twenty miles out, his engine developed a fault; his aircraft dropped like a stone into the sea.

Werra's death was not reported in the press. When the announcement was made, nearly a month later, it was stated that Werra had been killed in action—in Russia—leading his Gruppe in attack after attack until he met a hero's death. It was the last lie of his life. ★

*The full adventures of Franz von Werra will be published later in book form by William Collins Sons and Michael Joseph under the title, *The One That Got Away*.*

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**How Jimmy Watt saved
his Crees**

Continued from page 31

**He'd seen privation —
but nothing like this**

from winter trapping, summer fishing and guiding. In his tattered and smoke-grimed tent there is often a white-enamel wood-burning kitchen range, a chesterfield, sewing machine and battery radio. He can afford an outboard motor for his canoe and guitars and accordions for his children. He smokes tailor-made cigarettes bought at the Hudson's Bay post and his oldest daughters proudly flaunt home permanents. When it is time to head for the trapping grounds, many Crees charter a plane, jam kids, dogs and supplies aboard, and fly in.

The James Bay Crees didn't always have it so good. In the late 1920s when Maud and Jimmy Watt began the crusade that laid the foundation for their modern prosperity, the Crees were destitute, starving and ravaged by disease, a people literally facing extinction.

Watt, a Scot like so many other stalwarts of the Hudson's Bay Company, was born in 1884 near Aberdeen. Six feet tall but with a slim body of under a hundred and seventy pounds, he came to Canada in 1906 and joined the Hudson's Bay Company. He was twenty-two. His first job was managing the post at Mingan on the Gulf of St. Lawrence where he met Maud Maloney, a tall and spindly French-Canadian youngster not yet in her teens. He was shifted around among several trading posts in Labrador, then returned to Mingan in 1913 where he found that Maud had grown into a dark and beautiful young woman. They were married in 1915, spent their honeymoon going north on the HBC supply ship Nascopie and took charge of the Fort Chimo post on Ungava Bay, then the *ultima Thule* of the Arctic fur trade.

Jimmy Watt was a studious and sensitive man with two deeply ingrained loves — books and boats; his wife was a gay sophisticate. They had a tiff once when Jimmy, brought up to regard cards as the devil's picture books, found his bride soundly drubbing fellow passengers on a boat trip in a poker game. In 1918 the Watts were entitled to a furlough in the south, but wartime Arctic shipping was uncertain and the Nascopie might not reach Fort Chimo that summer. The nearest settlements were on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, eight hundred mountainous wilderness miles away, but the Watts decided to walk out. They started on April 9, 1918, pulling a sled loaded with supplies. There were no trails but they followed the frozen rivers and fifty-four days later reached the Gulf. This trip in winter and on foot down practically the full length of the province of Quebec still ranks as one of the north's great sagas of pluck and endurance.

So the Watts, when they came to Rupert House in 1920, were no strangers to the rigors of life in the sub-Arctic. But the misery and privation they were to see among the James Bay Crees surpassed anything the Watts, or indeed the entire north, had ever experienced.

When the Watts arrived the beaver decline had begun. Fur prices were high,

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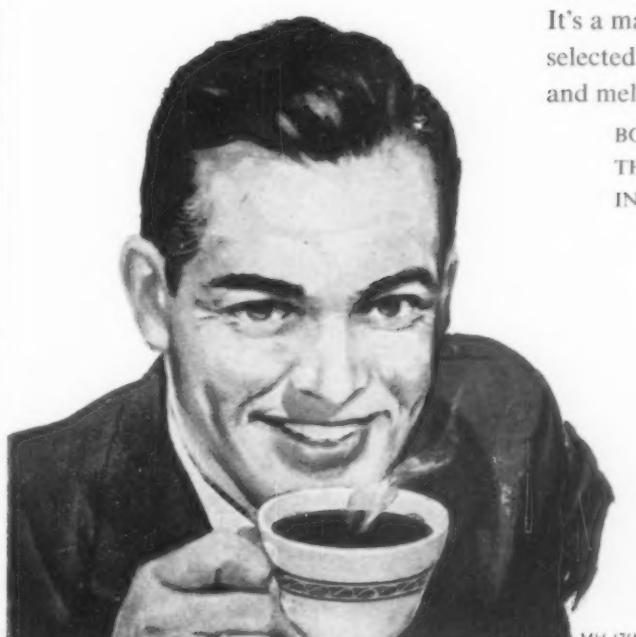
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and white trappers were encroaching on Cree trapping areas. The Indian no longer had any incentive to protect beaver in order to ensure future production on his trapline, because if he didn't trap them someone else would. The beaver population fell rapidly and in less than ten years pelt production at Rupert House dropped from a thousand to around fifty beaver skins a year. The same thing was happening at all the other James Bay trading posts.

Starvation, sickness and death settled like the shadow of Armageddon over the

squalid little James Bay encampments, for the Crees were dependent on beaver. Not only was the beaver their main fur; it was their main food too. And when the beaver went, many other forest animals went with it, for beaver ponds supported fish, muskrat and moose, and fish and muskrat in turn supported mink and otter.

The situation became critical about 1925 and the Rupert House band was hardest hit. Around this time a couple of families went inland to traplines, located no beaver or food of any kind, and searchers found only emaciated bodies in

the spring. After this many of the Indians were afraid to go inland and huddled in haggard groups around the trading posts. Families survived for weeks at a time on tea thickened with flour. The men smoked the dried bark of red willow as a substitute for tobacco.

The Rupert House post was losing twenty thousand dollars a year but Jimmy Watt continued handing out advances of food and tearing up the bills when he knew a family's debt was more than it could ever repay. Chief Malcolm Diamin told me of one such advance that snatch-

ed his own and the family of Sam Shako from the brink of starvation.

They had winter camps about ten miles apart on the Nottaway River, a hundred and twenty miles from Rupert House. Diamin had seen nothing of the Shakkos all winter and went to investigate. As he approached their crude shelter of boughs and canvas there was only silence. No trail led from it. He dug down with a snowshoe through drifted snow that covered the door, and crawled inside. In the darkness he heard breathing and someone murmured a greeting. Seven Shakkos had lived on a fish or two a day all winter until they became too weak to keep a hole opened through the river ice. For more than a week they had eaten nothing. Weak and hungry himself, Diamin set out alone that night for Rupert House. The food Watt gave him saved all their lives.

"It was a heart-breaking time," Mrs. Watt recalled recently. "They were always ragged, always hungry, barely staying alive. They are hunters, they hate vegetables, and we couldn't get them to plant gardens. When an Indian would trap a fox near the post he would bring the pelt in immediately to trade for food. Then, starving himself, he would take his flour and tea back to his tent and call in all his neighbors to share it."

Weakened by malnutrition, the Crees were an easy prey to the white man's diseases, especially tuberculosis. Babies suffered most, for starving mothers couldn't nurse them and the only infant food was the water in which fish was boiled. In those grim and disastrous late 1920s virtually no babies were surviving and today the age group twenty-five to thirty has hardly a representative among the James Bay Crees.

Jimmy Watt was certain that if the remaining beaver were not protected and given a chance to make a comeback it would mean the end of the Crees and of the fur trade on James Bay. But he found it impossible to interest the Indians in beaver conservation. They had become fatalists and were certain that the beaver



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must vanish. Every one they found they trapped, fearing if they didn't it too would be gone by next year.

In the winter of 1928-29 only four beaver pelts were brought to Rupert House from the huge ten-thousand-square-mile area the post controlled. Watt was sure now that this was the last. He was angry and despondent at not having made a greater effort to save the beaver when there was still time.

Then one day in March 1929 Watt noticed that the usually silent and languid Indian settlement adjoining the post was astir. He learned that two Crees, Robert Stephens and Andrew Whiskeychan, had found an occupied beaver lodge on the Pontax River thirty miles from the post and had come in for beaver traps.

Watt saw it as a reprieve in the Crees' sentence of death. He sent word to Stephens and Whiskeychan, asking them and all the men to come to the store for a meeting. Indians love a powwow but this time the ragged gaunt Crees filed silently and moodily into the store. Watt passed out free tobacco and began to talk. This time he tried a new approach. With pencil and paper he began figuring out how rapidly this Pontax River pair of beaver could reproduce if left unmolested.

"They have two kittens a year?" he asked. "The young begin producing kittens when they're two years old?" The Indians nodded silently.

Watt wrote figures hurriedly. "If you leave that pair alive there could be two hundred and eighty-eight beaver on the Pontax in ten years."

A few of the Indians nodded understandingly, but most of them stared.

He tried again. This time he called Stephens and Whiskeychan to the counter and handed them a box of matches. He told them to put down two matches.

"There are your two old beaver," he said. "They'll have two kits in June, so put down two half matches for the kits."

The two trappers followed his instructions.

"Next year those kits will be yearlings and the old pair will have two kits again." To represent the yearlings Watt gave them matches with the heads broken off.

"Two years from now the yearlings will be old beaver and having kits too, so then you'll have four old beaver, two yearlings and four kits."

Stephens and Whiskeychan kept laying out matches on the counter as Watt told them to. By the tenth year they had matches spread across six feet of counter. Watt counted them up.

"One hundred and ten old beaver," he said, "sixty-eight yearlings, one hundred and ten kits."

This time the Indians moved in close, stared at the long rows of matches and talked excitedly. But Stephens and Whiskeychan were silent and Watt knew he had failed again. They had at least two, perhaps four or five beaver, worth thirty dollars or so each, and by Cree standards of that day they were wealthy. The food those pelts would buy would be shared willingly, but this idea of sharing their beaver by leaving them alive in the bush was too abstract to seem convincing.

Watt waited, but there was only embarrassing silence.

"All right," he said to Stephens and Whiskeychan, "I'll buy your beaver now before you trap them. I'll pay for two. Sixty dollars. Okay?"

They nodded quickly.

"Remember," said Watt, "they're my beaver now, and I don't want their skins. I want them left there alive. In a couple of years there'll be more beaver lodges on the Pontax, and they'll be mine too because they'll be the kits of the beaver I've paid for. Then when there are lots

of beaver on the Pontax I'll give them back to you, but next time you must not trap them all as you almost have this time."

Watt preached beaver conservation to the Indians at every opportunity. The demonstration with matches was repeated dozens of times. But by fall at least half of the Crees were still indifferent or opposed. A beaver skin would supply a family with food for a month, and for many a hungry Cree this was the only argument that mattered.

Later that fall Stephens and Whiskey-

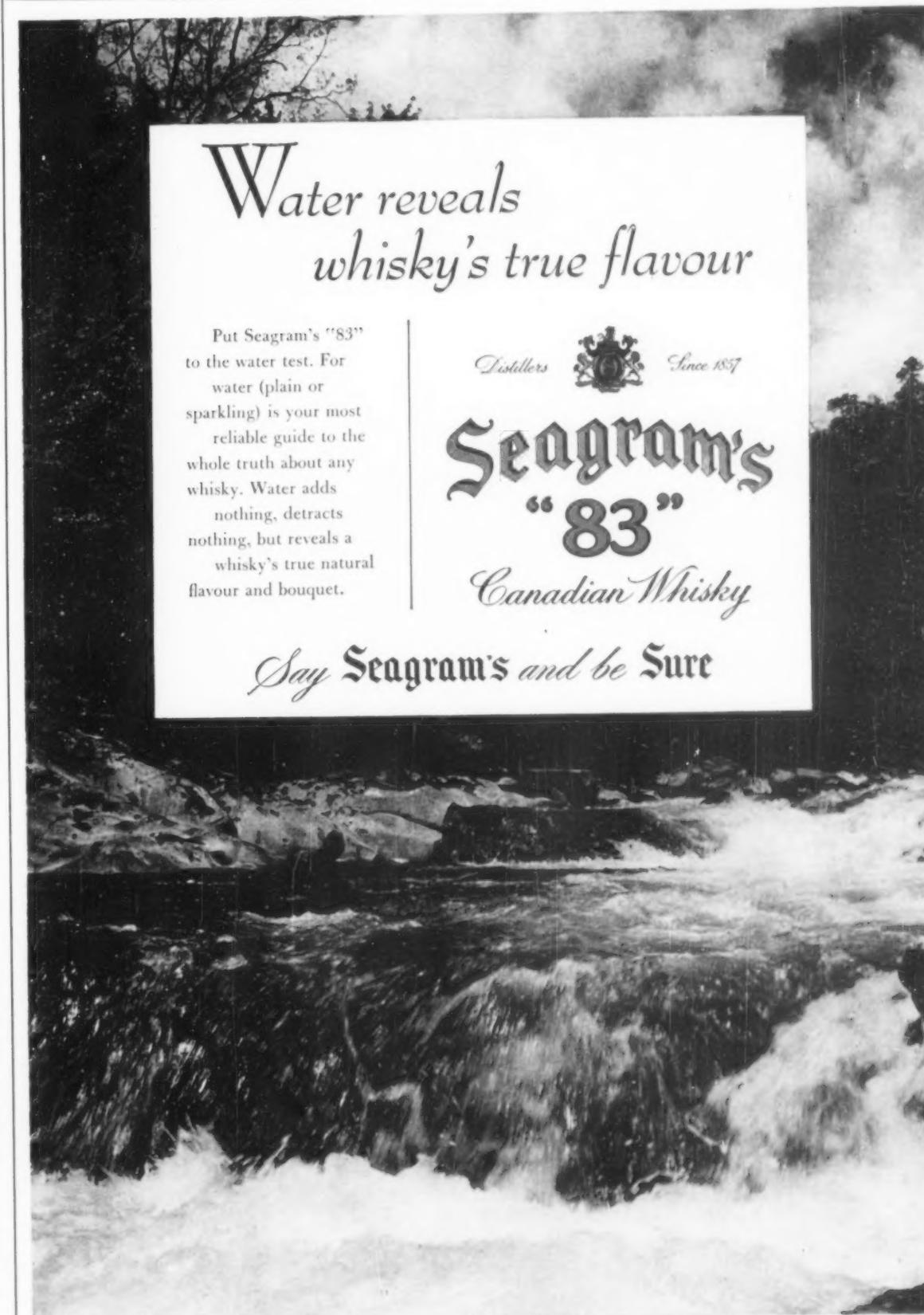
chan reported that there was a new beaver lodge and dam on the Pontax River, built obviously by offspring of the pair Watt had paid for that spring. With this evidence of increase, a few more of the Crees came over to Watt's side.

That winter a thin and wasted Cree came to Watt and reported he had an occupied beaver lodge up the Rupert River. Watt bought that too, paying the value of two pelts.

The Indians began complaining that, if beaver did increase, white trappers would move in as before and clean them

out. Watt knew the answer to this was a government preserve that would keep whites outside. But Watt couldn't leave the post in midwinter and go to Quebec to obtain legislation. Furthermore he spoke little French and began to fear the prospect of long drawn-out arguments with French-speaking officials of Quebec City. Mrs. Watt, a French Canadian, said it was her job to go.

No railway reached James Bay then, as now, and the transcontinental line was three hundred and fifty miles away. But Maud Watt was a seasoned bush traveler



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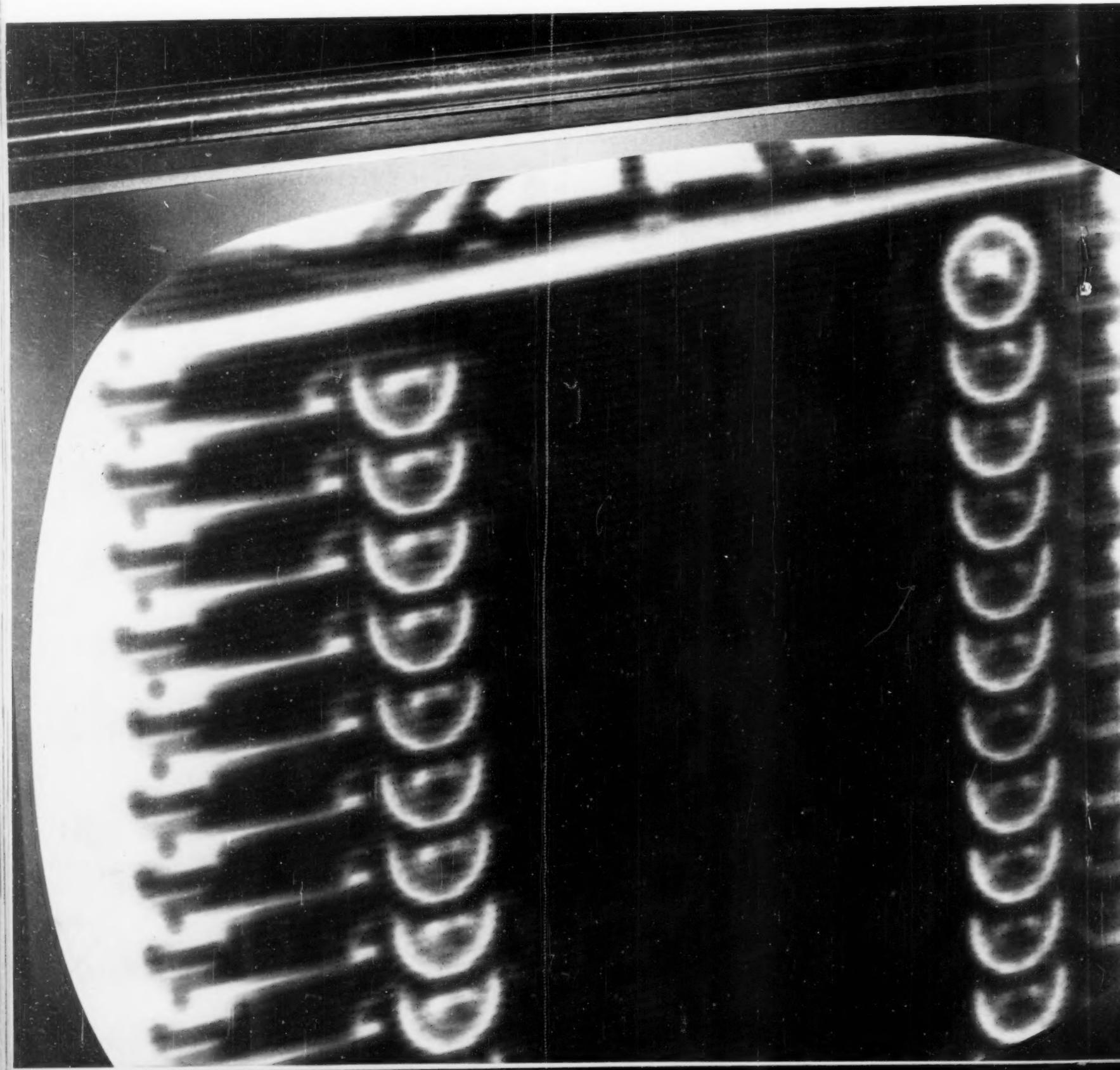
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and in mid-January 1930 she set off with two Indian guides and a small dog team to help haul supplies. A month after leaving Rupert House she was in Quebec City.

Maud Watt, so perfectly at home in the bush, now faced entirely new and unfamiliar problems. Her mission, so vital and pressing in the disheveled little James Bay Indian camps, seemed hard to portray realistically here in the well-fed comfort and bustle of city life where Rupert House was only a speck on the map. She passed before a succession of minor officials in the game and fisheries depart-

ment. Everyone listened politely, quickly found some fault with the beaver preserve plan, and passed her on to someone else. Finally she came before L. A. Richard, deputy minister.

Her lips dry with nervousness, she told Richard that the Crees were starving because they had lost the beaver. She talked about Simon and Mary Kapaituk who had had thirteen babies and had lost every one to disease and malnutrition, of Charles and Dinah Blackned who had had twelve babies and lost ten. She told of the families that had gone inland to

trap and then starved because they could find no beaver and were too weak to return. She described her husband's educational campaign among the Crees, his success in inducing them to leave breeding stock that was now increasing. She didn't reveal that so far he had accomplished this only by paying the Crees to leave the beaver alive. She said the Indians now needed assurance that they were protecting beaver for themselves and this could be done by designating the area a preserve in which trapping, when it could be resumed, would be controlled.

Richard was impressed. Maud Watt went back to Rupert House carrying a lease that set aside seventy-two hundred square miles as the Rupert House Beaver Preserve. The lease was in her name because she alone was present to sign it. It gave her authority to prohibit beaver trapping until the beaver population had increased and trapping could be safely resumed.

Now the Watts had to make the preserve a fact. Without the understanding and co-operation of the Crees the lease would be a meaningless scrap of paper. And the Crees still had no way of maintaining themselves. Periodically a new beaver lodge would turn up and Watt would have to pay for it, usually in the form of food, to keep the hungry Indians from trapping.

Hudson's Bay inspectors, on their rounds that summer, learned of what the Watts had been doing, and the news went back quickly to the head office in Winnipeg. Watt hoped the company would support him, at least to the extent of turning a blind eye as the Rupert House accounts went further into the red. But at this stage company officials were skeptical.

So Jimmy Watt began drawing on his own salary to cover food payments he was making to the Crees to protect the beaver. He knew this couldn't go on for long on his salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year.

"We always eat—they don't"

Today no one knows how deeply Watt became involved financially during that first year or two of the beaver preserve's infancy. Maud Watt began to worry. "I told him he was going too far, tying up too much money, that he'd lose his job," she recalled.

Watt always replied, "We always have something to eat, don't we?" Then he would nod toward the Indian tents and add, "There's many a day *they* don't."

That winter of 1930-31 was a hard one for the Crees, because there were few foxes and muskrat to trap and fishing was poor. Many of the older Indians at Rupert House today believe that Watt kept them alive that winter with food advances he was paying for himself. No one knows because Watt even stopped telling his wife what he was doing.

That winter Watt sent several Indians on beaver survey trips inland. They returned with enthusiastic reports. The preserve still had only a dozen or so beaver lodges, but in areas where there had been one lodge before there were now usually two. It was less than two years since Watt had paid for the Pontax beaver lodge and the results were still very small, but they were results that the Crees were beginning to see. Watt hung a large map in the store with a red sticker marking the location of each beaver lodge.

Company officials on inspection tours that summer found that the Indians of Rupert House had changed. Physically they were still the same gaunt ill-fed people, but they were looking optimistically to the future. And now they looked upon Jimmy Watt as a demigod and were willing to do anything he told them to.

The reports that went back to the Hudson's Bay office in Winnipeg that summer were glowing and enthusiastic. But Watt couldn't maintain the preserve much longer by himself because the Indians were going to continue to need assistance for a few years before they became self-supporting again.

The company agreed to take over the preserve, leaving Watt in charge. Watt recommended that no beaver trapping be permitted until the population reached



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four thousand; he estimated that this would take about ten years. After that, he urged, trapping should be controlled with quotas set each year that would leave the breeding stock intact. In the meantime a beaver census would have to be taken each year and the Indians reimbursed to some extent for the beaver they were not being allowed to trap. To accomplish this he recommended that twenty family heads be appointed "beaver guardians" to conduct an annual count of beaver lodges, and that they be paid a hundred dollars a year each. This would make the Indians a part of the project, and the company payment of two thousand dollars a year added to income from the steadily improving muskrat, mink and otter trapping would support the Crees until beaver trapping resumed.

The Hudson's Bay Company signed an agreement with the Quebec government embodying all of Watt's recommendations. The first official beaver count in 1933 revealed 38 lodges, an estimated 162 beaver. By 1938 the count was 3,300 beaver. A year later it went over 4,000, and in 1940, right on the schedule that Jimmy Watt had predicted, the Rupert House preserve was re-opened to beaver trapping.

About that time the Indian Affairs Branch in Ottawa asked the Rupert House band of Crees to elect a chief to represent them in government matters. A meeting was called, the Crees talked it over and sent their decision to Ottawa: "The Crees of Rupert House don't need a chief because we have Mr. Watt."

The Hudson's Bay, the Quebec and Ontario governments and the Indian Affairs Branch took up the idea that Watt pioneered, and James Bay was eventually surrounded by ten beaver preserves totaling a hundred thousand square miles. Several hundred beaver, live-trapped on Watt's Rupert preserve, were used to restock these later preserves. Since 1948 the Quebec government has extended this method of beaver management across three hundred and fifty thousand square miles of its north. Watt's system of setting a trapping quota each year based on a beaver-lodge count is now practiced throughout the continent.

But most of this Watt didn't live to see. In June 1944 he caught pneumonia and had only partly recovered on July 3 when he went back to work. There had now been four years of beaver trapping and the beaver increase had made it possible to raise trapping quotas from four hundred and fifty in 1940 to more than two thousand the winter of 1943-44. Final figures on the fur sales had just arrived at Rupert House and Watt was anxious to complete each trapper's account. He worked late in his office adjoining the store and went home very tired. That night the pneumonia struck again and early next day Jimmy Watt died.

But his last day's work had been a thrilling revelation. For the first time since his arrival there in 1920 every Indian family at Rupert House had a credit balance with the Hudson's Bay Company. ★

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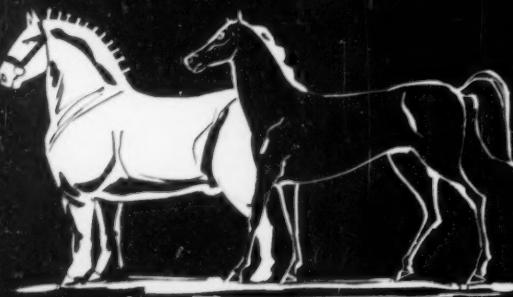
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On the western sky four crimson flares opened out. "It's the end of the beginning," he said

middle of the street. It was me, laughing! Why? Because finally I really knew what Bob was going to do tonight; at last I believed it. Holy is a word I never use, but that's how I felt, stranded in all that traffic.

"Then, middle of the afternoon, I caught myself humming. You know the song—a wheel in a wheel, way in the middle of the air. I laughed again. The space station of course, I thought. The big wheel with hollow spokes where Bob'll live six or eight months, then get along to the moon. Walking home, I remembered more of the song—little wheel run by faith, big wheel run by the grace of God. I wanted to jump, yell, and flame out, myself!"

His wife touched his arm. "If we stay out here, let's at least be comfortable."

They placed two wicker rockers in the centre of the lawn and sat quietly as the stars dissolved out of darkness in pale crushings of rock salt strewn from horizon to horizon.

"Why," said his wife, at last, "it's like waiting for the fireworks at Sisley Field every year."

"Bigger crowd tonight—"

"I keep thinking—a billion people watching the sky right now, their mouths all open at the same time."

They waited, feeling the earth move under their chairs.

"What time is it now?"

"Eleven minutes to eight."

"You're always right; there must be a clock in your head."

"I can't be wrong tonight. I'll be able to tell you one second before they blast off. Look! The ten-minute warning!"

On the western sky they saw four crimson flares open out, float shimmering down the wind above the desert, then sink silently to the extinguishing earth.

In the new darkness, the husband and wife did not rock in their chairs.

After awhile, he said, "Eight minutes." A pause. "Seven minutes." What seemed a much longer pause. "Six—"

His wife, her head back, studied the stars immediately above her and murmured, "Why?" She closed her eyes. "Why the rockets, why tonight? Why all this? I'd like to know."

He examined her face, pale in the vast powdering light of the Milky Way. He felt the stirring of an answer, but let his wife continue.

"I mean, it's not that old thing again. Is it, when people asked why the men climbed Mount Everest and they said, 'Because it's there'? I never understood."

Five minutes, he thought. Time ticking... his wrist watch... a wheel in a wheel... little wheel run by... big wheel run by... way in the middle of... four minutes!... the men snug in the rocket now, the hive, the control board lit like Christmas morning...

His lips moved.

"All I know is, it's really the end of the beginning. The Stone Age, Bronze Age, Iron Age—from now on we'll lump all those together under one big name for when we walked on earth and heard the birds at morning and cried with envy. Maybe we'll call it the Earth Age, or maybe the Age of Gravity. Millions of years we fought gravity. When we were amoebas and fish we struggled to get out of the sea without gravity crushing us. Once safe on the shore we fought to stand upright without gravity breaking our new invention, the spine; tried to walk without stumbling, run without falling. A billion years gravity kept us home, mocked us with wind and clouds, cabbage moths and locusts. That's what's so big about tonight. It's the end of old man Gravity, and the age we'll remember him by, for once and all. I don't know where they'll divide the ages, at the Montgolfiers or the Wright Brothers or some place in the

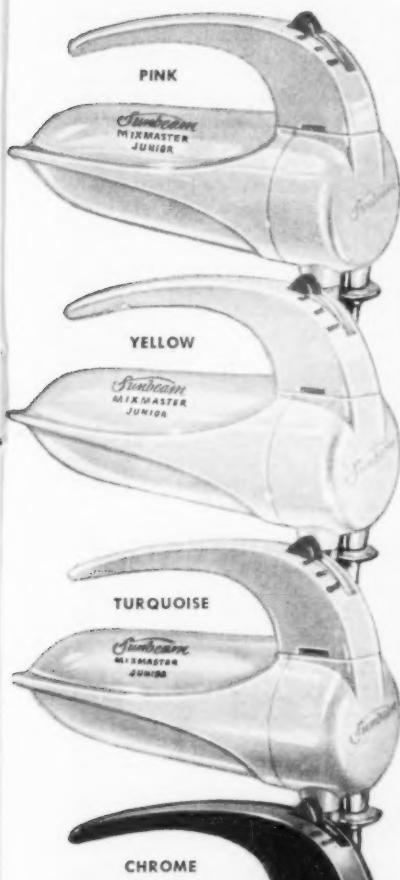


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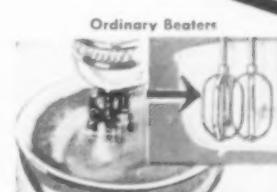
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next hour, but we're in at the end of a billion years trying, the end of something long, and to us humans anyway, honorable."

Three minutes . . . two minutes fifty-nine seconds . . . two minutes fifty-eight seconds . . .

"But," said his wife, "I still don't know why?"

"Someday this world will be too hot or too cold, the moon will fall on us or we'll fall in the sun. We've got to get away. Otherwise, that billion-year try is for nothing."

"Yes—" He could hardly hear her voice. "Yes—I believe that's true."

Two minutes, he thought. *Ready? Ready? Ready?* The far radio voices calling. *Ready! Ready! Ready!* The faint replies from the humming rocket. *Check! Check! Check!*

Tonight, he thought, even if we fail with this first, we'll send a second and a third ship and move on out to all the planets and later, all the stars. We'll just keep going until the big words like "immortal" and "forever" take on meaning. Big words, yes, that's what we want. Con-

tinuity. Since our tongues first moved in our mouths, we've asked, what does it all mean? No other question made sense, with death breathing down our necks. But just let us settle in on ten thousand worlds spinning around ten thousand alien suns and the question will fade away. Man will be endless and infinite, even as space is endless and infinite. Man will go on, as space goes on, forever. Individuals will die, as always, but our history will reach as far as we'll ever need to see into the future, and with the knowledge of our survival for all time

to come, we'll know security and thus the answer we've always searched for. Gifted with life, the least we can do is preserve and pass on the gift to infinity. That's a goal worth shooting for.

The wicker chairs whispered ever so softly on the grass.

One minute.

"One minute," he said, aloud. "Oh!" His wife moved suddenly, to seize his hand. "I hope that Bob—"

"He'll be all right!"

"Oh, God, take care—"

Thirty seconds.

"Watch, now."

Fifteen, ten, five . . .

"Watch!"

Four, three, two, one.

"There! There! Oh, there, there!"

They both cried out. They both stood. The chairs toppled back, fell flat on the lawn. The man and wife swayed, their hands struggled to find each other, grip, hold. They saw the brightening color in the sky, and, ten seconds later, the great uprising comet burn the air, put out the stars, and rush away in fireflight to become another star in the returning profusion of the Milky Way. The man and wife held each other as if they had stumbled on the rim of an incredible cliff that faced an abyss so deep and dark there seemed no end to it. Staring up, they heard themselves sobbing and crying. Only after a long time were they able to speak.

"It got away. It did, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes—yes."

"It didn't fall back?"

"No, no, it's all right. Bob's all right. It's all right."

They stood away from each other at last.

He touched his face with his hand and looked at his wet fingers. "I'll be damned," he said. "I'll be damned."

They waited another five, then ten minutes until the darkness in their heads, the retina, ached with a million specks of fiery salt. Then they had to close their eyes.

"Well," she said, "now let's go in."

He could not move. Only his hand reached a long way out by itself to find the lawn mower handle. He saw what his hand had done and said, "There's just a little more to do."

"But you can't see."

"Well enough," he said. "I must finish this. Then we'll sit on the porch a while before we turn in."

He helped her put the chairs on the porch and sat her down and then walked back out to put his hands on the guide-bar of the lawn mower. The lawn mower. A wheel in a wheel. A simple machine which you held in your hands, which you sent on ahead with a rush and a clatter, while you walked behind with your quiet philosophy. Racket, followed by warm silence. Whirling wheel, then soft footfall of thought.

I'm a billion years old, he told himself; I'm one minute old. I'm one inch, no, ten thousand miles, tall. I look down and can't see my feet they're so far off and gone away below.

He moved the lawn mower. The grass, showering up, fell softly around him; he relished and savored it and felt that he was all mankind bathing at last in the fresh waters of the fountain of youth.

Thus bathed, he remembered the song again, about wheels and the faith and the grace of God being way up there in the middle of the sky where that single star, among a million motionless stars, dared to move and keep on moving.

Then he finished cutting the grass. ★

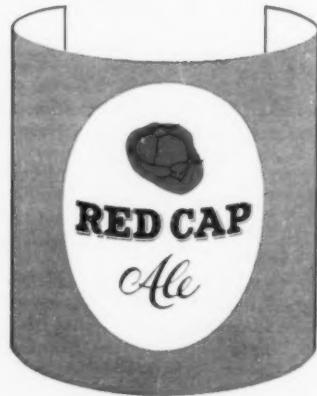


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The chap in the red cap adds that it is another reason why . . .

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Cyrus Eaton's hideaway for brains

Continued from page 25

"What a cast of characters for a mystery novel!"
remarked the hostess. It was an understatement

different lecturer daily. Whoever was lecturing referred to himself as "the teacher." The German ex-chancellor, Dr. Heinrich Bruening, started this.

"Thank you, no," he said one afternoon early in the gathering, declining a challenge at croquet from a French diplomat. "I must go and prepare what I have to say; I am tomorrow's teacher." The others picked up the term.

Mrs. Fieldhouse, an attractive woman who is the mother of a fifteen-year-old son and a nine-year-old daughter, was at Pugwash with Dean Fieldhouse. Cyrus Eaton had asked her to be hostess. One night, pouring tea in the living room as Pineo Lodge creaked gently in the wind, she remarked of her guests: "What a cast of characters for a mystery novel!" This was an understatement. The paths that brought these men to Pugwash, a Nova Scotia fishing village with fewer than eight hundred residents, had wound through hundreds of adventures from remote corners of the earth.

There was Brigadier Stephen Longrigg, a sandy-haired blue-eyed Englishman who studied at Oxford. The First World War took him to the Middle East as a soldier and afterward he stayed, first as an administrative officer for the government

of Iraq, then on the staff of an oil company. Dressed as an Arab, speaking Arabic like a native, he traveled the desert negotiating oil concessions. Meanwhile he wrote dozens of children's stories and three scholarly volumes of Middle Eastern history.

There was Dr. Leo Kohn, since 1948 counselor for political affairs of the Ministry of External Affairs in Israel. Short, plump and amiable, he was born and educated in Germany, lived long in England, once wrote a book on the constitution of the Irish Free State.

There was Alexander Samarin of Moscow, a rugged freckled man who looked much like the laborer he once was. Born in a Russian village, he worked before the Revolution of 1917 in a factory and for a railway. After the revolution he went to high school, won a scholarship, became a metallurgist. He was one of those who had most to do with the construction of the Russian steel mills behind the Urals and now directs a graduate school in Moscow that trains five hundred metallurgists a year.

There was Majid Khadduri, lean, dark, astute, born and educated in Iraq, once a government official of Iraq, now director of research at the Middle East



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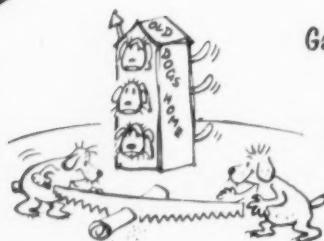
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Institute of the United States and a professor at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

There was James Baster, an Englishman who formerly taught economics at Exeter, spent four years in the Middle East as economist to the United Nations' relief agency and is now doing Middle Eastern economic studies with the UN in New York.

There was Dr. Paul Geren, officer in charge of Egypt-Sudan affairs for the U.S. State Department. Geren, Harvard-educated, was teaching economics at the University of Rangoon the day of Pearl Harbor. He became a volunteer ambulance driver, escaped from Burma with General Stilwell, joined the U.S. foreign service after the war.

There was Dr. Chien Tuan-sheng, also Harvard-educated, who is president of the Peking Institute of Politics and Law and represents the intellectuals of Red China in the national assembly. There was,

while he remained only a few days at Pugwash, John Marshall, of New York, the associate director of the Humanities Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, one of the best-known humanists in the U.S.

There was Jean Lapierre, who spent many years in the Middle East, directed courses on Middle Eastern affairs at the Sorbonne in Paris and is now French consul at Halifax—a tall man who likes to wear a beret.

And there was the German, Dr. Bruening, tall too, and the last chancellor before Hitler. Educated in law, history and economics, he was identified after the First World War with the Christian Trade Unions of Germany, and in 1930, when he was forty-four, he gained the chancellorship. After Hitler came to power in 1933, Bruening wandered to Holland, England, Switzerland, and then to the United States, where he is on the staff of the Harvard graduate

My most memorable meal: No. 7

Mazo de la Roche

tells about



1. "Leftovers" in an English inn
2. Zabaglione that cured a cough
3. A surprise by candlelight

A meal, to be memorable, should consist of superb food, eaten at a time when that particular food is, above all others, desired by the stomach and digested with sensuous pleasure. My thoughts turn to such a meal in Gloucestershire.

My cousin and I had been house hunting, motoring all the day in the lovely Cotswolds. At evening we came to a rather grim inn where we were told that dinner was over, that nothing was available but mutton chops and cold apple tart. Thankful we were for any food and sat down in the long, narrow, dimly lit dining room, now quite empty.

But what a meal! Mutton chops! Why, what we call lamb in Canada today is tough and stringy compared with those large, fabulously tender chops. As for the apple tart, made from Cox's pippins, smothered in clotted cream—I shall never forget it. Always shall the flavor of it remain with me.

I remember another meal, both delicious and eaten in unusual circumstances. I had been ill in Naples, suffering from an attack of bronchitis. We had taken a night train to Sicily—I coughed all the way—and arrived in the town of Taormina on a lovely February morning. The almond trees were in a storm of bloom. A white curl rose from Mount Etna's crown.

The proprietor of San Pancrazio, Mrs. Dashwood, ordered our lunch to be brought to our room, where the door stood open onto the balcony that was hung with wisteria. The chief dish was zabaglione, a kind of sillabub, made with Marsala and yellow Chartreuse.

The cure was complete. I never coughed again.

But even while remembering these pleasures of the palate, I conclude that the meal I have just eaten is the most memorable, the most worth writing about. It was perfect. It was eaten under circumstances that are most significant. For some reason I was to dine alone. Wrapped in a warm coat I waited in the garden to be summoned. It was June. The unfurling flags of the iris signaled that spring was on its way.

Then the dinner gong began to sound. At first softly, then in skillful crescendo. I crossed the terrace and entered the dining room. There were Italian lace mats on the well-polished table. There were two silver candlesticks, with green candles burning in them. There were yellow roses. The setting was perfect for a perfect meal and, as I appeared in the doorway, a voice, gentle yet somehow firm and ceremonious, announced:

"Your Pablum is served, madam." ★

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Tantallon Castle—stronghold of the Douglasses, overlooking the North Sea. It dates back to the latter part of the 14th century and is romantically associated with Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion".



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Things
my husband
taught me



Before I married, all I knew about wine was that it's made from grapes. My husband turned out to be keen on wine, and he brought the first bottle of Canadian '74' Sherry into the house. I liked what I tasted. So did our friends. That bottle didn't last long.

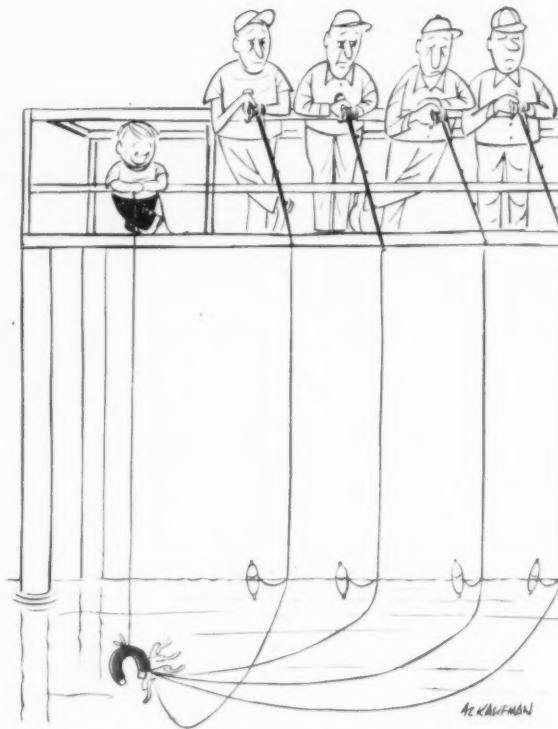
I still have a lot to learn about wine. But I don't have to know anything about it to enjoy '74' Sherry. It dresses up a dinner table. Does things for hors d'oeuvres. It costs so little. We always keep a stock on hand.



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school of public administration.

Cyrus Eaton had stipulated that the Pugwash thinkers were to regard their Nova Scotia stay primarily as a vacation, but they skipped no lectures, virtually ignored a well-stocked bar to which they had access, and seldom let their minds stray far from the Middle East.

In hours set aside for recreation, the British brigadier cavorted happily in the warm Northumberland Strait surf. The German and the Frenchman, hands behind backs and heads bowed in concentration, strolled through the leafy lanes of Pugwash. The Russian metallurgist, like many a passing tourist, poked an inquisitive nose into the village blacksmith shop. He discovered a kindred soul in Walter Simmonds, the tall lean elderly man who is the smithy of Pugwash. They spoke of steel, of iron, of alloys, of methods of tempering, and the Russian watched, fascinated, as the blacksmith forged that handy old-fashioned tool, a crooked knife, from a broken file, cooling the blade slowly so it would retain the hardness of the file. They argued—the village smithy and the great Russian metallurgist—about whether one piece of metal was steel or pig iron. The blacksmith said steel and the metallurgist said pig iron, but after a series of tests the metallurgist said he had been wrong and the blacksmith had been right.

The Israeli, the Iraqi and the Chinese were captivated in their leisure hours by a game as old-fashioned as a crooked knife—croquet. Raymond Bourque had found an ancient croquet set in the attic of Pineo Lodge and had transferred it to the broad green lawn and filled the thinkers in on the rules of play.

Bourque, a kindly pleasant Acadian from Yarmouth County, at the southern tip of Nova Scotia, is a minor celebrity in his province—a parlor-conductor who is one of the ablest and most popular members of the Nova Scotia legislature. He has been major domo of the two annual thinkers' gatherings thus far held

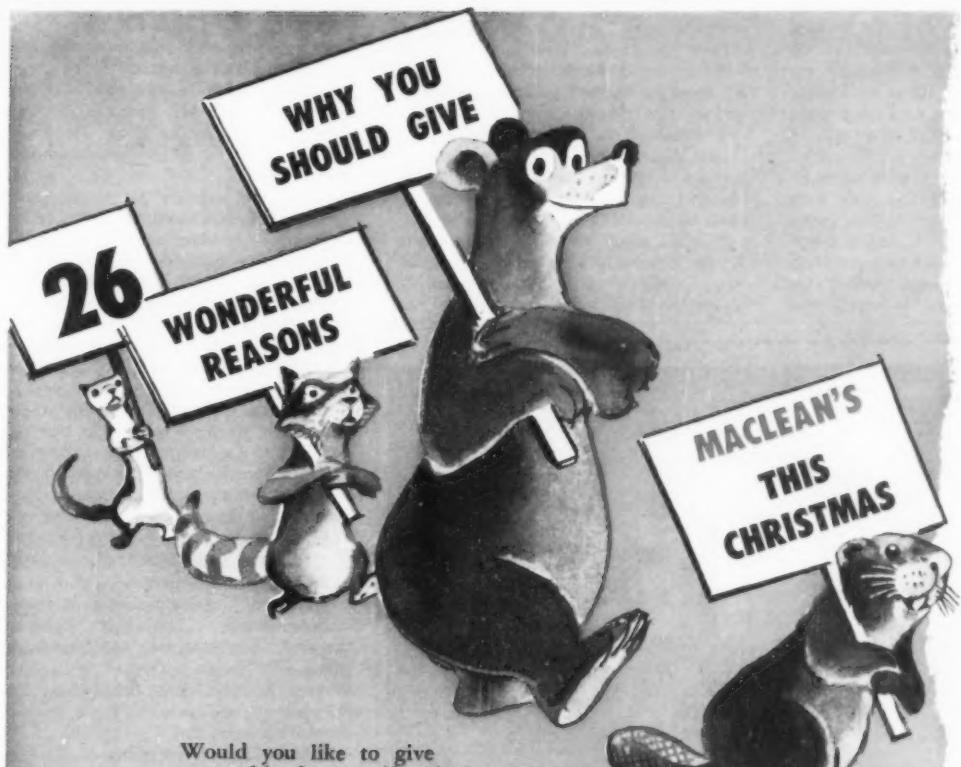
at Pugwash and has also been the thinkers' friend and confidant. He has been their trouble-shooter, too. When Dr. Kohn absent-mindedly mailed a letter addressed in Hebrew script, it was Bourque who had it re-addressed in English, thus averting a crisis at the Pugwash post office.

Bourque, with a true Bluenose's pride in everything connected with his province, lost no opportunity to tell the visitors about Nova Scotia. In this he was outdone only by that other incurable Bluenose, Cyrus Eaton. Eaton, white-haired, sun-bronzed, still with a spring of youth in his step, hustled around in baggy grey flannels, a blue sport shirt, a blue sweater and scuffed brown brogues, striving to make sure his thinkers were having fun.

Here, against his boyhood background, he was utterly unlike the Cyrus Eaton pictured by newspaper readers—the wily nerveless financier who amassed a great fortune by cold-bloodedly outwitting his opponents in several of the most famous financial struggles of this century. Here, he was a simple, gracious, extremely courteous Nova Scotian, who insisted on shoving garden chairs around for his younger guests so they would be in the cool shade instead of the hot sun.

Here he talked, like a proud farmer, about the prize-winning shorthorn cattle he raises at Deep Cove, south of Halifax, where he has a farm. Working with the provincial department of agriculture, he is trying to encourage the raising of beef cattle in Nova Scotia, and his own is the finest shorthorn herd in the province. While the thinkers were at Pugwash, messages trickled in constantly about the victories of Eaton cattle at half a dozen livestock shows in the eastern United States. The Middle Eastern experts, caught up in their host's enthusiasm, found themselves following the news from the cattle rings almost as breathlessly as they followed the news from Egypt.

The new Pugwash salt mill also intruded occasionally into the cerebrations of the thinkers. Eaton is not connected with



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this modest mill but, because he's an old Pugwashian, it delights him. It started, really, when his friend Joshua Allen, owner of the Pugwash lobster factory, attempted to drill an artesian well. Allen sank five holes and struck brine five times, so Canadian Industries Limited, which processes salt, came and uncovered a salt bed hundreds of feet thick. The company has erected a plant that will provide badly needed jobs in Pugwash, which, while picturesque and charming, has neither grown nor prospered since the days of wooden shipbuilding.

"That plant," Eaton told the Russian metallurgist, Alexander Samarin, "will do wonders for the culture of Pugwash. As you know and I know, and as the Greeks knew in their golden age, a man must have three daily meals and a suit of clothes for his back before he can appreciate the arts." Samarin nodded vigorously. Considering the fact that they were from such vastly different worlds, Eaton from the gilded towers of U. S. free enterprise and high finance and Samarin from the grey halls of Soviet communism, the two men hit it off well. Samarin, who

declined Eaton's offer to pay his air passage from Russia, arrived in Pugwash with three gifts—a huge silver samovar, a tub of the finest Russian black caviar, and a bottle of vodka.

I asked Cyrus Eaton, jokingly, if it wasn't slightly unorthodox for a man of his standing in conservative financial circles to be entertaining a Russian. He gave me a serious answer.

"I make steel," he said. "The people of Russia have an idea that many industrialists in the United States are interested in war to create an outlet for steel and

munitions. Now I have had an outstanding Russian here with me and he has seen a United States industrialist who hates war and doesn't believe that war ever settles anything. Mr. Samarin knows I have thirteen grandchildren. He knows a man with thirteen grandchildren couldn't want a war."

Eaton was stretched out comfortably on a sun cot on the patio of Pineo Lodge. Now, warming to his subject, he propped himself up on an elbow. "Woodrow Wilson took the United States into the First World War to make the world safe for democracy and to end all wars. After that war to make the world safe for democracy, we saw the rise of Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin. After that war to end all wars, we had a Second World War to end Germany's military might—so now we are arming Germany again, at our expense." Men, he added with conviction, had to learn how to rule themselves more with their minds and less with their passions, how to exercise more patience. There were 600,000,000 people in China and 215,000,000 in Russia.

"Prudence," said Cyrus Eaton quietly, "indicates that we should get along together if we don't want to see Ottawa and Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Boston and New York all in rubble. The price of war today is too big a price to pay for an argument."

It was this strong feeling of his, that the nations of the earth must discover how to dwell in peace, that set the pattern for this year's Pugwash gathering and prompted him to invite not only the Russian but the Red Chinese. Like the Russian, the Chinese paid his own fare to Pugwash and brought a gift—an exquisite Chinese water color.

Since Red China has no diplomatic relations with the U. S., Eaton wrote the Red Chinese ambassador at Moscow to ask that a representative be sent to Pugwash. Dr. Chien, chosen for the mission, traveled via Paris and had to obtain two visas, one from France and one from Canada. He entered Canada subject to the condition that he would issue no political statements.

Did the Pugwash meeting, as Cyrus Eaton hoped, do something to further international understanding?

Dean Fieldhouse, the moderator, thought it did. "Nobody who has taken part, however briefly, in Mr. Eaton's experiment can have any doubts about its value," he said. "None of us can talk today about Middle Eastern affairs in quite the same way we would have done before we met."

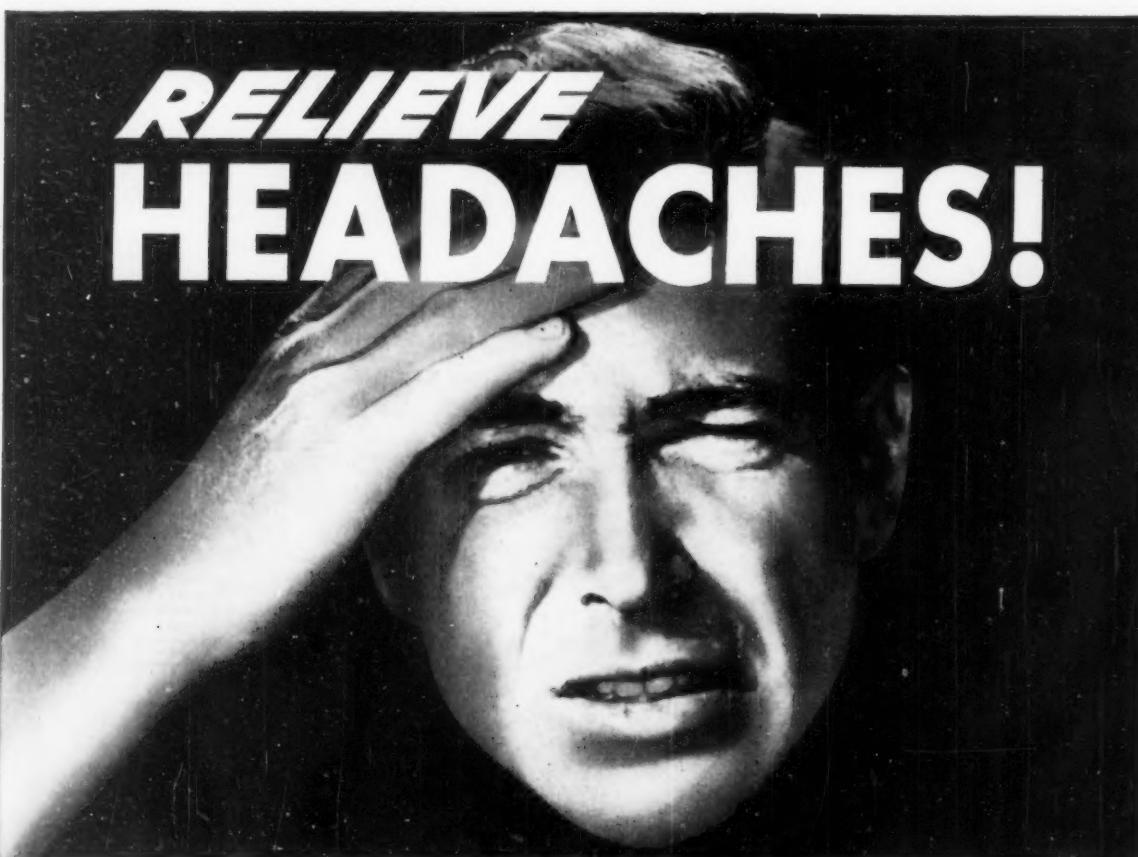
Dr. Geren, the man from the U. S. State Department, was more cautious. The sessions, he said, had been well worth attending but it was "very easy to overestimate the impact of individual contacts."

The Israeli and the Iraqi, friendly personally, both said, the day the Pugwash gathering closed, that their basic views on Jewish-Arab relations were unchanged, although each professed more insight into the outlook of the other.

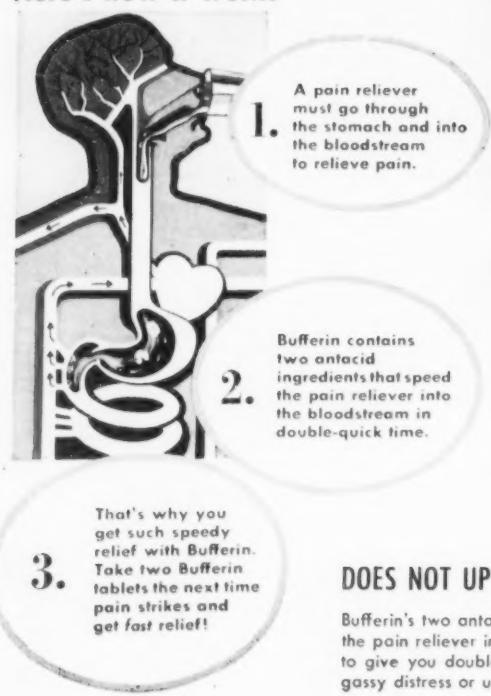
The scholarly British brigadier, Stephen Longrigg, summed up Pugwash with good-natured cynicism. "We have had a delightful time," he said, "but this is a millionaire's hobby. Nobody could say it is economically viable. From the political standpoint, it's a drop in the Atlantic, but a good drop."

Could there ever be enough drops in the Atlantic like Pugwash to change history?

"Well," shrugged Brigadier Longrigg with smile, "there might be if we could find enough idealistic millionaires like Mr. Eaton. But I don't think there are that many of them." ★



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The troubles of a Saturday night town continued from page 19

"The dries are responsible . . . if we had a liquor store here people would buy one bottle at a time!"

the pressure cooker of small-town living if it weren't for a disturbing outside influence: the law. Until recent years, Durham's one-man constabulary had the good judgment to retire early; the latest batch of police chiefs, trained in modern methods of law enforcement, have persisted in staying up past midnight and patrolling the main street. Many citizens, including the mayor, believe the police are being far too zealous.

"What else are these boys going to do?" Mayor Irwin enquires impatiently. "They have no skill except with their hands, they can't even run the machinery they've got nowadays. They've got a lot of life in them and it comes out when they've had a few drinks. You can't blame them for that, it's only natural."

Irwin is a fierce champion of the young men of the town. At seventy-five, he is a veteran of three wars (Spanish-American, Boer and Philippines) and former hand with circuses and such shows as Buffalo Bill Cody's. For forty years he owned and edited the Durham Chronicle, sold it a few years ago to a young Barrie newspaperman, George Cadogan, and now puts in his time brusquely mayoring the town.

"The dries are responsible for all the trouble in Durham," he recently announced, without a thought to his political future. "No one is going to drive eighteen miles for just one crock, so people overstock. You start drinking at someone's house and when that's all gone somebody will say, 'I've got a couple of crocks over at my place,' so you go over there. From there you go to the next fellow's place. You wouldn't get conditions like that if we had a liquor store right here. People would buy one bottle at a time and that would be the end of it."

The police chief, Louis Berger, is more inclined to feel that the wets are causing the most trouble. "This is a small community but we've had four drunken drivers charged in as many days," he told the Durham council. "It's shocking."

The series of events that brought Durham's nocturnal habits to nation-wide notice began on July 12 when Police Chief Berger appeared before a town-council meeting to ask that his two-man

force be increased to three. Berger had been hired as chief at the beginning of the year after learning his trade in five years on the force at Wallaceburg, Ont. He began keeping records of the number of complaints, investigations and charges

passing through his tiny office. In January the total was 36, in February 35, in March 44, in April 51, in May 56, in June 87.

"Either council doesn't know or they are closing their eyes to what is going

on," was Chief Berger's comment.

The next day Berger's new constable, Oliver Monk, 31, was sworn in and outfitted with a uniform. Monk, a slight, sallow man weighing only 142 pounds, had moved to Durham from Owen Sound

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two weeks before to operate a service station. Newly married, Monk had decided to take on the police job in order to bolster his income. He worked in his station all day and went on duty patrolling from seven to three in the morning.

What happened next seems to have been lifted intact from the pages of cheap fiction. Monk became aware that people on the street were watching him with expressions of pure hatred. "We'll give you thirty days," a lounger told him, "if you last that long."

Three nights after he joined the force someone slashed the gasoline hoses at his service station and effectively jammed the pumps so that it was impossible to operate them all the next day. The next night someone set a fire in the loft of the station. The blaze was discovered by Durham's other policeman, John Ward, before it had done much damage. That same night three men drove up beside the police cruiser in which Monk was patrolling and forced it off the road. They cursed and threatened him, jeered at him to try to arrest them. With the help of Berger and Ward he did. They were later convicted of "creating a disturbance" and fined.

Then people stopped buying his gasoline. He waited all the next day and the day after that but no one came. "Even my good customers stayed away," he says. Desperately, he reduced the price of the gas to thirty-four cents, his cost price, but still no one came. His terrified wife refused to leave their apartment and begged him to quit. A few nights later someone threw a concrete building block through the police-station window. Monk resigned, well within the thirty days prophesied. He and his wife moved back to Owen Sound.

Police Chief Berger says that the persecution of Monk was part of active dislike some people in Durham have for policemen. "He was a new man and green, so they figured it would be easier to get at him than an experienced man."

One of the men later charged with causing a disturbance as a result of the incident when Monk was jeered at denies this. "That's not the reason at all," insists Lloyd Hopkins virtuously. "Monk just isn't the kind of man who should be a policeman, that's what we've got against him." Hopkins, a twenty-nine-year-old lightning-rod installer, has several times been arrested for law infractions of various kinds. In the past few months he has paid about a hundred dollars in fines.

Hopkins was referring to rumors in Durham that Oliver Monk has a police record, a point denied by Crown Attorney Charles Middlebro, of Owen Sound. "To my knowledge, Oliver Monk has no record," Middlebro said.

Regardless of what many Durham residents consider to be completely chaste motives for forcing Monk to quit the police force, Durham has a long history of inhospitable behavior toward policemen. Since 1951, the town has had six police chiefs. In that year Frank Illingworth left after five years as Durham's police chief, "five years too long," he comments.

Illingworth, now chief in placid, immaculate Hanover, eleven miles from Durham, left the Canadian Army in 1946 with the dream of most veteran policemen, to be police chief in a quiet peaceful town for the rest of his days. He looked at Durham and was charmed. The town is built on a high hill and a valley threaded with a picturesque trout stream. After seventeen years of experience as a policeman, Illingworth was certain that the Durham job finally would represent tranquillity.

"After my first few days there I found that I had to begin at the beginning and



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educate the town as to the present laws," he recalls. "The people were unaware of every law in the land and there was a complete lack of interest in learning."

Illingworth discovered that a number of Durham citizens vigorously resent being arrested and are willing to fight for the right to get as drunk as they please. During the ensuing battles, a Durham policeman can depend on a good audience, but no assistance.

"Once I struggled with a man on the main street and we fought for half an hour. About two hundred people watched, but not a soul helped me. Finally I succeeded in overwhelming him and putting him in the cells. Then I went out to get names of witnesses so I could charge him with assault. I couldn't find one, not one. Some of the people who watched the fight were good people too, but they didn't want to be witnesses against another Durham person."

The present chief of Durham, Louis Berger, says that Illingworth was the victim of a more serious attack. "Some men got hold of him and shoved his head in a toilet bowl. They had tar and feathers all ready for him and were just going to start in when they were stopped by some more sober relative." Durham, Berger adds, took a firm stand on this incident: Illingworth received a public apology.

Frank Forbes, who followed Illingworth two or three chiefs later, was involved in one of the most memorable fist fights Durham has ever had. The battle occurred on the main street, with an interested gallery of spectators, and raged up and down the block. At one time Forbes' assailant was struggling to dump the chief off a bridge into the Saugeen River, twenty feet below. "They almost killed Forbes," Berger recalls. "He got a terrible beating."

"No such thing," a witness to the fight protests. "There was some blood, sure, but no one had to go to the hospital."

"In Durham, they travel in packs and come at you like wolves," Illingworth murmured reflectively a few weeks ago as he sat on his front veranda and watched the gentle citizens of Hanover tip their hats to one another. "You go down the main street of Durham after midnight on Saturday and you'll see what I mean."

To a visitor from a distance, Durham's main street on Saturday presents two distinct personalities. The first is folksy and friendly. Farmers and their families from the surrounding area do their weekly marketing Saturday nights and the town people join them on the sidewalks of the two-block shopping district for a mammoth reunion. Cars jam all the available parking space for blocks in every direction and the sidewalks are so crowded that progress is slow.

Darkly tanned men, with bands of white skin around their heads where clippers have freshly sheared away hair, hook their thumbs in wide suspenders and stand in groups talking crops. Children in clean white shoes and their best clothes bubble with big-eyed excitement, and heavy women in corsets and print dresses shift the weight of groceries from one arm to the other and gossip contentedly. Old women in black stockings nod their heads together and watch with faded eyes the people passing by. The men leaning against the tobacco shop are silent as teen-aged girls saunter along, eating potato chips from silver bags and strutting for nonchalance. A street-corner evangelist howls, "It's been twenty-five years since I was saved from the evils of drink and I say to you . . ." and Durham pauses to listen with an expressionless face.

At eleven o'clock the stores begin to close. A grocery clerk takes the bread out

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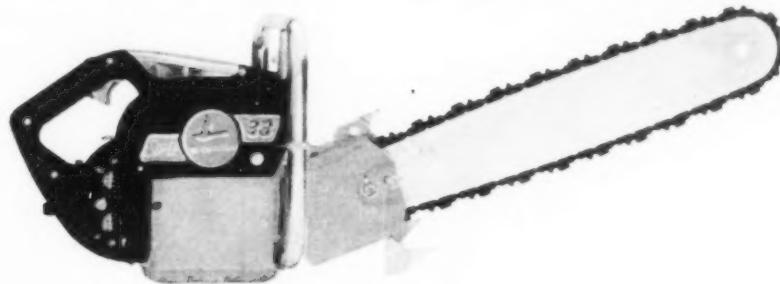
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of the window and the owner of a shoe store switches off his lights. The marquee of Durham's only movie house is darkened and sounds become separate and sharp as the street empties. From the open door of the tobacco shop comes the click of cues and pool balls. Car doors slamming and motors starting break the gathering quiet; frogs croak by the river, a block away, and crickets chirp on the warm pavement. The sidewalks, littered with cigarette papers, popsicle sticks and candy wrappers, are almost deserted. Merchants come out and watch, stretching their arms, as the last few housewives, clucking over straggling children, hurry across the street and into cars.

At midnight the rural charm begins to fade. The stores are dark and only a few cars are parked in the business section. From the open windows of an apartment above a grocery store come the shrieks of women in an argument and the coarse voices of men placating them. A restaurant with its blinds drawn is almost as busy now as an hour before when it was selling chocolate sundaes; men come out a few at a time and walk unsteadily away, others knock and wait for the door to be unlocked so they can slip inside. A radio somewhere blares the sound of muted trumpets as the police cruiser, a red-and-white car owned by Chief Berger, glides the length of the street, turns and comes back slowly. When it passes, a red-headed youth in his early twenties spits after it, removes a bottle of beer from his hip pocket and sits down on the post-office steps to drink it.

"Tell me when those —— come back," he instructs another young man leaning against a lamp post. "I've gotta have a drink."

The town's awake late

Half a dozen taxis, based at a cab stand almost a block away, are frantically busy. They roar down the street in great agitation and skid around corners. Durham cab drivers, according to Mayor Irwin, drive eighteen miles to the nearest liquor store and buy as many as sixty bottles at a time. "It's all perfectly legal," Mayor Irwin adds, "though I suppose they do sell one or two bottles." Durham does not keep a separate record of convictions against cab drivers as some Canadian communities do, but one Durham cab driver has been convicted several times of such charges as impaired driving and selling liquor to a minor. Another Durham man, with multiple convictions for drunkenness on his record, was so astonished when his application for a taxi license was turned down that he went immediately to complain to Marion Calder, who as reeve of Durham is the town's second highest elected officer to Mayor Irwin, and represents Durham in the county council.

"You have to go straight," she told him firmly, "for at least six months."

The man was appreciative. "At least you're honest with me. No one else would tell me why I was turned down," he said. He went away still amazed at the extraordinary, and unprecedented, refusal.

Toward one o'clock on Sunday morning Durham's taxis are still receiving rush calls. A youth in a clean white jersey knocks at the restaurant door, listens a moment and kicks the door gently. The police cruiser approaches silently and the young man quickly moves a few feet from the door, leans against the restaurant window and folds his arms. He stares at the policemen, Ward and Berger, as they pass and the policemen stare back. No one speaks and a moment later, while the cruiser is turning a block away, the man



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"When the band stopped all the people would stop the Highland dancing and fall to fighting again"

begins to kick the restaurant door urgently.

A middle-aged man, reeling drunk, comes out of a building across the street and teeters on the edge of the curb. After getting his balance, he carefully crosses the street and approaches the door of an apartment building where two women are sitting on kitchen chairs, chatting and watching the street. With them is a seven- or eight-year-old girl, her hair shining clean and her party dress fluffy over pretty crinolines. The drunk pauses, steadies himself, and begins to talk to the child, patting her on the head. The women watch without concern and join in the conversation.

Mayor Frank Irwin insists that the town is much more decorous now than in its past. Durham was founded, as a stone cairn on the site attests, by a Scot, Archibald Hunter, who in 1842 climbed a six-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot hill and slept the night in a deserted Huron Indian wigwam. The next morning he looked around and said, "Here I'll stop. I'll go no further."

Though the community that grew around his decision was mainly Scottish, the town was named for Durham in England. A crown-lands agent, George Jackson, set up his office there and soon all roads led to Durham. A sawmill was built and Durham sent sixty-foot logs all over the world, hauling them out on timber sleighs that stretched down the road as far as the eye could see. Durham was a relay station for horses bringing the mail from Kincardine to Collingwood. It began to develop a gentry, who lived on the top of Hunter's hill and called it Upper Town. The shabby section in the valley was called Lower Town.

During the time of the cattle fairs, Durham's red-headed and sometimes kilted youths fought and drank day and night. "They used to start the band playing and all the people fighting would stop and dance a sort of a Highland dance," Irwin reports. "Then when the band stopped they'd fall to and start fighting again."

Last winter Durham's youth staged a modern-dress version of the same scene. After a hockey game between Durham and Meaford, a number of Durham residents who objected to the officiating began to express their distaste by using their fists on Meaford supporters. While women screamed and one of them had hysterics, the Canadian Press later reported, "sixty or seventy people fought in the stands and two hundred more milled around on the ice." The rink management turned off the lights to quiet the crowd, which caused more women to scream, turned them on again while battered men located their foes, turned them off again hastily. Later Mayor Irwin, ever one to calm chaos, laid all the blame on "incompetent refereeing." Meaford refused to play in Durham again without police protection.

In spite of the evidence Durham always willingly provides in proof that it is a spirited town, it stopped growing around the turn of the century.

"I don't know why," Irwin recently

mourned. "Maybe it was the people, maybe it was because the main line of the railway didn't come through. We have the CN and CP now, but we go forty-eight hours sometimes without a train coming through. Maybe we didn't grow because people in Upper Town didn't want industry for many years. It's just one of those things."

Durham now has two businesses that

form the major share of its industry: a branch of the Kroehler Manufacturing Co. which recently expanded and hires about two hundred people, and the Durham Crushed Stone pits which hire about fifty. The Upper Town mansions are still withdrawn by altitude and attitude but the main life of the town is in the valley, where the industry and business district is located. Col. Fraser Hunter, grandson of

the Hunter who founded Durham, lives on the hill in a house built more than a century ago and talks with gentle courtesy of a past he treasures.

"I didn't know anything about what they are doing in Lower Town until I read it in the papers," observes the colonel, who spent thirty-four years in India and once climbed part way up Mount Everest wearing his full cavalry uniform.



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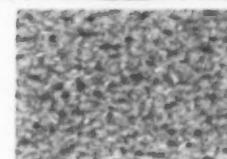
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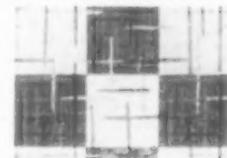
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including spurs. “I don’t think the people are serious criminals, though.”

Durham’s less than serious criminals nevertheless have left damage in their wake. After a dance in the Town Hall, some men motivated by a whim smashed Red Cross equipment stored in a basement there. Fishing shacks in the area have been broken into, used as barrooms for a time and then abandoned with broken windows and smashed furniture. Staggering damage is done annually on Hallowe’en by adult graduates of the Hutton Hills Public School, a rural stone school built in 1871. School windows are shattered, the heavy iron stove is tipped over and the room littered with books and papers.

“They’re just pranksters,” says Tom Lawrence, a farmer in the area who attended the school himself. “They go to the school to drink because it’s off the road a bit and they leave their beer bottles scattered around the schoolyard, but that’s not so awful.”

Some people in Durham are beginning to suspect that conditions are awful, after all. Marion Calder, Durham’s reeve and the first woman reeve in Grey County, has lived two blocks from the main street all her life but didn’t realize until this summer what was happening. “I’m in bed early and I didn’t know about it,” she explains. “But it’s terrible, the drinking and fighting and carrying on. We never know when lives might be taken. Something has to be done about it.”

Some of Durham’s citizens feel that the first thing “to do about it” is to secure better support for the police in the courts. Magistrate E. C. Spereman, they say, is inclined to give Durham’s unruly citizens the minimum sentence of a fine rather than the maximum sentence of jail terms. “You and your brother are always in trouble,” he told one of his more frequent visitors recently. “Next time, I warn you, there will be a jail sentence imposed.”

“The magistrate always warns us that he’s gonna put us in jail,” grins Lloyd Hopkins. “He never will. He’s a pretty good guy. That guy who beat up a police chief here didn’t even go to jail. He was scared he would, but he just got a fine.”

A Durham council representative has asked that the Attorney-General’s Office at Queen’s Park review local conditions and possibly replace Spereman with a sterner man. In the meantime, Police Chief Berger is struggling with a tide of charges, investigations and complaints that threatened to engulf his three-man force. In July the total reached a record one hundred and fifty-six — in nearby Hanover, with twice the population, the total for the same period was about forty.

But one young Durham resident quietly expressed doubt that stiffer punishment would answer the town’s problem. “There’s nothing to do in Durham for a young man, nothing but the movie house and the pool hall. The sports teams are run by cliques that turn you away if you don’t suit them. I know. They turned me away. There’s nothing to do but get drunk and smash something.”

Most Durham people sincerely wish the town could return to its old system that worked so smoothly, when policemen kept decent hours and let the young men work off their frustrations in their own way. Still greatly admired is the attitude of the Durham woman, living alone in a big house, who wakened one night to the sound of a burglar struggling with a downstairs lock. She turned on the lights, recognized the burglar as a Durham man and lectured him soundly. Afterward she called a taxi and sent him home. “After all,” she confided later, “there was no real harm in the fellow—he’d just been drinking.” ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 6

"The disastrous effects of an overemphasis on population . . . will be the same here as in Asia"

Most people would call these things "benefits," but did all this increase the standard of living in India? It did not; it merely increased the number of Indians, which was rising in my time there by ten thousand each and every day and is now leaping up at around thirteen thousand per day. The Indians have continued to multiply right up to the level of the land's ability to maintain them at the lowest standard short of starvation.

When I asked a very prominent and very wise Indian what he thought would be the end of this trend, he answered that if the food supply is increased by every available means the standard of living may rise, the birth rate may fall, and the population may level off at six hundred million. It is a rugged prospect for a country where they already burn the cow dung for lack of other fuel, and so compound their impoverishment.

Twice in my life I have been privileged to see Japan, in 1935 and again in 1953. Between those visits Japan, in spite of war, added about twenty million people to her small, mountainous and infertile islands. I calculated that the population destroyed by the atomic bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was replaced by natural increase in about three weeks.

Short of some completely new, scientific revolution in agriculture the Japanese cannot increase their production of food. They have to import it, and so they must export goods in a world of high tariffs and fierce competition. If that system fails them they must either control their birth rate, or expand at somebody else's expense, or starve.

As for Korea, the condition of humanity in the city of Pusan, when I saw it in April 1953, was so incredibly degraded, so appalling, and so hopeless, as to defy ordinary description; neither words nor pictures could portray it. It seemed to me to be the final result of centuries of overpopulation and depletion of a country's resources, followed by war.

"Well, what," you say, "has all this got to do with Canada?" The answer is

that the disastrous effects of overemphasis on population, coupled with an almost total neglect of conservation, will in the end be the same here as they have been in those Asiatic lands. We cannot go on forever as we are doing, for instance, in the fertile semicircle between Toronto and Niagara—building factories, and houses to live in, on the land we have to live on.

In this matter of our population versus our resources we have forgotten that the commandments of the Almighty were never meant to be taken by halves, and we have elected to split the very first of all the great commandments, that which is written in the Book of Genesis, chapter one. "Be fruitful and multiply" is what it says to start with, and we have been multiplying like rabbits, or locusts, of late years, while totally ignoring the rest of the injunction: "Replenish the earth and subdue it." I see no notable signs of replenishment.

There are, of course, many aspects to this matter of population other than the depletion of resources. For one thing the sociological effects of the too-rank growth and urbanization of our people are numerous and serious. In achieving rapid growth we cannot avoid the urbanization; the record of history is that these two demographic phenomena invariably go together. Even Ghengis Khan, the all-conquering nomad of the thirteenth century, could not stop the trend. As fast as he overcame the cities of Asia and massacred their people, other cities sprang up in their places.

But urbanization brings plenty of troubles, for immense and growing congregations of humanity in cities strangle themselves, and they find that life becomes more and more expensive and less satisfying. Yet all the effort they can make never permits them to catch up to their basic wants in such facilities as housing, transportation, sanitation and recreation.

Thus Toronto spent about thirteen million dollars a mile on its five-mile subway, and the taxpayers of city and province are now putting up more millions

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for the express highways, designed to carry people past the place, instead of through it. As for Montrealers, they stagnate in their own traffic, and merely wish they had the subway and the bypasses.

Already our crisis in education, too, is pretty well national in scope because of the surging ranks of new school children and the hordes of young people who will soon be demanding entrance to our overburdened universities.

These things have placed a weighty and growing burden on our provincial and municipal governments. The faster their populations expand the worse they feel it. Ontario's premier has already pointed out publicly many times that the provinces face the paradox that "prosperity" is very expensive. This has now become a major political issue between provincial and federal governments. No matter which wins, the taxpayers won't.

All of these socio-economic problems, to be sure, would certainly be at least partially soluble given some applied political wisdom, and the will to make sacrifices. Unfortunately, in our free and democratic system of government applied political wisdom is rare. It is almost invariably strangled by an infinitude of vested interests and pressure groups. In many obvious ways it becomes next to impossible for government, at any level, to act consistently for the greatest good of the greatest number. The greater the number the greater the difficulty. A typical, if relatively minor, case in point is the uproar, frustration and procrastination that has attended efforts to establish a "green belt" around Ottawa.

There are other social effects of a nastier nature, and harder to cope with. I fear it is beyond dispute that there has been a disturbing increase in public disrespect for law and authority going along with the bigger census figures. As only one instance I cite the flagrantly lawless, reckless, boorish behavior of ten or fifteen percent of our motorists, and the resulting horrible accident toll, which is now accepted with resigned public apathy, punctuated by occasional futile outcries.

I scarcely need to harp on the very marked growth in the incidence of revolting crimes of violence, and as for juvenile delinquency, reams have been written on it and millions of words spouted without much effect. Prominent in the worst riots in Montreal in a generation, which occurred last year, were many youngsters in leather jackets. The press constantly records assaults, disorders, and wanton senseless property smashing by gangs of ruffian scoundrels euphemistically called "teen-agers." A year or so ago in Toronto eight of these youthful and exuberant males chivalrously collaborated in a rape.

While the causes of these dangerous social aberrations are doubtless numerous and complex, I contend that they can be set down mainly to the too-sudden herding of too much humanity, of diverse cultures and backgrounds, into oversullen communities that are consequently almost totally lacking in communal cohesion and in even the rudiments of collective social responsibility. The quiet integrated life of farm and village has been replaced by the drab, neurosis-breeding existence of ugly, crowded suburbs, destined to be slums.

Lastly, before bowing to the clamor for faster immigration to augment our numbers, I recommend a long hard look at the existing standard of Canadian patriotism or zeal to defend the freedom, rights, privileges, and independence of this country.

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last message before the Germans shot her, "is not enough." She may have been right, but assuredly one of our weaknesses in Canada is that a great many of our people have acted for a long time—and still act—as if patriotism to the whole Canadian nation, or for that matter to any part of it, is a thing of no value at all, or even a positive evil.

There are certainly varied and cumulative reasons for this attitude, but I think the most important single one has been the importation of hundreds of thousands of people with not the smallest inkling of either of our two languages, or of our history, our literature, our cultures, or our political institutions.

I know of no other country in the world that ever attempted to absorb so huge a proportion of totally alien human stock in so short a time. For the benefit of the hecklers who would like to leap up at this point, shouting that I do not even know we took in a far bigger percentage fifty years ago, I will say that I am aware of it, and add that we are still digesting that lot.

Said Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto, proudly, "There is no Canadian race. There has never been a 'melting pot' policy toward newcomers. We have rejoiced in and been strengthened by their special contributions." And then he broke into a joyful recitation of the manifold and varied cultural and other benefits each of these incoming nationalities and races has bestowed upon us.

What does freedom mean?

It is hard to quarrel with so eminent and humanitarian a Canadian. No doubt what he said is true, but it is not all the truth. I think Dr. Smith might feel differently, and less positively enthusiastic, had he had an experience such as I had in 1944, of commanding five thousand Canadian soldiers, of whom ninety percent were conscripts.

These were all very good men indeed, and had proved their endurance and bravery far from home, in the Aleutian Islands. While many of them were of European parentage they had all been born in Canada, and they had never lived anywhere else. Yet nearly all of them were totally lacking in any understanding whatever of the meaning or the price of freedom, nor had anyone ever taught them anything significant about this country. The parents of most of them knew naught of these things, and, clearly, neither did those who had given them such meagre schooling as they had had. So they had no patriotism—not any at all. How could they have any?

When a Greek Catholic priest came to camp to exhort and minister to the members of his faith, there were mutterings of discontent among them, because "the army has sent us a Polish priest." In short, such politics as these young Canadians had were not Canadian at all. They were still European.

I asked for some films calculated to arouse any love of country latent in these men, and was sent some reels made by our National Film Board, showing, among other things, the life of the Dukhobors, as typical, good, thrifty citizens of Canada. The films did not show any of the five or six hundred schools these people have burned down in the past sixty years, nor were any depicted in the nude.

I certainly do not discount the tremendous value of the science, the skills, or the artistic assets we have acquired from all the miscellaneous nationalities that have come here over the years. I merely note that there are also less attractive aspects to a rapid and wholesale immigration of mixed stocks, and

there is no sense pretending there aren't.

In spite of the indisputable oriental industry so much admired by Dr. Smith, and the cultural and other merits of the Japanese in British Columbia, those people were not assimilated—not in three generations—and in 1942 the results to them were drastic.

The case of these Japanese, and several others like it, reminds me of a legendary tale:

A drop of oil asked sanction to mingle with the water in a jar, and

the water said "No—for you can only rise to the top of the jar and spread, and even if the jar be washed, yea scoured, it will remain oily forever."

There were just over five million people in Canada in 1901, and there are sixteen million much less homogeneous people now. In the interval we have acquired vast knowledge, but there has been no correspondingly remarkable increase in the sum total of our collective Canadian wisdom.

The expansion of the past ten years

has been, I submit, too rapid. Anyway, it has presented us with a host of problems: economic, social, political, regional and national. My view is that we should now concentrate, for quite some time to come, on the solution of these vexing questions, and on improving the quality, the educational standards, and the national cohesion of the Canadian people, rather than increasing the quantity by further dilution of the old stocks.

In ancient times neither cultured Greece nor mighty Rome proved able to survive the process of dilution indefinitely. ★

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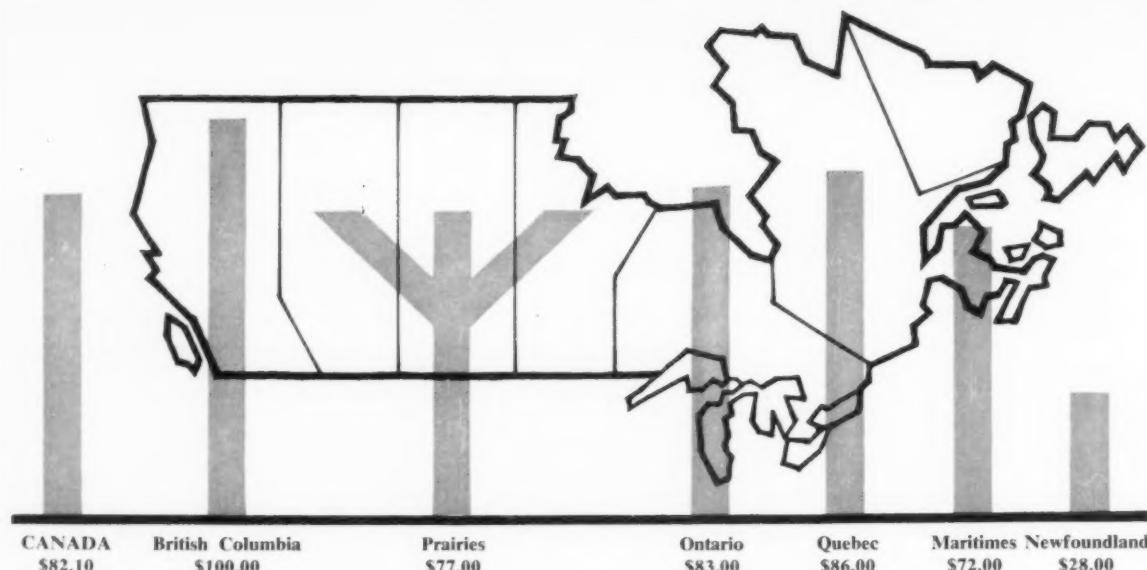
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Where you live makes a difference in medical bills

This chart shows what the average family in different parts of Canada spends out of pocket each year on medical care and health plans, but not including hidden taxes for public health projects. Canada's total health bill is about a billion.

How sick or healthy are Canadians? continued from page 23

Canadian homes. When they went to hospital they stayed an average of one month, twice the average for all ages and four times as long as children.

Similarly all females—not only expectant mothers—outdid males in the amount of medical care they got. Yet it was the men, having less care, who got sicker. The twelve in every hundred women who went to hospital averaged fifteen days there. Eight men in a hundred stayed five days longer.

The most significant finding about the medical care Canadians receive—and perhaps the key point of the whole Sickness Survey—is the impact of health insurance, which puts more people within reach of the medical care they need. This is particularly evident in the four western provinces, where about seventy-five percent of the people have hospital and/or medical insurance. The survey has shown that in Canada as a whole (in 1950-51) about 102 people in every thousand went to hospital. But in Saskatchewan, which has a government-run hospital scheme, the rate of admissions was 195 per thousand—93 percent higher. In Canada as a whole, men and women over the age of sixty-five had only 13 percent more doctors' visits, in the survey year, than the average for all ages. But in the Swift Current district of Saskatchewan, under a medical-care plan, the comparable rate was 74 percent greater.

The Sickness Survey estimates that roughly fifty percent of all Canadians have some form of health insurance—two thirds of the families earning \$3,000 or more per year and half of those making between \$1,500 and \$3,000. But barely a quarter of those living on less than \$1,500 a year have any kind of sickness protection.

Sixty-three percent of these poorer-fixed people never see a doctor during the year. They get sick no more frequently than the rest of the population—about twice a year—but their illnesses are more serious and disabling. The difference is particularly pronounced among men in the prime working years from twenty-five to forty-five. During the survey year, within this age group, the low-income men who had

to go to hospital had to stay there an average of 35 days—against less than 9 days for all other groups in the same age bracket.

What kept them in hospital so much longer were the social and occupational hazards of the poorer working classes; tuberculosis and accidents accounted for three quarters of their hospital time, but only a tenth of that put in by men earning more than \$3,000 a year.

There is no clearer example of the relation between income and health services than in the field of dental care. During the survey year, 22 percent of the children in high-income families saw a dentist. But only 6.2 percent of those in the lowest group did so.

3. Volume of Expenses: As a result of the Sickness Survey it is estimated that Canada's expenditures in every field of health now totals one billion dollars—about five percent of the national income.

In the survey year Canadians spent \$675,000,000 from public and private sources for health care. Almost \$375,000,000 of it came directly from families, or from them through insurance plans. By far the biggest outlay was \$118,000,000 for physicians' services—about \$26 per family.

Eighty-six percent of all Canadian families ran into health bills during the survey. The national average for out-of-pocket expenses was \$82, over and above taxes paid for federal, provincial and municipal health services. Most provinces were close to par—with two marked exceptions. British Columbia families spent an average of \$100; those in Newfoundland went to the other extreme—\$28. The higher average in B. C. is due partly to higher prices and partly to the fact that, having relatively more doctors and hospital beds at hand than any other province, its people got more actual care. Newfoundland's low figure stems from the island's special geographic, economic and social problems and also from the fact that many of its health services—notably a network of cottage hospitals around the coast—are paid for by the provincial government.

For most items of health care, most families spent roughly the same proportions of their health dollar—again with two notable exceptions. One was that low-income families paid out relatively more for drugs—27 cents of each dollar, compared to 16 cents by people earning between \$3,000 and \$5,000. This, according to health officials, represents an attempt to make a pill or a ninety-five-cent bottle of pain-killer forestall a five-dollar trip to the doctor.

The second exception was the way expenditures for health insurance varied according to income. Whereas families in the higher-income groups put aside 28 cents of every health dollar for hospital and medical plans, those with incomes under \$1,500 a year spent an average of only 15 cents.

To Dr. G. D. W. Cameron, the federal deputy minister of health, the Sickness Survey's statistics provide eloquent argument in support of national health insurance. He likes to point out that direct payments to hospitals during the survey year averaged about \$68 for the few Canadian families—15 percent—who had to make them. "Split up among all families," he says, "the cost would have been only about ten dollars. That's the whole principle behind health insurance."

What does the Sickness Survey conclude about the general state of the nation's health? Is it sickly? Decidedly not, says Cameron. Canada's mortality rate has been reduced by one third in fifty years, to the point where we now have the fourth lowest death rate in the world. In that time our life expectancy has been increased from about forty-five to seventy years—an impressive tribute to Canadian medical skill.

And that achievement, ironically, presents a major health problem. "One of the by-products of extending life," says Cameron, "is that the incidence of chronic and other diseases associated with old age has increased."

Since 1901 the ranks of Canada's senior citizens have swelled from 250,000 to over a million, and this has added to our yearly sickness toll 50,000,000 days



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of illness, 10,000,000 days of disability and 2,000,000 hospital days. "Every new year of life we add now," says Robert Kohn of DBS, "is going to be made up of more sickness and less health—unless we can succeed in reducing the diseases of old age."

Diseases of youth also present a big challenge. While killers like polio have been brought in check, the less lethal childhood diseases are as prevalent as ever. They still account for about one fifth of all doctors' calls, and they give children more days of disability than their

parents endure. Similarly, such clinically minor diseases as 'flu and the cold account for half of all adult illnesses.

The Sickness Survey has pointed up another major problem—the plight of the low-income families who get the least health care and pay for it with the most severe illnesses. "It's quite clear," says Dr. Joseph Willard, head of the research and statistics division of the federal health department, "a great many of our people aren't getting the medical services they should have."

It's also clear that most people aren't

getting enough dental care. Instead of seeing his dentist twice a year, as prescribed, the average Canadian does so once every three years. At that, the dental profession is overworked. There is one dentist in Canada for every 3,000 people (one for every 11,771 in Newfoundland) compared with one for every 1,700 in the United States. "At this rate," says Dr. Harry Brown, dental consultant to the federal department of health, "we couldn't even begin to give proper care to the elementary-school population, let alone the whole country."

He blames the shortage on a lack of training facilities. There are only five schools of dentistry in Canada and three applicants are waiting for every seat. Last year they turned out 174 graduates, while 108 practicing dentists retired or died. "Without more dental schools," says Brown, "the situation is going to get worse every year."

According to Kohn, of DBS, Canada is going to need more than dental colleges to keep pace with the national growth. If the population keeps increasing at its present clip, he estimates, fifteen years from now Canadian doctors will have to visit 11,000,000 patients in their homes instead of today's 7,000,000. Instead of seeing 16,000,000 patients at the office, they will have to find time for 25,000,000. To maintain today's physician-population ratio—one to 940—the population in 1970 will require about 7,000 more doctors. It will also need about 35,000 more beds in public hospitals, apart from tuberculosis and mental institutions. Visits to dentists, Kohn figures, will increase by about 700,000, calling for another 2,500 dentists.

Coughs to Confederation

The World Health Organization and many of its member nations have already been looking to the Canadian study for ideas on how to collect sickness data. In fact, health officials in the United States are now planning a survey patterned closely on it. What has most impressed the Americans about the Canadian Sickness Survey is the fact that each family diagnosed and recorded its own ailments. When this unique idea was first broached at a meeting of federal and provincial health officials in 1949, a Newfoundland doctor warned that it might produce "every kind of complaint from whooping cough to Confederation."

There were indeed some darbs. One participant in the survey described her husband's major operation as simply "in-nards removed." On another occasion health officers in Quebec went scurrying out to check on five reported outbreaks of cholera. Happily, they turned out to be misspelled cases of *chaleur*, a French fever. But when a team of doctors made a check of the home diagnoses, a few months after the survey began, they found them to be eighty percent correct—a good average even for MDs. Clearly, Canadians know what ails them. ★



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MACLEAN'S



We bought a race horse continued from page 15

"Would he come out of the gate first? Would he fade? I hardly dared to let myself imagine"

I listened to these men and others and my opinion of trainers is that they have as many contradictory opinions as politicians. There is no examination for a would-be trainer to pass, such as exists for a vet. His scientific knowledge may be nil. I know there are good sensible trainers, but I guess they don't bother with a one-horse owner, unless he has a class horse.

Racing time found us confused. The first time that our baby ran we went to the track excited, hopeful and anxious. What would he do? Would he come out of the gate with the first of them? Would he get left? Or would he take the lead, then fade, or be outrun early and sulk twenty lengths behind the other horses, disgracing us?

I hardly dared to let myself imagine that our horse would win—yet of course he might. I think Chris felt the same way. I know that she went to the track dressed to go to the winner's circle if necessary. If necessary? If she had the chance!

I had bought a costly pair of field glasses through which to watch our horse as he ran. When his race neared I left the friends who were with us and went off to a secluded part of the stands. At a time like that I felt I wanted to be alone, with my horse.

I practically hand-rode the horse from the time the bell rang and they were off until he finished—well back.

Actually, our horse had not distinguished himself in any way aside from looking like a champion when he came on the track. He had not got left at the post and at one time he seemed about to take over, but when they crossed the finish he was nowhere in particular. Certainly he was not in the money—not even fourth, for which the owner collects a small amount.

We did not know what to think. It was a letdown in a way: he had not shown anything. And yet, maybe next time. I think my wife felt that day that we were a long way from entering that winner's circle. How long it was to be was something we were to find out.

What with our still unsatisfactory training situation, and the horse's kidneys, or his back, or his tongue (he swallowed his tongue once, almost smothered and ran a deplorable race), we had little to crow about. We entered him in comparatively few races during the summer of 1954, and while he occasionally bolstered our hopes by getting in the money, it seemed that we would never win.

But one day he did win.

Actually, he did it by the process of elimination, but still, to us it was a great victory.

We had him in one-thousand-dollar claiming races at six furlongs for non-winners that year. When a horse wins one of these races he is ineligible for the same kind of race again: he moves up a notch. So the better horses are out and the scrubs are left to compete and even the worst of them should win a race eventually. And that is how our baby won.

The day it happened we were there to watch. I need hardly say so—we were always there when he ran, feeling joyful when he gained in position, squeamish when he wilted in the home stretch.

The day he won was wet, the track soggy. My wife, I know, had one shoe off and one on after getting across the track and into the winner's circle. She didn't care. We were both so very

pleased at our baby finally having got there.

Going down through the stands and out into that charmed circle and being pictured with our horse was an experience that I'll never forget. We were all

proud—even the horse looked smug. Chris happened to be wearing a certain suit that day, and as time went on we used to urge her, "For Pete's sake wear the suit again!"

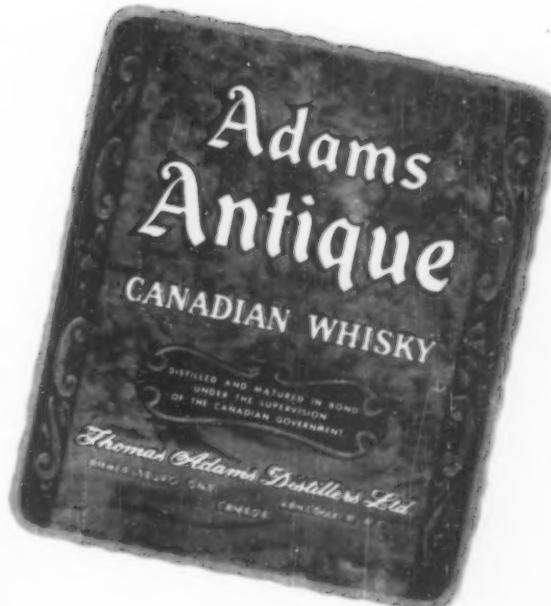
Of course, as soon as he'd won, our

friends thought more of him. Nothing succeeds like success.

From then on any day our horse was entered in a race the 'phone would ring and ring and ring. "Is he going to win today?" our friend would ask hopefully.



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Bringing Up Baby

Rhymes collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber,
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When I was young my mother had a golden rule I've never forgotten:
"This is a new day, face it with grace."

Surprising how that line sunned our dispositions. Seems to me it's a rather sound philosophy for new mothers too. Attitudes are contagious, and even the tiniest babies sense—and respond to—cheerfulness.

Feeding Tips for First-time Parents:

1. HOLD BABY as nearly upright as possible when feeding. He is less apt to swallow air when in a vertical position.
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Phony Phrases: BY GEORGINA LUSSE

No. 2: MAD AS A WET HEN:



A comparison absurd. A scurrilous attack upon This placid, farmyard bird. For I have learned That hens are not concerned with rain. Or even With the lack of it. Their interest is in grain, Preferably a sack of it. Hens take no account of Sodden feather. They'll peck, as long as there's A speck, caring not a pin about the weather. Which Is (and this I have no doubt of) merely something They're too busy to come in, out of!

"Should I bet on him today?"

People really think that an owner knows when his horse is going to win. How wrong can they be?

If I said that our horse was in good shape for the race, I had to admit that the majority of the horses entered were fit too—otherwise their owners wouldn't have entered them.

Then too, the horse, although looking fine, might not feel like running. Our horse always looked like a winner: he had the build, the walk, the glossy coat of one. One look was enough to send old ladies to the wickets to bet on him. But a horse, no matter what he looks like, may just not feel like exerting himself when he gets in that starting gate. Even the trainer doesn't know.

The day our trainer told us that our baby was a sure thing, the day he told us, "Mortgage the house—we put it all on him today," do you know where the horse finished? Last.

This was not necessarily bad judgment on the trainer's part. The horse was kicked on a back leg. It took weeks to repair the damage. (Incidentally, we still have the horse.)

There's an old saying that goes: "There are a thousand ways to lose a horse race." And here are just a few of the things that can happen to a horse that's supposed to win:

- He can buck his shins when the horse ahead kicks.
- He can get pocketed—trapped behind a horse he could otherwise pass.
- He can stumble or fall.
- His jockey may lose a stirrup.
- He may lose a shoe. This happened to our baby the day after we'd paid fourteen dollars to have him newly shod. In that race he finished third.

However, our friends and acquaintances thought we were experts. They believed us to be "in the know." We never were and I don't know of anybody who was. In my opinion it is almost impossible to "fix" a race. Consider that there are usually eight or ten horses and jockeys in a race, and you will see how difficult it would be. One or two, possibly three, jockeys might be "in the know"—but *all* of them in a race? I'll never believe it. Not with the attractive returns to winning jockeys and the very careful checks made by the track authorities. Anyway, as owners who were trying to win every time out, we were comforted by the recollection of what came out in an enquiry into a race "fixing ring" in Ontario—they muffed as many fixes as they made work.

For friends asking when to bet, my wife and I worked out a stock answer: "The trainer says that the horse is in good shape, but there are other good horses in the race that may give tough competition, so really it's impossible to say if he'll be in the money."

Naturally this didn't satisfy them. If

the horse won, they'd blast us for putting them off; if he lost, they'd say we should have warned them.

We had strangers come up to us in the stands and say, "I've lost more money on your damned horse." I know how they felt—I'd lost even more.

Yes, when your horse is running you bet on him. I always bet five, five and five, that is—five dollars to win, five dollars to place and five to show. Our horse didn't rate that kind of support—except maybe from me, because he was Our Horse. I would never bet against him although I often felt that at least one of his competitors could beat him. Loyalty? Sentiment? Ego? I don't know.

I did not add the money that I lost betting on our horse to the total of our horse-racing expenses. Nor did I add the cost of plane tickets that we bought (five times) to see our baby run when he was out of town. Nevertheless I could well have done so, because these were expenses that would not have been incurred had we not owned a race horse.

To summarize our horse's 1954 season:

Starts	1st	2nd	3rd	Earnings
9	1	2	2	\$1,312.00
Expenses from time we acquired half interest in April 1954, to end of 1954 racing season:				
Jockey fees				\$ 190.00
Feed bills				72.35
Trainers and helpers				635.75
Drugs and supplies				78.97
Moving				9.00
Blacksmith				24.00
Insurance				27.63
				\$1,037.70

But to this should be added the cost of keeping the horse from the end of the 1953 season to April 1954, when we acquired our half interest—approximately six months, at sixty dollars a month, for an outlay of three hundred and sixty dollars. A net loss of \$85.70 would therefore be indicated on a year's effort.

On paper this may not look too bad—and we had hopes for better results in 1955.

During the winter we boarded our horse on a ranch where he lived the life of Riley, romping and playing, associating with horses from the best families. He looked better every time we saw him, and by spring he looked so good that we doubted whether we should enter him in those cheap thousand-dollar claiming races again, in case somebody claimed him. In a claiming race, you see, any horse entered can be claimed—that is, bought—by any qualified horseman except the owner who enters him, for a price determined by the category of the race. That is, in a thousand-dollar claiming race the claim price of each horse is a thousand dollars. A claim for a horse must be entered before the race

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W-1

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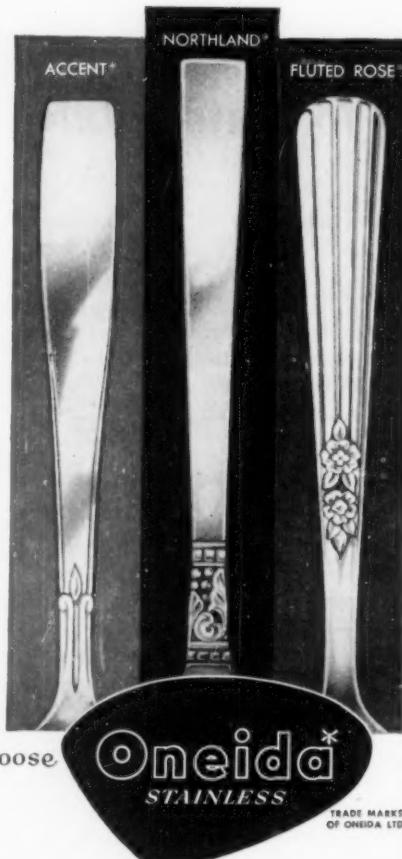
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the drink
with Gilbey's



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Paying vet	15.00
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one in a hundred who can tell you with any degree of accuracy. This is because racing is not just precisely a matter of money. It gets in your blood. In some cases it becomes a way of life. Even today I'm overjoyed to read in the paper that our horse has won a race on the prairies and paid ten dollars, six and four-sixty.

Chris says, "You'd think we still owned the horse." Well, it is sometimes a hard thing to get away from. I think that a green horse owner like myself can become just as intense, with the same

zeal and burning interest and confidence as any religious fanatic.

I remember one of those chaps in Santa Monica, Calif., years ago. He was all sincerity. He stated that he would conduct an Easter service on the Pacific Palisades at daybreak, and Christ would return to earth at his service. Thousands of his followers were there at the appointed time.

Well, he squirmed out of the situation later by explaining that he had his dates mixed. Quite a large section of his followers continued to follow him.

You see what I mean?

But in my own case I'm maybe temperamentally the wrong type to own a race horse. I take it too seriously. My wife would watch me during races in which our horse was entered, and she told me more than once, "We'll have to get rid of that darned horse." It was apparently taking too much out of me.

I've no regrets. I'm glad of the experience. It didn't break or make me. And you never know—we might do it again.

"Over my dead body," says Chris. ★



London Letter

Continued from page 4

Politics hadn't a place for him so Randolph put politics in its place

patriots after Germany had overrun their country.

But that does not quite exhaust the essential statistics. As a Tory he was defeated in the 1945 election that swept the socialists into power like a tidal wave and left only a few of us marooned on the opposition benches.

It was not the first time that Randolph had drunk the bitter waters of defeat. He was beaten in 1935 in Liverpool, and beaten later in 1936 in a Scottish by-election. But that is no disgrace. His father suffered many defeats at the poll in his tempestuous career.

Yet the undeniable fact remains that Randolph was never again adopted as a candidate, not even when his father led the Tories back to power in 1951. Finally his name was removed from the list of available candidates at the Conservative Central Office.

But how did Randolph accept this blow to his ambitions? He took it like Coriolanus who, when he was banished from Rome, declared, "Rome banishes me? I banish Rome." Thus did Randolph put parliament in its place.

Father showed the way

But let there be no doubt about it—he is an excellent writer on politics. He has style, forcefulness and courage. And heaven knows, he has combative ness. Therefore, those of us who had known him through the turbulent years were delighted when the Beaver took him on the Evening Standard. As a political writer Randolph can hold his own with any of his contemporaries and is able to draw upon the invaluable experience gained by being his father's son.

Yet the rise of Eden to the premiership presented an undoubted personal problem to our stout hero. The new prime minister had married Randolph's cousin. We were aware that Eden was not on the tiny list of Randolph's favorites, but would our buccaneer feel some hesitancy in attacking his cousin-by-marriage?

Let it be known that Randolph put such thoughts out of our mind at once. Hardly had he settled down to his task than he opened fire on the new occupant of Downing Street. And he has never stopped.

In Randolph's eyes Sir Anthony is a weakling, a wobbler, a dilettante and a bungler. England had fallen low indeed when it could find no better successor to the immortal Winston than this tailored dummy from the Foreign Office.

"Sir Anthony is the strong man who will lead us to prosperity," shouted the Express group. "Put your trust in Sir Anthony." No wonder Fleet Street gasped.

Then came the next surprise. With a flare of trumpets the Evening Standard announced that another political commentator had been engaged by them, a writer



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256 M

who would have complete freedom of expression just the same as Randolph Churchill. The new star was no less a person than Richard Strong.

But who or what was Richard Strong? It is true that there are some fifteen million people living in Greater London and that in such a multitude there must be a certain amount of undiscovered genius, but one does not appear overnight from nowhere and calmly take his place as an unrestricted political writer on London's foremost evening newspaper.

Mr. Strong revealed his hand in the very first article. In his opinion Sir Anthony Eden was a man of destiny whose unrivaled knowledge of foreign affairs would make him not only the peacemaker, but the pacemaker. America and Great Britain would be drawn closer together by the warm understanding between Eisenhower and Eden. Let us rejoice that at such a difficult period in the world's history we were able to produce a leader who was liked and respected by the whole world.

Again and again at Westminster I was asked about the identity of Richard Strong, but like the man in the Gallup Poll I could only answer, "Don't know."

Yet, as Mr. Strong went appropriately from strength to strength, my ear began to detect familiar phrases. Lord Beaverbrook has always liked the pungent comment of short words. Not for him the voluptuousness and cadence of the poet. He says what he has to say with no obscurantism or irritating asides. Everything is forthright and crystal clear.

To do Mr. Strong credit his style was not completely of the Beaverbrook school. There were moments when it slid into the tortuousness that bore a marked similarity to a recent editor of Aneurin Bevan's left-wing weekly Tribune. The editor had resigned from the Tribune and had disappeared into space. Could he be the mysterious Richard Strong, assuming that he had adopted that name as a disguise?

Unfortunately, I cannot tell you, although you will agree that the element of coincidence is there.

But how was Randolph, the hero of our story, faring all this time? He went to Chicago for the Democratic convention and wrote some excellent stuff. With the glory of his name he attracted much attention and hospitality in America, and there is no reason to suppose that he did not behave like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

In the portrait I have painted you may think that I have put in too many warts,

but that is neither my desire nor intention. The blunt truth is that Randolph Churchill bears a great name that none of us wants to see lowered by faults of temperament.

There is a place for a man who has the courage to defy the gods. Nor is the role of political rebel a dishonorable one. But when criticism descends to vulgar abuse it misses the target and recoils upon the marksman. It may be that in Randolph's judgment Eden is a weakling whose premiership will prove disastrous. But when criticism becomes wholly de-

structive and without sensibility it strikes not merely at the man but at the exalted position that he holds.

I would not have written this Letter if Randolph Churchill were a normal politician or journalist, indulging in vagaries of temperament. But a man cannot shake off his duties to his family—and more especially when he bears the name of one who is immortalized while still on earth.

There is no foreseeable political future for Randolph, which is a good thing for Britain; but as a brilliant journalist and

as an informed commentator on current events he can influence the public mind and add knowledge to the multitude.

Nor would I deny him the right to criticize the prime minister without mercy, providing that such criticism is born of judgment and conviction and not from prejudice. Lord Beaverbrook is right to give him a platform.

Therefore I wish Randolph well and trust that we shall not meet by accident on a dark night. As for Mr. Strong, may he go appropriately from strength to strength. ★

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Each year's quartet of seasons blur

So swiftly, one into the next,
That when blue violets occur,
And purple plumes of lilac stir—

I look about me, vaguely vexed
And puzzled . . . almost instantly
Green leaves will whirl in scarlet
showers

From every tall and neighboring tree,
And where the garden used to be . . .

The frost rides down the final
flowers—

And yet, when winter gales shall howl
Like hungry wolf packs on the prowl,
And blizzards smoke across the plain,
Look . . . here are the violets once again!

PATIENCE EDEN

Fall and the Future...

Whatever the weather nothing seems to end the summer season quite so finally as the return of children to school and the knowledge that for most, vacations have finished for another year.

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Do-It-Yourself, yourself

By DONNIS STARK THOMPSON DRAWING BY GERALD BERN

We have just completed some changes in our house and are so happy with the results that, as I told my wife, "We must share them with others!" For your convenience, the projects are presented below, step by step.

How to convert your living room into an extra garage:

Since two cars are fast becoming a reality, many families are hard pressed for extra garage space. The plan we used has been most successful but I will be realistic and caution the over-eager that this works best if the living room has a large, long picture window (as ours did).

1. Break window.
2. Take axe or other heavy instrument and, standing inside the room, pound out the wall beneath the window down to floor level.
3. Clean up debris.
4. Call up the man who installs garage doors.
5. Now you will have to decide whether to close off the ex-living-room-now-garage from the rest of the house. Your decision will be based mainly on whether you are conventional or contemporary minded. If conventional minded, doubtless you will want to board up the old doorway; but if you belong to the latter group, you will see at once the advantage of having the car right next to the breakfast nook. This probably would mean you would get an extra cup of coffee in the morning.

How to make use of your basement:

Only those people who have an attic that has been made into bedrooms and a basement into a recreation room can appreciate the problem of no wasted space. Here is how to create a basement out of the recreation room.

1. Take out the ping-pong table, the shuffleboard set, the dart game,

and sell them to your next-door neighbor. The reason for this is twofold: you can realize a modest profit over just throwing them away and also your children will always be over there playing, thus causing much peace and contentment in your house which, as all adult authorities keep telling us, are the main deterrents to apoplexy.

2. Once the place is cleaned out, it will be invaluable for washtubs, bicycles, tires, fruit jars, and old valentines tied with blue.

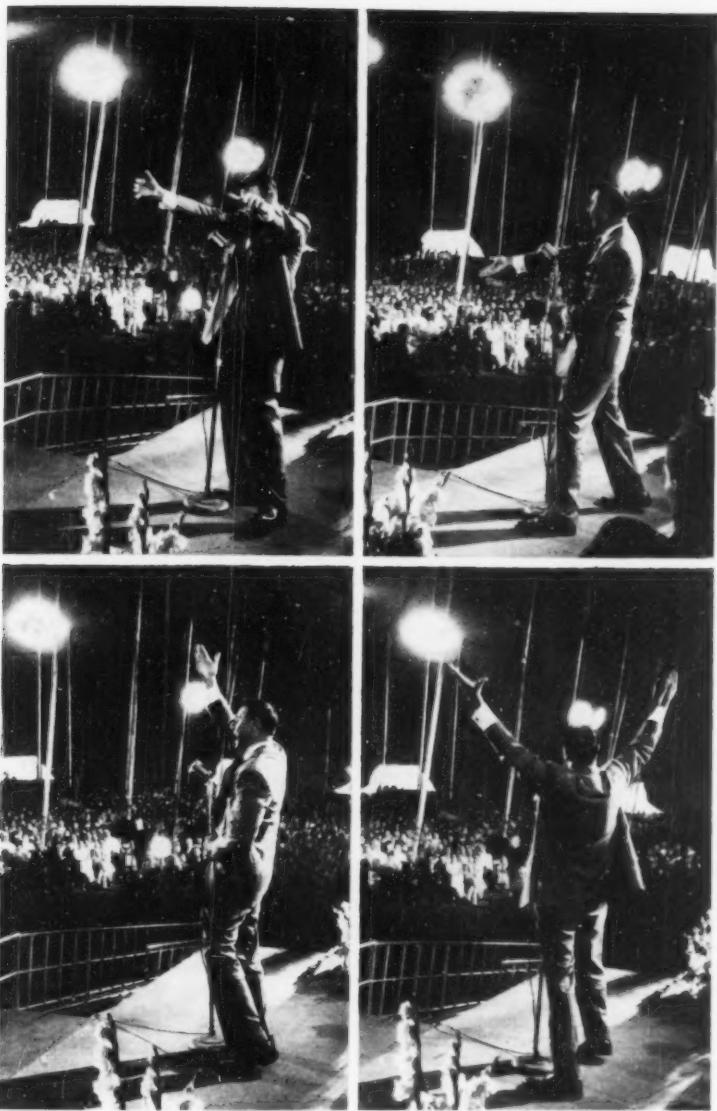
How to find more closet space:

How many harried housewives have made this desperate plea for more closet space! Here's how we solved it:

1. Build bunk beds in Jimmy's bedroom and move Johnny in with him. This frees Johnny's room for more useful service. (If you don't have a Johnny's bedroom it's best to build one.)

2. Pound some nails horizontally across Johnny's ex-room (at random at first). Now you will notice that some hit something solid and take real hammering. Good! You have located the studs. They appear at regular intervals, so simply measure from one nail the same distance and hammer in another. (Spikes are preferred for this.) Now you have nails spaced at (probably) 16- or 24-inch intervals all around the room. These are fine for hanging most things, but not all. Buy several chairs and place them, back out, between every two or three of the nails. The chair backs are especially good for shirts, jackets and coats; and, with this arrangement, the centre of the closet is clear which permits free movement and rapid choice of clothing without the fumbling you find in most dark closets.

As I said, we made the above changes in our own house, and believe me, you wouldn't know it was the same place. ★



"Now stand up! Please stand up! Thank God they're standing! Don't sit down! Come forward! Don't be ashamed! It's God's night to set you free!"

Oral Roberts continued from page 12

every nation saved." His 1956 goal is more modest: to win a million souls. By the end of July he had already gathered in 561,823 errants. Roberts carries on his endless round of soul-saving and healing with a frightening intensity. "There's an urgency in me that burns me up," he says. "It screams in my ear night and day, now! now! now!"

To handle the administrative details of his ministry, Roberts' approach is more practical and less emotional. He has set up Healing Waters, Incorporated, which is housed in a streamlined three-story building in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Here, a staff of almost three hundred are busily engaged answering the 175,000 letters received monthly. Almost sixty percent of them contain money which makes up a large part of Roberts' annual budget of three and a half million dollars.

He publishes a monthly magazine, Abundant Living (circulation: one million) and mails out mountains of Oral Roberts tracts, books, comics, records and badges. Roberts' executives, who are always in a hurry, have the choice of three private planes for travel. The largest carries six passengers and is the type used by President Eisenhower for his shorter trips. At present, a landing

strip is being built on Roberts' 250-acre farm not far from Tulsa. "The old idea that religious people should be poor is a lot of nonsense," says Roberts.

There are millions of people who applaud Roberts' ideas and his jet-age brand of evangelism. "When he gets into the pulpit I don't see Brother Roberts—I invariably see Jesus," says Lee Braxton, a wealthy North Carolina banker. Canadian station managers say that most viewers seem to approve of Roberts. He commands a large air audience. CHUB in Nanaimo, for example, reports a rating of 24.7 locally and 12.1 for the Vancouver area. This is considered outstanding for Sunday morning. Roberts evidently appeals to a wide range of age groups. Hugh T. Trueman, manager of radio station CFBC, Saint John, says that his two sons, aged six and nine, get up early every Sunday morning to listen to Roberts. They carefully follow the evangelist's instructions and place their hands on the radio for healing. Asked by their father if they were ill, the oldest boy replied, "No, but you can never tell when you might be."

Roberts' organized support comes from the so-called "full gospel" churches, whose adherents fervently believe in

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"They make your flesh creep" but can the CBC ban Roberts' TV shows?

faith healing. There are some fifty varieties, including such groups as the Pentecostal Holiness (Roberts' own church), the Four-Square Gospel (Aimee Semple McPherson's church), the Assemblies of God, the Apostolic Overcoming Holy Church of God, the Pentecostal Fire-Baptized Holiness Church and so on. These churches have about four million adherents in the United States and about 150,000 in Canada. The full-gospel movement originated in the southern United States at the turn of the century when groups of people got together to read the Bible and interpret it for themselves. After intense prayer, the congregations were frequently whipped up to a high state of emotional fervor and broke into unintelligible sounds which were hailed as the voices of apostolic tongues. The idea of faith healing soon became popular and spread throughout the world.

It's likely that Oral Roberts will increase his Canadian TV and radio audience in the future without interference from the CBC. It has scrutinized his shows on at least two occasions but has taken no action to ban him. The first time occurred shortly after he began appearing on Hamilton TV. CBC officials ordered him to delete the ten-second plea for funds which came at the end of each program. Roberts complied but evidently he still gets the idea across that he needs funds for Canadian money continues to flow to Tulsa. Nobody knows how much. The second CBC scrutiny resulted from the protest by the Canadian Mental Health Association. A committee, which included government psychiatrists, reviewed the films of several shows. A high CBC official remarked, "They make your flesh creep" but the committee was more diplomatic in its report. It stated that while "this may not be the type of program to be released over TV stations, from a legal point of view it would be most difficult to prohibit it." Roberts stays within the law by not diagnosing the patient's disease; he lets the patient do that. Nor does he proclaim over the air that he has cured disease. "It's God who heals," he says. There is nothing in present CBC regulations to curb Roberts.

Recently I went to Detroit to meet the man who is the centre of this spirited controversy. I interviewed Roberts and his staff and attended several of the healing sessions he conducted before an audience of fifteen thousand in the big tent. I first saw the evangelist in person at a press conference at 9:30 one morning in the Statler Hotel before the opening of his campaign that night. It was attended by about a dozen people. Roberts strode in wearing a well-fitting dark-brown suit, a dark striped tie and a white handkerchief jutting from his breast pocket. He is more handsome than he appears in his pictures or on TV. (A woman on his staff told me, "He's every woman's ideal. He's tall, strong, has good teeth and is wholesome—he looks well scrubbed, as if he's just stepped out of a bath.") Roberts walked over

to a knot of newspapermen and asked how the Detroit Tiger baseball team was getting on. "I've always wanted to see them play—perhaps I'll get a chance to while I'm here." Roberts makes it a point not to appear sanctimonious or stuffy off the platform. A member of his staff explained to me, "We try to act and look like ordinary people—not ministers. We want to be accepted by people, not set apart. Oral sets the pace for us."

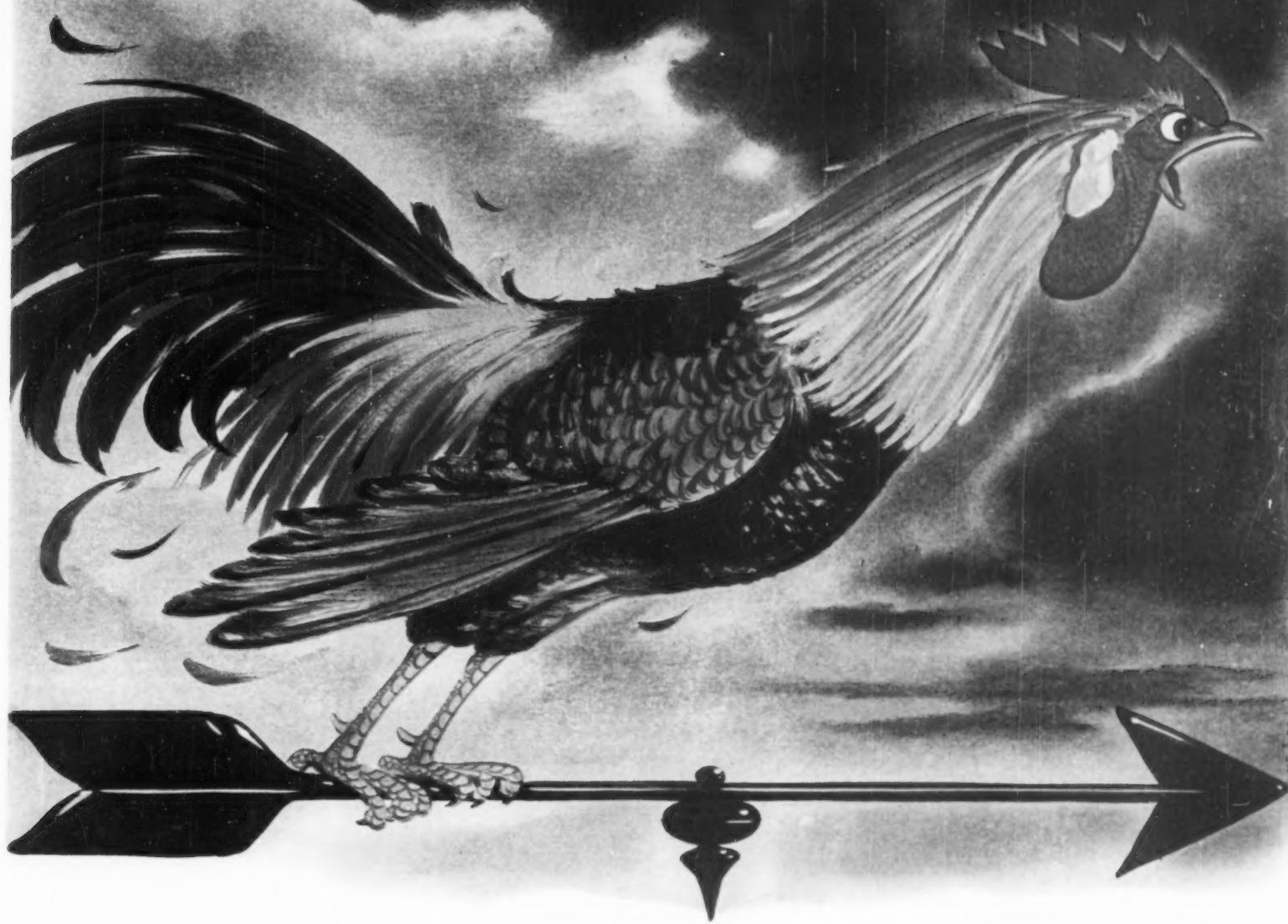
Roberts sat down in an easy chair and began talking. "I've come to Detroit because I've got a mission here. I represent a strong idea. My idea is that God is good. He doesn't want to make you sick or send you to hell. Christ was sent down on earth to deliver people. He spent two thirds of his time healing people of physical ailments. I was once sick and God made me well. When I recovered, I began to preach. Get this straight, I'm not a faith healer. A faith healer is a person who pretends to be able to heal. This is false. Only God can heal. But if I can get people to really believe and then to use that faith, then wonderful things begin to happen to them. That's why I place so much emphasis on winning souls. We're after the seventy-five million unchurched people in the United States. We have more conversions than any other group."

"I emphasize love . . . not Hell"

This claim is backed by statistics compiled by the Associated Press. Billy Graham is probably the only other evangelist in the same league as Roberts. Early in 1956, both men were in Virginia—Roberts in Danville, and Graham in Richmond. Roberts preached for ten days to a total of 178,500 people and claimed 7,050 converts; Graham preached for twenty-one days to an audience of 210,000 and claimed 1,275 converts. Thus, Roberts "saved" thirty-nine souls per thousand attendants compared to Graham's six. Or, on a daily basis, Roberts rescued 705 souls to Graham's mere sixty. However, Roberts, who knows Graham only slightly, doesn't regard him as a competitor. "I can't do his work and he can't do mine," he says. "Graham is pricking the conscience of mankind with hell-fire and brimstone while I'm emphasizing goodness and love. I don't touch Hell."

One of the newsmen asked Roberts his attitude toward orthodox medicine. "I want you all to know I believe in medicine," replied Roberts. "I have a family doctor in Tulsa and I go to him twice a year for checkups. Once I had a throat infection and I took sulpha pills. Thank God for them. But there are certain conditions that only faith can help." I asked Roberts if it were not true that he was "curing" many people who were obviously suffering from hysterical illnesses, such as hysterical deafness. Such ailment can be treated by hypnosis or psychotherapy by a psychiatrist who would not claim a miracle. "What's the difference whether such a patient is

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He earns \$125,000 a year, one report said, but Roberts exploded, "That's ridiculous! Much too high!"

cured by medicine or prayer as long as he's cured?" replied Roberts. "I've never talked to a psychiatrist but what I don't like about them is their rejection of God. In that respect they're worse than ordinary doctors."

At 10:30 a.m. I got into a taxi with Roberts to go to station WXYZ-TV where Roberts was to be interviewed. We were accompanied by Helen Leaf, a

member of Roberts' public relations firm, and Rev. Keith Hume, a cherubic young man in his early thirties who is the evangelist's personal aide. I asked Roberts if he had ever healed himself. He said he had—on at least two occasions. "One night," he said, "I developed a terrific pain in my side and couldn't sleep. Finally, at 3 a.m. I put my hand on my side and prayed. It went away." On

another occasion, he developed a serious abscess in one of his teeth. His dentist advised seeing a specialist. Roberts prayed for himself and the infection vanished. "But I can tell you this," he said thoughtfully. "It's harder to pray for myself than for anybody else."

As we sat in the TV station's reception room I brought up the question of money, mentioning that a recent article

in a U.S. publication had placed Roberts' annual income at \$125,000. He exploded. "That's ridiculous! Much too high! I've never told anyone how much I make. Do Roman Catholic bishops reveal what they take in? What I make is my own business!" The article had estimated that Roberts received \$25,000 a year as chairman of Healing Waters, Inc., collected some \$40,000 in "love offerings" at his revival meetings and grossed another \$60,000 in royalties on his books. In addition, he owned a house and a farm on the outskirts of Tulsa. For transportation he had at his disposal a Cadillac, an Oldsmobile and the choice of three planes—all of which belonged to the corporation.

Roberts and his staff gave me an entirely different picture of his personal income. It did not, they said, exceed \$35,000 a year and was probably less. They said he received no salary as chairman of Healing Waters, Inc. However, they refused my request for a copy of their annual financial statement. It's true that he occupies a fine, well-furnished house but his aides said it cost only \$30,000 since his brother was the contractor. As for his 250-acre farm—on which he pastures a few dozen cattle—they point out this is not a large tract of land by Oklahoma standards. His enemies, Roberts said, were always accusing him of using evangelism and healing as a money-making racket. "If people are against you, they're against you," he said. "They have a chemical reaction to you. Whether I slept in the streets or in a palace they'd still be against me. You must realize that Christ was crucified."

So far as I could ascertain Roberts is a man of simple and unsophisticated tastes. He lives modestly but well. He wears ninety-dollar ready-made suits, prefers ordinary food such as beans, sorghum molasses, steak and chicken. He avoids the theatre, concerts, circuses and movies, and once told a reporter that "Hollywood and all its work is unclean." Apart from his wife, his name has never been linked with another woman. He's so cautious in this regard that he won't enter his own headquarters building after regular hours without the company of another man in case one of his female stenographers might be working overtime. For recreation, he likes strumming his guitar, reading magazines, riding his Palomino horse or playing golf. Some of his favorite jokes are about this sport. Soon after I met Roberts he told me the story of Peter and Paul in heaven. They decided to shoot eighteen holes. They both teed off, both scored holes-in-one. Peter said, "Okay, let's cut out the miracles and play golf!"

In the studio, as Roberts and his interviewer sat chatting while the cameras and microphones were being lined up, his public relations employee Helen Leaf came over to me. "Oral is scared," she said. "He told me he's afraid of you. If a person is gentle and kind himself, he's afraid of what might be said about him." During the five days I spent in Detroit I discovered that Roberts and his staff were ultra-sensitive to criticism. One staff member told me that it was almost impossible to get medical evidence to support Roberts' healing miracles. "The doctors dare not give us signed testimonials. Most of them are members of the American Medical Association and they are afraid of testimonials. You can't blame them—they've got to live."

Roberts believes he's been roughly handled by the press. His most shattering



"What kind of life insurance should I buy?"

Dad: Well, Son, I'm not qualified to answer an important question like that. There's really only one way to find out.

Tom: What way is that?

Dad: Talk it over with a first-class life insurance man—like Arthur Grant. Years ago, I went over my needs with him step by step. Then he helped me decide what kind of plan would meet those needs, for an amount I could afford.

Tom: What company is Mr. Grant with? Or do you think that matters much?

Dad: It certainly does! His company—The Mutual Life of Canada—pays such high

dividends that they've saved me a lot of money over the years.

Tom: Can I get any kind of life insurance from him?

Dad: Absolutely. No matter how you want your life insurance to work for you, I'm sure he'll see that you get exactly what you want. If I were you, I'd see him soon. You'll find he's mighty helpful.

Tom: Thanks for the tip. I'll call him tomorrow!

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experience with newspapermen occurred early this year when he was touring Australia. His arrival was heralded with such headlines as "Salvation Circus Comes to Town" and "At Best A Big Blabbermouth." He finally brought his campaign to an abrupt end in Melbourne where the audience heckled him with shouts of "fake" and "charlatan"; guy ropes of the tent were cut; fires were started and, according to Roberts' staff, unfriendly reporters tried to pour beer in his pitcher of drinking water.

Over a lunch of fried sole, Roberts expounded his theory of demon possession. "Some sick people and criminals are possessed by demons," he said. "The 'unclean' demons are the worst type; they compel sex criminals to attack a child or a sadist to hack a person to pieces. I'm even beginning to think that certain kinds of cancer are caused by demons." How does he know when demons are present in a person? "I can smell them," he said. "They give out a foul odor." He spelled out the word slowly, for emphasis, f-o-u-l. "And I can also feel them by pressure on my arm." According to Roberts no demon-possessed person has ever been helped by a psychiatrist. His own method of calling them out, however, is effective. When a demon leaves a person, it is homeless and wanders around free looking for someone else to enter. For this reason, when about to perform an exorcism, Roberts warns his audience to keep their heads bowed. "Otherwise I can take no responsibility for what happens." Once, according to Roberts, an irreverent man of forty mocked at his warning. "Do you know," says Roberts, "the demons knocked this man completely out of his chair. The ushers found him writhing and twisting and biting his tongue. It took me five minutes to get him delivered. This has happened several times!"

His goal's a million souls

After lunch, Roberts adjourned to his hotel room to spend the afternoon alone working on his sermon. Using a pencil, he constructs his sermons point by point. A clock stands a few feet away. "The ticking seems to keep time as a spiritual transformation takes place," he says. "The spirit of the Lord keeps building up in me. By the time I'm finished, my mind is coiled up like a spring, I know exactly what I'm going to say and I'm feeling like a lion." Roberts has a sense of artistry about his sermons. "I love preaching," he told me, "and I try to write and preach every sermon as though it was going to be my last. My desire is to die while doing this work." Once he has finished his composition, he leaves his notes behind in the hotel room. He carefully avoids discussing politics or current events in his sermons. "I'm out to save a million souls a year," he explains. "Don't you think I've already got my hands full?"

At six, Roberts usually dines in silence with Keith Hume. When the evening meeting is over he hurries back to the hotel to change his clothes which are usually wringing wet with perspiration. "I'm all playd out," Roberts says. "I just want to be by myself." He has a bowl of soup and then tries to sleep. If he can't, he'll kneel in prayer until exhaustion overtakes him.

At 7.30 that night I attended one of the meetings which have such a physically devastating effect on Roberts. About twelve thousand people were seated in the tent. For the most part, they were not very well dressed. "We don't get the soup-and-fish crowd" Roberts had told me earlier. Many of the people had

visible physical deformities; some came in wheelchairs. There were several dozen mothers holding mentally defective children. I spoke to one of them, a pretty red-headed woman in her twenties. She pointed to her four-year-old daughter. "She just doesn't seem to understand anything. I asked my doctor if it would be safe to have another child. He said to go ahead. My second child—a boy—was born six months ago. He's got water on the brain. The doctors say they can't do a thing. Perhaps Brother Roberts can help." Glancing through the audience,

row by row, I was struck by the number of weary, defeated, cheerless faces.

The meeting opened promptly at 7.30 with a swingy, catchy gospel revival tune. Rev. Robert DeWeese, the campaign manager, appeared on the stage and began talking about the collection. DeWeese is a handsome man in his late forties who is an ex-Californian swimming champion and a licensed pilot. "Just because there are a lot of people here doesn't mean there will be a large offering," he said. "Those whom God has blessed with money should give it to help

us pray for those who haven't got any." He also announced that Roberts' books and magazines were on sale. The organ then played while a corps of ushers went through the audience with giant paper cups. "Oral only allows me five minutes from the time the collection starts until all the money is in," DeWeese told me. Collections at evening meetings vary from two thousand to four thousand dollars. At one meeting per campaign, the collection or "love offering" goes to Roberts. Once the campaign budget—usually around twenty-five thousand dol-

Take last Thursday, for instance. Ted was tied up at the office and I had to make all arrangements for having the boss in to dinner. Now Ted always looks after the refreshments himself, and I wasn't sure what brand to buy. So, on the principle of buying the best, I just naturally asked for Lord Calvert. So happens I couldn't have made a happier choice... turns out Lord Calvert is our boss's regular brand... finest of all Canadian Whiskies, in his opinion. Now both of us really rate with Ted's boss."



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by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Specialists warn that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. And everyone knows that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

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lars—has been met, the surplus goes to the local "full gospel" sponsoring churches.

At eight o'clock, with a flourishing wave of his hand, DeWeese announced Roberts as "God's man for this hour." The crowd leaped to their feet, singing, waving their hands, shouting praises. The organ played Roberts' theme song, *Where The Healing Waters Flow*, fortissimo. Roberts quickly walked on stage wearing a dark-blue suit and joined in the singing. This done, he asked, "Do you love Jesus tonight?"

"Amen!" came the response.

"With all your heart?"

"Amen!" this time, in louder volume.

"Then put up both hands," said Roberts, "and tell Him you love Him." The crowd raised their arms over their heads and quivered their hands. This gesture is typical of revival meetings and has been described by some observers as "the Pentecostal salute." As to its symbolic meaning, it has been suggested that the individual is presenting God with a conducting rod through which He can enter. "Now," said Roberts, "before you sit down turn around and shake hands with three people near you and say, 'Neighbor, Jesus is coming soon.'" The audience followed the instruction. On the platform, a number of the sponsoring ministers had tears in their eyes. There were to be many tears shed by many people that night before the meeting was over.

Roberts began speaking. He told a homey joke about a game of football between the elephants and ants. An elephant stepped on an ant and killed him. Asked for an explanation for his act, the elephant said, "I was only trying to trip him!" The crowd roared. His sermon was entitled *The Master Key To Healing*. "Christ was against disease, fear, sin and demons" he said. He repeated it. Then he asked the crowd:

"What was Christ against?" They replied. "Say it again!" he shouted. They did—with a deafening roar. "Jesus was not against any human being but against all that destroys and kills human beings. Jesus was a healer—he was either healing, about to heal or had just come from healing." A deformed eight-year-old girl in the front row broke out crying. Roberts continued: "There's a realm where sickness invades where only faith can heal. You believe and get healed or you don't believe and don't get healed." Roberts is a persuasive preacher. When he tells a Bible story he rushes around the stage acting out the characters and the action. Once, when he reached the incident in the story of Sampson and Delilah where the pillars of the temple began to crumble, a minister on the platform leaped up, shrieking, "The tent is falling! The tent is falling!"

The evangelist now went on to tell the audience about some of his remarkable successes in healing the sick. At Danville, Tom Shelton, age thirty-seven, was able to throw away the brace and canes he had used for twelve years. A woman in Kansas felt her goitre vanish as she watched an Oral Roberts TV show. Roberts later told me that since the purpose of his effort is to win souls, he continues until he "feels" that there are a lot of sinners ready to make a decision. "If I didn't know the precise moment to quit I wouldn't be very good at my business," he said. Unobtrusively, his sermon ended and the altar call began. In a low, confidential tone he said, "Now listen neighbors, if you will do exactly as I say I can help you. If you don't there's nothing I can do for you. I want every man, every woman, every boy and every girl who believes in my prayers, wants my prayers, to raise your right hand"

Roberts' task was now to get as many

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The best way I know to make my customers *my friends* is to sell brands that have made a name for themselves. A shopper just naturally feels more comfortable buying a brand that has known quality, proved value. And I feel more comfortable letting her walk out with it. I know she'll be satisfied—and be back again."

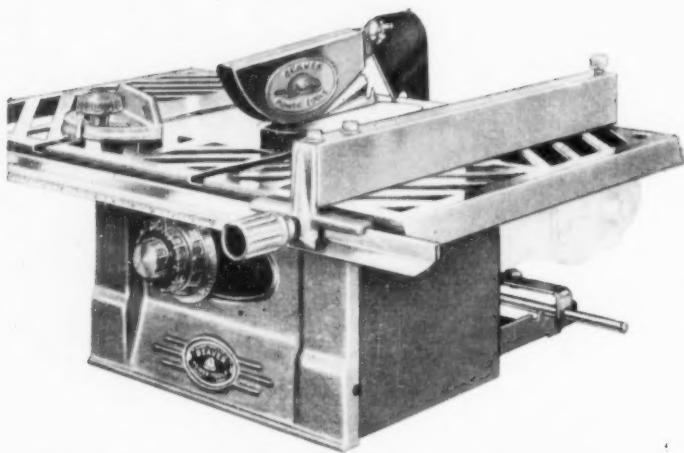
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people as possible who raised their hands to walk down the aisles to the space at the front of the platform below him and proclaim that they have been saved. He did this by steps—pleading, urging, encouraging, wheedling, coaxing. "Now stand up!" he commanded. "Please stand up! If you don't stand up I can't help you! Oh thank God they're standing up!" He proceeded to the next phase. "Stay standing. Don't sit down again. Now come forward! Come forward right now! This is God's night to set you free! Don't be ashamed!" He was shouting, almost sobbing. "Oh thank God, they're coming! They're coming!" The organ pealed forth in a mighty refrain and almost a thousand people from all over the tent streamed down the sawdust-covered aisles.

As the sinners assembled, others were on their feet moaning, singing and shouting praises. Several of the sponsoring clergymen were weeping copiously. "They're witnessing a miracle," a campaign official told me. "Many of them preach all year in Detroit and only save a handful of souls. They're overwhelmed with joy!" Members of Roberts' staff were concerning themselves with hard statistics.

"How many do you think?"

"Eight hundred maybe?"

"No . . . closer to a thousand."

"Better than Danville."

"It looks good for the first night."

Roberts interviewed a few sinners chosen at random. He asked a man of fifty, "How do you know you're saved?" He replied, "I feel it. I feel a tickling and a peace and a joy." He put the same question to a sixteen-year-old youth from Sarnia, Ont., who answered casually, "I think maybe I'm saved." Roberts commented, "Well, you Canadians are not as emotional as we Americans."

The sinners were led away to a smaller tent located some twenty-five yards away. There they heard from local clergymen who urged them to go to church regularly. A woman in her forties became hysterical. She shrieked, her body jerked and her arms were flailing. "It's good to see one of our sisters so happy," observed the presiding pastor. A few seconds later she fell unconscious and was carried outside for fresh air.

"A girl began screaming"

In the meantime, Roberts adjourned to the invalid tent which is reserved for the most serious cases of illness. At least half of the two hundred people assembled there were in wheelchairs or on stretchers. There was a hushed silence as Roberts passed from person to person, laying his hands on their heads, whispering prayers. A mother was sobbing over her child who had a huge cancerous growth on his face. After Roberts touched her, a girl began screaming, "O Lord! O Lord!" and rose from her wheelchair. She walked a few steps and then fell. I later asked Roberts if he felt he was helping these apparently fatally stricken people who had been given up by the medical profession. "I place no limits on the power of God," he told me.

I repeated my question in more explicit form. "We don't keep medical records," he said. "Why should we? We're not doctors. But at the very least we restore hope to these people."

Roberts now returned to the main tent, removed his jacket and sat down on a chair on the platform beside the microphone. The big attraction of the Oral Roberts meetings was about to begin—the public healing session. A long line of sick people had formed a column on

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"Heal this woman!" Roberts shrieked, and said her goitre was gone, but I could see no change"

the ramp to Roberts' left. I was seated beside the exit ramp on the evangelist's right, only a few feet away. This was one of three healing sessions I attended in addition to watching several of them on television.

A minister in his sixties who said that he had been saved at a previous Roberts campaign, complained of multiple sclerosis. "It's better some days than others," he said. Roberts grabbed him by the hands and told the audience to touch their chairs as "a point of contact" and pray with him. He climaxed his prayer by shouting, "Heal!" Roberts then asked the man to move his hands and legs up and down. He did—and the crowd gasped in wonderment. I was not satisfied that meant any improvement in his condition. Without any help, he had stood waiting in line and then walked up to Roberts.

A woman in her forties said she had goitre. Roberts turned her to the audience, pulled her head back, sharply rapped her neck and shrieked, "Heal this woman, Father!" He then turned her around and said, "Look, there's loose flesh where the goitre was. It's gone now!" As she brushed by me I could see no change in the appearance of her neck.

A Japanese youth appeared before Roberts with his mother. His head was bowed. "Norman always keeps his head down and looks at the ground," his mother explained. "He's shy and afraid of people. He thinks everyone is picking on him." Roberts picked up Norman's

face by the chin, praying, "I know this boy loves God and wants to be normal. It's coming! It's coming! Thank you Jesus!" He lowered his voice and asked, "How do you feel Norman?" Norman mumbled a reply. Roberts yanked his head up by the chin and ordered, "Look up Norman. How do you feel?" Norman replied, falteringly, "It's frightening." Roberts repeated, "You're not frightened now Norman . . . you're not frightened now. How do you feel?" The youth's head was down and he remained silent. "I'm going to keep fighting for you," said Roberts, as cries went up from the audience. He resumed his praying, frequently shouting, "Heal!" A few minutes later Norman timidly walked away, his eyes still glued to the ground. Norman's age and symptoms strongly suggest that he was suffering from a mental illness, schizophrenia. He apparently received no help from Roberts; more likely, the experience was deeply disturbing. I asked Roberts about this case when I saw him the next day. "He was helped by my prayer at first," he said, "but he lapsed back. To be helped, a person's faith mustn't waiver."

To an old man who said he had TB, Roberts ordered, "Breathe deeply three times." The man did and reported no pain. "Have you ever breathed so deeply before?" the evangelist asked. "Never before," the man answered. "Thank you Jesus!" The crowd was impressed. However, there was no medical evidence that the man ever had TB. Furthermore, even if he was afflicted with the disease,

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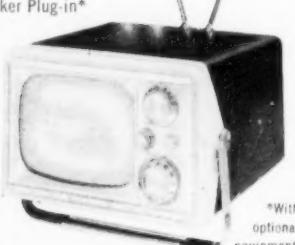
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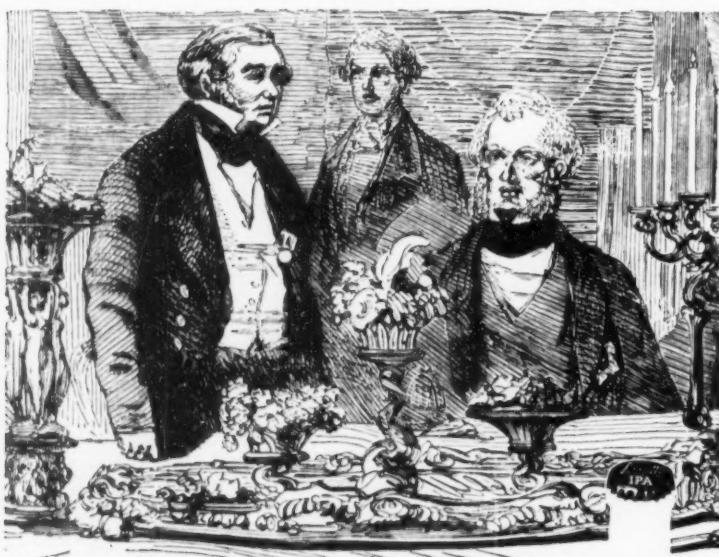
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FANSHAW: Who would not be angry, my dear Ponsonby, when faced with such mutton-headed servants. It is a rule of this household that Mr. Labatt's India Pale Ale is always served at dinner. And well they know it.

PONSONBY: Can it be, Fanshawe, that you partake

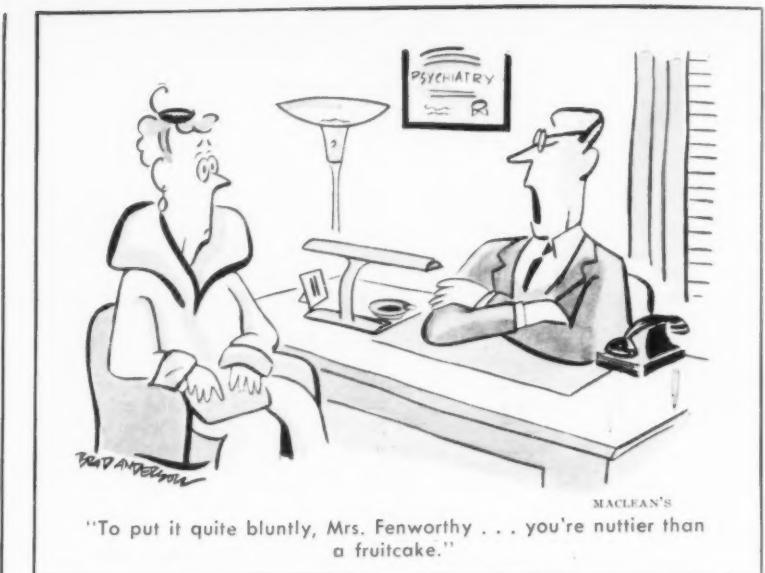
of this flavoursome ale only at dinner?

FANSHAW: Far otherwise, Ponsonby. It is my contention that regular imbibing of India Pale Ale distinguishes a man from a milk-sop. Consequently I comfort myself with a glass whenever I feel the need.

PONSONBY: I commend your taste, Fanshawe. And I concur in your appraisal of India Pale Ale. It is, indeed, a MAN's ale.



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"To put it quite bluntly, Mrs. Fenworthy . . . you're nuttier than a fruitcake."

being able to breathe deeply without pain is no evidence that the disease has completely vanished.

A girl in her late twenties, obviously tense and neurotic, explained that she had a pain in her wrist due to a bone injury. She also told Roberts that she had mental depressions. "I cry about anything, I cry and cry and don't know why," Roberts prayed, "Jesus of Nazareth, heal this woman!" After it was all over the girl said she felt better. "Oh Jesus, I love you," she cried. "When I was a little girl I used to stay inside and pray instead of going outside and playing."

An attractive blonde told Roberts she had epilepsy. "Everyone put your heads down," Roberts said gravely, "because there are epileptic demons in her flesh and when they come out I won't be responsible for what happens." He then shouted to the demons, "Come out in the name of Jesus Christ! I think they're out! I think they're out! They've been there for seventeen years." The girl sighed, "At last I feel peace."

A crying mother told Roberts that her five-year-old son was hard of hearing. Roberts stood behind the child and whispered a question to him. The child answered, "There!" said Roberts, "Isn't your hearing better now?" "Nope!" said the boy. Roberts asked him if he should pray some more for him. The boy shrugged. "If you want to—I don't care."

Perhaps the case that made the greatest impression on the audience was that of a young man in his late twenties from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Leaning on crutches, he explained that he had been stricken with polio several months before. Roberts prayed and then repeated, "Strength is coming back into your legs. Make them go up and down! Make them go!" The man did and later walked down the ramp without his crutches into the arms of his wife, G. H. Montgomery, editor of Roberts' magazine, snapped a picture of the embrace. "Pictures of great joy are especially good for our use," he told me.

The meetings provide a veritable gold mine of testimonials. Every person who goes through the healing line has his picture taken. They are then asked to write to Roberts if their health improves. "We never know who's going to come up with a good testimony," Rev. Hart Armstrong told me. These testimonials are then widely circulated, much to the enhancement of Roberts' reputation as a healer. Every person who is given a card to go through the healing line automatically signs an

agreement to allow Roberts "to use my name, picture and statements made or testimonials given by me in any manner . . ." This includes radio, television, newspaper, magazine, books, films, records and tracts. The same card also makes it clear that Roberts guarantees no cures.

The tent meetings also provide Roberts with the raw material for his TV shows. During each ten-day campaign, a battery of TV cameras shoot sixty-seven thousand feet of film. This mass of celluloid is carefully edited down to fifteen thousand feet or enough film for four twenty-nine-minute TV shows. Dr. W. E. Mann, as well as others, have criticized Roberts for his system of condensing. Dramatic and successful "cures" are retained, he says; "failures" are left on the cutting-room floor.

What is the average citizen to make of Roberts' somewhat flamboyant claims of healing disease by non-medical methods? Perhaps the more basic question is, "Are there any illnesses that can be cured solely by spiritual healing that cannot be healed by medical methods?"

When is a miracle a miracle?

The British Medical Association recently completed an extensive investigation into faith healing at the request of the Church of England. In the main, it turned in a decision against faith healing. "The miraculous cures claimed by faith healing," said the report, in part, "are not outside the knowledge of any experienced physician or psychiatrist. Many of the cures by faith were psychological or emotional disturbances which can be cured by suggestion."

"Alleviation of symptoms such as the alleviation of pain in organic illness may be mistaken for a cure. A toothache may be alleviated by plugging the socket with an analgesic, by Christian Science, by hypnotic suggestion or even by diverting attention. But the decay remains to pursue its course. In some cases the symptoms disappear for a time and the patient appears to have recovered. Often this is reported as 'a miracle' but equal publicity is not given to the eventual return of the symptoms."

"Medical men not infrequently encounter illness which should prove fatal but which appears to resolve unexpectedly. There are reports of cancer behaving this way. These cures are at present inexplicable and it is natural that any factor operating at the time, such as spiritual healing, is given credit for the cure. But the same might be said for a course of diet

"When barriers of fear, hate and guilt are melted by love, amazing healing processes are liberated"

or the carrying of good-luck charms."

Dr. Smiley Blanton, the distinguished New York psychiatrist who is director of the American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, takes a more sympathetic view of healing by faith. He studied a number of cases at the religious shrine at Lourdes, France, which receives two million visitors each year. There sick bodies are lowered into an icy mountain pool. Careful medical testimony supports the claim that a few people out of every million seem to receive remarkable benefits from the immersion. "The basis of these cures," says Dr. Blanton, "lies in some little understood psychological area. There is a tremendous speed-up of the healing process due to emotion aroused in the patient by transference to an all-powerful, all-loving Virgin Mother. One indispensable factor in these cures seems to be an abandonment of all hope of medical or material aid. We know that in the mind there are powerful barriers of fear and guilt and hate. When these are melted away by the power of love and self-surrender, amazing healing processes are liberated." It was Charles Steinmetz, the great scientist, who, when once asked what he considered the most important line of research for his colleagues to follow in the future, replied, "Prayer; find out about prayer."

However, there are two important differences between Lourdes and Oral Roberts. Lourdes rarely claims a cure; Roberts proclaims miraculous healings every day of the year. The Lourdes cures are carefully documented by competent

physicians who have examined the patient before and after his immersion in the water. Roberts dispenses with medical testimony.

After Roberts visited Toronto in 1952, Dr. O. E. A. Stephens, a local physician who is also devoutly religious, examined several people who had been "cured" by the evangelist. All of the cures, the doctor concluded, could be explained by suggestion or hysteria. There were two highly publicized miracles. One was a cancer victim: he died within three weeks. Another was a cripple, who went back to his crutches within a month.

Roberts' reputation has not been enhanced by other practitioners now active in the faith-healing field. Anatole Deforess, of Montreal, for example, makes an estimated \$100,000 a year by fostering the belief that he can cure disease because he's the seventh son of a seventh son. Canadian courts have convicted him three times for practicing medicine without a license. A few years ago, Mary Taylor, nineteen, a diabetic from birth, came under the influence of Pastor Rufus W. Holmes, a traveling evangelist, when he visited Barrie, Ont. She told her friends, "If I have enough faith, I can stop taking insulin." She stopped—and died in a diabetic coma some sixty hours later. In Winnipeg, Rev. A. C. Valdez, an itinerant Pentecostal healer, whipped his audience into a religious frenzy night after night. Two of his most ardent followers were Gavin McCullough, a fifty-five-year-old accountant, and his wife. They were convinced that God was about to establish

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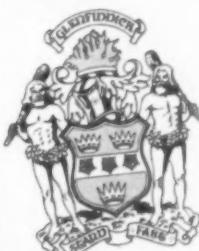


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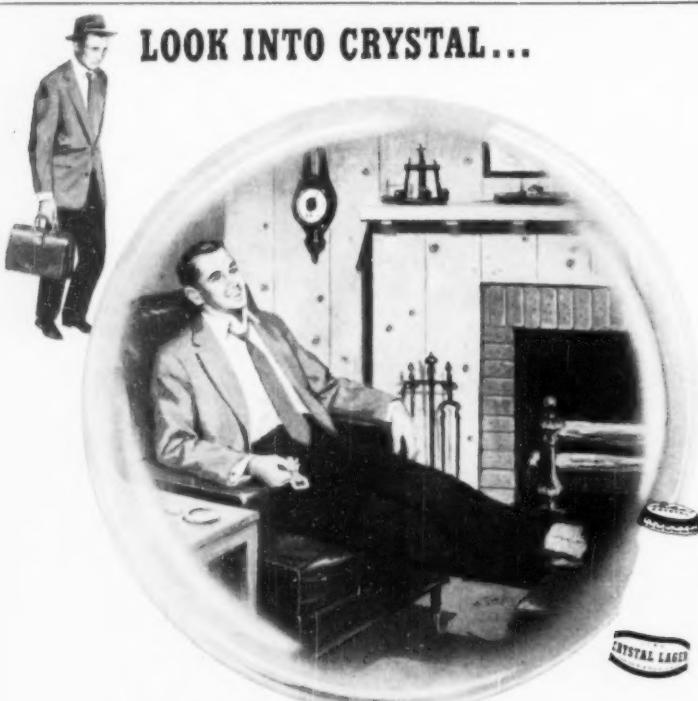
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His Kingdom in Winnipeg. A few days after Valdez folded his tent and left town, they murdered their seven-year-old daughter because "she had the devil in her" and "was mocking God." A few months ago, Jack Coe, an Assembly of God evangelist, was arrested in Miami, Florida. He had ordered a mother to remove the braces from her three-year-old son who was a polio victim. Medical evidence showed that, as a result, irreparable bone damage was done to the child's foot.

These flamboyant practices are condemned by other religious groups who believe in spiritual healing. The Christian Scientists have long claimed that drugs and doctors are not necessary to heal bodily ailments; that healing comes from the natural result of quietly understanding and obeying God's spiritual laws. Several Anglican churches across Canada conduct regular healing services. Perhaps the best known is the Church of Apostles in Toronto. The spiritual healing sessions conducted by its pastor, forty-three-year-old Graham Lesser, are a far cry from Roberts' emotionally charged meetings. Quietly and without fanfare, Lesser prepares his flock for several weeks, building up their faith and trying to create a positive attitude toward life and religion. He doesn't report—or seek—sudden, miraculous cures.

The Roman Catholic Church believes in miracles and encourages its adherents to pray for them, but cautions against "tempting God and trying to force His hand." Dr. P. P. W. Ziemann, secretary-treasurer of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, says, "Our ministers pray with and for the sick and have seen improvement. We do not deny the possibility of healing but we do not want to place undue emphasis on it." This, approximately, is the attitude of many orthodox Christian denominations as well as that of the Jewish faith.

Everyone's job is winning souls

Roberts denounces such lukewarm views. In his opinion, any sick person can be cured of anything—providing he has enough faith. To spread this message as widely as possible he flies back to Healing Waters, Inc., in Tulsa, immediately after every campaign to personally direct operations. Most of his three hundred employees belong to full-gospel churches and are expected not to drink, smoke, blaspheme or live frivolously. At 8 a.m., before work begins, a religious service is held. The personnel manager, Miss Higgins, reads urgent requests for prayers that have been phoned in. "Mrs. Lamonte phoned to say that her husband has just undergone a serious operation . . ." At ten, Roberts meets with his staff if he's not too busy, to explain the progress of his evangelical work. He constantly emphasizes that all of them—whether they lick stamps or sweep floors—are engaged in one main task, winning souls. Not long ago a supervisor found a stenographer in the wrong department and asked her what she was doing there. She promptly replied, "I'm winning souls."

In addition to his regular staff Roberts engages the services of the C. L. Miller Co., a large New York advertising agency whose other accounts include candy and corn products. The agency spends on his behalf some two million dollars each year on radio and TV time and other media. The Jos. W. Hicks Organization, of Chicago, advises him on public relations. Hicks' other clients include companies selling insurance, chemicals, minerals and power lawnmowers. It was Hicks who suggested that Roberts arrive at his revival meetings dressed in a cowboy outfit, riding a Palomino horse while the organ



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played Oh What A Beautiful Mornin'. "You can bill yourself as 'The Cowboy Evangelist,'" Hicks explained enthusiastically. Roberts turned down the idea, explaining, "I'm not a cowboy."

There was nothing in Roberts' early background to suggest that he would one day become the head of a multi-million-dollar evangelical enterprise requiring the services of dozens of administrative, advertising and publicity executives. He was born in the town of Ada, Oklahoma, in 1918, the youngest of five children. His father was an impoverished Pentecostal Holiness preacher. As an adolescent, he was embarrassed by the lack of presentable clothing. More painful was the fact that he was a hopeless stammerer. "I'd often go by myself, look out at the hills and wonder if I'd ever amount to anything," he says. "To this day I have the greatest compassion for stammerers. I want to heal them so badly I don't know what to do." When he was seventeen he contracted tuberculosis. His parents took him to a faith healer, who, Roberts claims, cured him instantly of both his TB and his speech impediment. He became so fluent that when he met Evelyn Lutman, a teacher from Texas whom he later married, he proposed to her in the following words:

"Evelyn, my huge, happy, hilarious heart is throbbing tumultuously, tremendously, triumphantly with a lingering, lasting, long-lived love for you. As I gaze into your bewildering, beauteous, bounteous, beaming eyes, I am literally, lonesomely lost in a dazzling, daring, delightful dream in which your fair, felicitous, fancy-filled face is ever present like a colossal, comprehensive constellation. Will you be my sweet, smiling, soulful, satisfied spouse?" Roberts comments, "You can see how wonderfully healed I was."

His cure decided him on a religious career and he was ordained as a Pentecostal Holiness preacher. His first sermon was delivered in a schoolhouse and the total collection was eighty-three cents. During the next twelve years he was to serve as pastor in various communities in the southern states. Finally, Roberts says, in 1948, as he lay praying on the floor of his study in Enid, Oklahoma, God spoke to him, "clear and crisply like a military commander," saying, "From this hour on you will heal the sick and cast out devils." Thus started his career as a healing evangelist.

Roberts is bustling with plans for the future. His current "World Outreach Program" includes just about every living man, woman and child. To save the children, for example, he is printing millions of copies of an eighteen-page colored comic book entitled The Miracle Touch. The first half is devoted to Jesus healing the sick in Jerusalem; the second half is devoted to Roberts healing the sick in Virginia. He's out to convert the Jews. Another goal is to rescue the souls of the American Indians. "The Indians love me," says Roberts. "My name is a household word on the reservations. Don't ask me how—that's just how God works."

Roberts, as a public figure, is uniformly cheerful, buoyant and optimistic. But offstage he sometimes soberly reflects on his failures. "I can't always heal," he says. "Sometimes I'm tired. Or maybe the people I'm working with aren't mentally or spiritually prepared." To revive his spirits Roberts says he thinks about Babe Ruth's batting record. "Babe Ruth was the greatest hitter in history," says Roberts. "He hit 714 home runs. But what's not so well known is that he struck out 1,330 times. That's what helps me keep my balance — God's law of averages." ★



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Mailbag

The killer who led prayer meetings

Re your article on Albert Horsley, or Harry Orchard. How Harry Orchard Murdered Twenty Men (Sept. 15): I wish to say we were both born and grew up here. He had a good mother and father, and led Wednesday-night prayer meeting here for several years. I am eighty-five now and remember him well. I have been in nearly every place in Idaho he was, knew plenty of people there who knew him, visited him in the pen at Boise, know all about his western career. He killed twenty-seven men, not twenty.

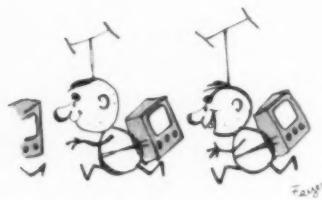
That is one article you should never have printed. It would be much better to allow such characters to rest peacefully in their graves.—S. W. MONTGOMERY, WOOLER, ONT.

I was living at Lewiston, Idaho, at the time of Harry Orchard's trial . . . and I worked with men who had been imprisoned in what was known as the bullpen in the Coeur d'Alene district. These men were penned up by the mine owners for months and finally turned loose and told there were no charges against them. According to these men, the mine owners were the first offenders. They were determined to break the union at all cost, regardless of the means they had to take.

While these men did not approve all that was done, they still contended they fought with the same tools that were used by the mine owners.—G. ROY ROBISON, CHINOOK, ALTA.

Marathons beat TV

What's So Smart About Marathons? you ask (Sept. 1). Granted there are a lot of foolish marathons, but I thank God we have red-blooded Canadians who are will-



ing to face up to supreme challenges and strive to overcome them.

Marathons inspire millions to participate to some extent in sports, and heaven only knows we need something to get our kids away from the TV sets long enough to develop a few muscles.—GORDON C. ROWAN, TORONTO.

For memories, radio is tops

Hugh Garner's article, Remember When We Raved About Radio? (Sept. 1), brought back beautiful memories of days when radio was really something we all had to sit and listen to. All who read this article will have memories that TV cannot equal.—G. BUTLER, VANCOUVER.

• Garner refers to Boake Carter as the only U.S. commentator with a British accent. Years ago Carter described his feelings upon becoming an American citizen. The gist of his words was that for the first time in his life he felt free.

Carter was an Englishman born on foreign soil, his father being in the British diplomatic service . . . He is now dead, I believe.—STEPHEN YORK, TORONTO.

What it takes to be an MD

I read with interest Dr. Sidney Smith's article, Does More Money than Brains Go to College? (Sept. 15). I was struck particularly by his statement that the



shortage of manpower in the healing professions was fairly acute.

I wonder if Dr. Smith has ever read a questionnaire that an applicant to medical school is required to fill out. If not, he might be interested to know that it contains such queries as: How tall are you? Religious denomination? Have you ever attended a summer camp? Name the sports in which you have taken part . . . Have you any hobbies? Was there a cadet corps in your school? . . .

I fail to understand what materiality can attach to a candidate's religion or hobbies, or what bearing his having attended a summer camp, or drilled in a cadet corps, can have on his becoming a good, bad or indifferent doctor—unless of course the doctor of the future will be called upon to play "catch" with his patients, or perhaps go on long hikes.—HELEN ALLEN, TORONTO.

A queen has rights

Doesn't Carl Zeimer, of Edmonton, know that Elizabeth, being Queen of Canada, has every right to visit our country (Mailbag, Sept. 15)? How can "her presence on Canadian soil constitute infringement of our national sovereignty"?—E. M. DAVIDSON, ST. LAMBERT, QUE.

Need for slum clearance

Congratulations on your most interesting and informative account of the Baltimore slum-clearance plan in the Aug. 4 issue (A Blueprint to Stop Our Cities' Decay). Although I do not speak officially for Toronto's United Action for Slum Clearance, I am quite sure my pleasure in reading your excellent article is shared by the entire committee.

It is very encouraging to see that what the UASC is striving to set in motion in Toronto has been undertaken so successfully elsewhere, under somewhat similar circumstances. Here is concrete proof that not only is there need for slum clearance but that there is a need for citizens' concern with the problem.—MRS. E. R. BILKEY, VICE-CHAIRMAN, UASC, TORONTO.

Bouquet for Bluebell

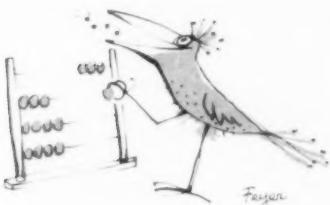
I finished reading Bluebell Stewart Phillips' article, *We Adopted a Family of Criminals* (Sept. 1), in tears—tears of happiness in knowing what a worthwhile and wonderful life Bluebell, her husband and family have lived. Bluebell gives all of the credit for their work to her husband, but having known Bluebell as a little girl and up until she left home and was married, I am sure no little credit should also be hers, and that, without her, the husband's mission would not have been so rewarding.—IVY E. BOWMAN, REGINA.

• I hope some of the folks who favor capital punishment read the article.—WILLIAM S. BOWER, OSGOODE, ONT.

How many whips in a whippoorwill?

I have just read the paragraph in Parade (Aug. 18) about the call of the whippoorwills. Eleven-year-old Eric's camp counselor who said these birds call eighty-eight times, no more, no less, has not made the acquaintance of this bird in Manitoba.

For years I owned a cottage on the shore of Lake Winnipeg. How the whippoorwills whopped! Often I have listened and counted. The number of whips varied



—sometimes only a few, and sometimes a great many. The greatest number I counted was a hundred and two.—GERTRUDE MORLAND SHEWELL, VANCOUVER.

What's "hot-rod evangelism"?

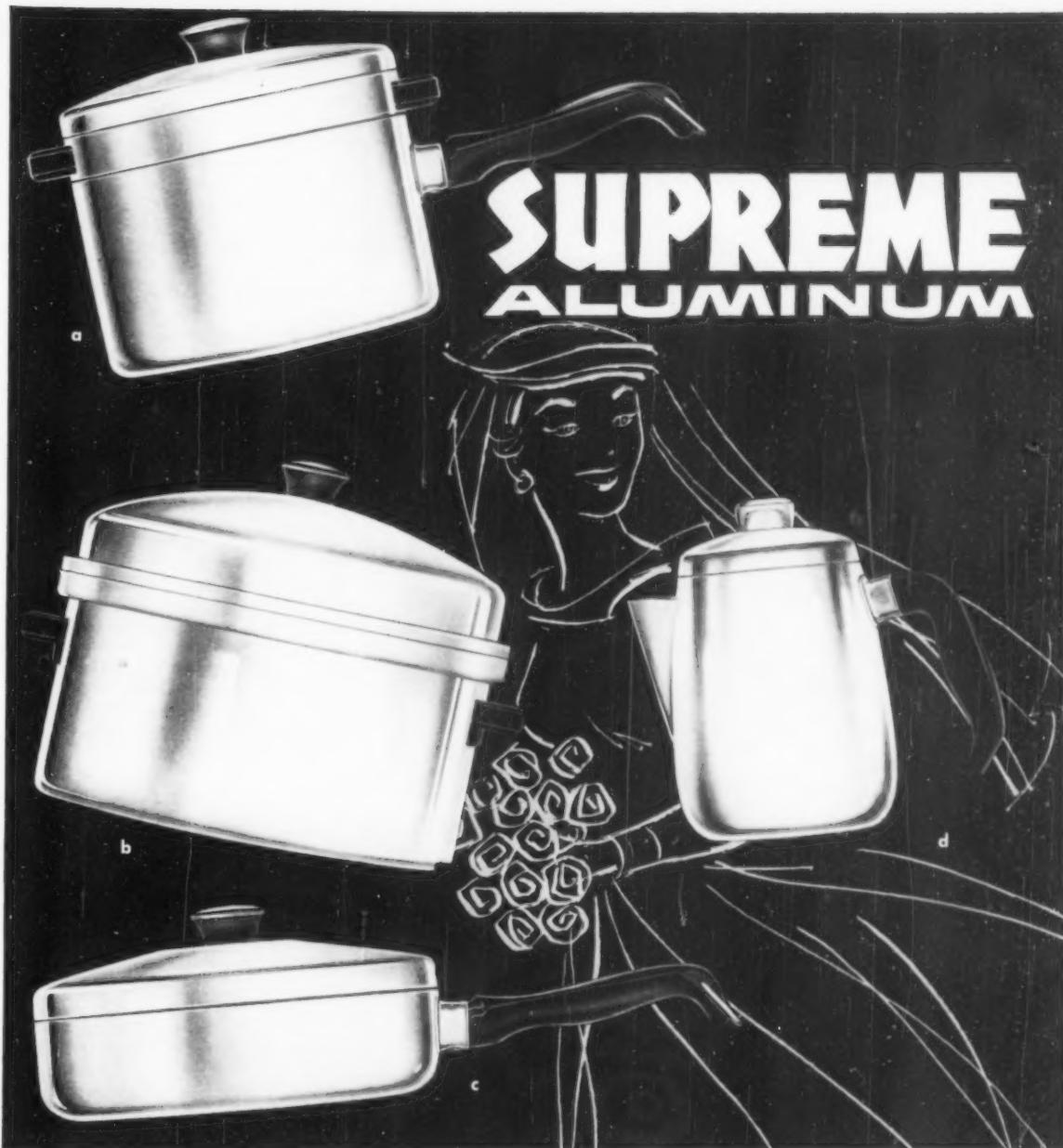
Father Charles Lanphier should give exact instances of "hot-rod evangelism" presented by the CBC or any radio or TV station (What Will Fowler Say About TV?, Sept. 15) . . . Who is being slurred—the Salvation Army, Baptists, Mennonites, Methodists, Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses, Pentecostal believers?

Millions of people have lived better lives because of preachers like Billy Sunday, Billy Graham, Oral Roberts and many other live-wire outlets for evangelical news-spreading.—HAZEL M. STACKHOUSE, GALT, ONT.

No bid from Prince Charming?

Re Eva-Lis Wuorio's article, *Men Are Too Much Trouble to Marry!* (Sept. 1): It's possible that her hatred of mankind is brought on by the reason that no Prince Charming wants her in the first place.—G. DOUCET, SAINT JOHN, N.B.

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who make wonderful husbands. I know, for I married a Finn, although a Canadian one, and can speak from practical experience.—MRS. L. W. KUNELIUS, CALGARY.

• I greatly enjoyed the article by Miss Wuorio on why she prefers single blessedness, and was amused with the apologetic title you men gave it: For the Sake of Argument. Don't kid yourselves, boys—the gal meant what she said! Women are persons nowadays and can afford to be choosy—or didn't you know?

However, I personally wish that your very capable and charming writer would marry, if only to change her name. I can't seem to pronounce it. I know a fine chap, name of Smith . . . Not in the market myself.—GEO. H. WILLIS, VANCOUVER.

The road back to the farm

In The Desperate Plight of the Small Farmer (Aug. 18) Prof. W. B. Baker says the trend away from the farm is inevitable and healthy if the cities can provide jobs for the ex-farmers. Personally I'm from Missouri. If the boom-and-bust cycle of our system of distribution holds to course, it may only be a year or two until the cities wished half their present populations were on the farm.—A. W. MACHIN, MANNVILLE, ALTA.

• The article is belated—approximately thirty-five years. For the farmer the Depression commenced in 1920 . . . The conditions depicted are not confined to rural areas. The once-popular western town is also adversely affected. Already the exodus has commenced.—J. H. POYER, ROBLIN, MAN.

More argument over "huckstering"

Edmund Carpenter's article, Let's Stop Huckstering Religion (Aug. 18), was worth a year's subscription. It is past time that the public rebuke high-pressure salesmanship of the things of the spirit.—A. ERNEST SHERRATT, MAYERTHORPE, ALTA.

• Billy Graham does not say man can find a solution for his problems within himself, nor within the Bible as a book, but in God, who reveals Himself through the Bible.

Carpenter is not dogmatic but suggests man's inner conflict may be reflections of larger conflicts in the world outside. This is an old line—if man's environment was right, he would be right. It didn't work in the Garden of Eden, and hasn't been proven since.—REV. C. E. HUNKING, GORMLEY, ONT.

• Can Carpenter point out to mankind a better way?—D. J. BOYD, BAYHEAD, SCOTLAND.

• The statement that Dr. Peale's book, The Power of Positive Thinking, has outsold everything except the Bible, is proof of its worth. A million read his books and pamphlets. Can they all be stupid and gullible?—A. MARION FOX, TORONTO.

• Timely, intelligent, clear and dignified. I should like to hear more from Dr. Carpenter on the positive, constructive side of this subject of religious thinking and living, and how to communicate the same to other people in this day.—REV. A. E. MILLSON, BRIGHT'S GROVE, ONT. ★



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Backstage at Ottawa continued from page 8

"Conservative members think Diefenbaker is a good stick handler who won't pass the puck"

tive vote-getters. In Quebec he has no support, but Quebec is not quite as decisive a factor at a Conservative as at a Liberal convention.

Even his enemies concede that Diefenbaker is one of the party's ablest debaters in parliament. He is also much in demand as a campaign speaker — again, even among his enemies.

Why then don't they want Diefenbaker as party leader? The commonest answer is he's a good parliamentarian but he isn't a good party man. Diefenbaker's friends interpret this to mean that the so-called big shots of Bay Street don't like him. This is true but it's not the whole truth. Many Conservative members of parliament would not accept Diefenbaker's leadership (if they could help it) because they think he is a solo performer rather than a team player—a good stick handler who won't pass the puck.

Aside from these considerations Diefenbaker is sixty-one years old, and his own health is by no means robust. There is doubt in many Conservative minds whether he could stand the strains and pressures of leadership. All these doubts on the one hand, and Diefenbaker's national fame and strength among rank-and-file delegates on the other, explain the instant formation of a "stop Diefenbaker" movement as soon as George Drew fell ill.

Donald Fleming, MP for Toronto-Eglinton, was also a candidate for party leadership at the 1948 convention and would doubtless stand again. Fleming is one of the outstanding figures in the present opposition. He is industrious, tenacious and formidable in debate. He also speaks French better than any other Conservative whose native tongue is English, and would probably draw stronger support from the Quebec delegation than any other aspirant.

But Fleming, too, rouses apprehensions among many of his fellow MPs. He is a deadly solemn fellow—takes himself and life very seriously indeed. The Conservative caucus as a whole is not exactly a playful group, but it would prefer more humor and lightness of touch in its leader than Fleming is equipped to provide.

George Hees, MP for Toronto-Broadview, might be taken as the other extreme in personality. He is a jolly, friendly, easygoing extrovert who makes friends quickly and doesn't mind a joke on himself. For some time he has been quite frankly and openly a candidate for the succession to George Drew as party leader, and although he has never presumed to be a rival to Drew himself he has challenged the rule of the small group of senior men around George Drew whose influence is usually decisive in caucus. It was over the opposition of this group that Hees was elected president of the National Progressive Conservative Association two years ago, an event which brought Hees into the limelight as a leader of the party's young Turks.

However, the big difference of opinion then was about organization, not leadership. Even some of those who voted for Hees as national president have since made it plain that they wouldn't vote for him as party leader. On the other hand, the men he opposed at that time have not forgotten or forgiven. They will do all they can, and they can do a great deal, to prevent Hees from ever getting the leadership.

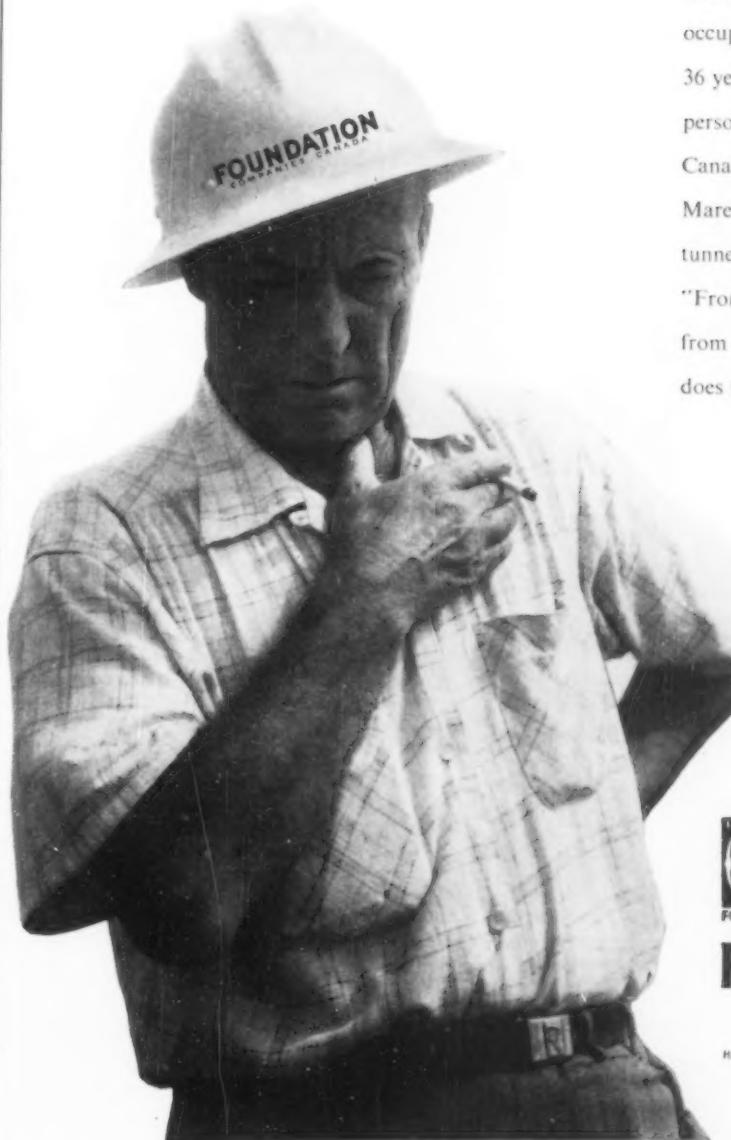
One of the many reasons for the movement to draft Leslie Frost, Premier of Ontario, as federal chief was the fact that he would automatically stop both Fleming and Hees. As Ontario members they would hardly dare oppose such a towering

Ontario figure as the unbeatable Frost, whose career in provincial politics has been a triumphal procession.

So great is the Conservative respect for Frost as a vote-getter that federal MPs are said to be willing even to forget his

statements last spring in support of the Liberals' pipeline scheme. At the time they spoke of him as a traitor to the party, and it's doubtful that all the resentment has really vanished even now. But it would be swallowed, perhaps, if Frost

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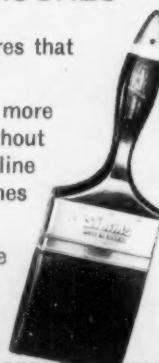
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would consent to run for the leadership.

Frost has said in the past, though, that he is not interested in the federal field. He is sixty-one, less than a year younger than George Drew, and a wound from World War I still bothers him; there has been intermittent talk of his retirement even from the comparatively light burdens of the Ontario premiership. It's possible, of course, that he might give in to the unanimous call of a Conservative convention, but the convention isn't likely to be unanimous—after all, there's a lot of risk in bringing to the federal leadership a provincial politician, however successful. The Conservatives have not forgotten their experience with John Bracken. Moreover, Leslie Frost's most recent appearance on the national scene was as opponent of a tax-sharing deal on which Ontario takes a stand opposite to that of most provinces.

Hees and Fleming are young as politicians go—Hees is forty-six, Fleming fifty-one—but another Conservative MP is more distinctly a young candidate. Davie Fulton (Davie is his name, by the way, not a diminutive) was only twenty-nine when he was flown home from overseas to be Conservative candidate in Kamloops, B.C. He has survived both general elections since that first one of 1945, and now can call himself a parliamentary veteran even though he is only forty years old. A Rhodes Scholar, an excellent debater, an expert on the rules of parliament who got a lot of favorable notice in the pipeline debate last May, Fulton will be a powerful contender if he decides to try for the party leadership.

Fulton's best friends are inclined to think, though, that it's too soon for him to lead the party. He has grown noticeably during his eleven years in parliament; they think he is still growing, and would be better equipped next time.

Also, Fulton is a Roman Catholic. This is not the lethal drawback it might once have been for a Conservative aspirant, but it is not an advantage—Conservatives remember what happened to their last Roman Catholic leader, Robert Manion, who lost his own seat in 1940. There's a general feeling that the party had better wait at least until the Liberals are led by a Protestant, before choosing a Roman Catholic leader of its own.

If Fulton is thought too young and too little known, both points weigh even more heavily against young Duff Roblin, Conservative leader in Manitoba. Roblin's friends all say he will go far in Canadian politics, but even they admit he hasn't gone far yet.

Other names crop up in discussion of the Conservative plight—Premier Hugh John Flemming of New Brunswick, but he is happy where he is and little known nationally; Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto. Dr. Smith would have been a candidate in 1942 if John Bracken had decided not to run. But in 1942 he was only forty-five years old, and he was president of the University of Manitoba—probably the most frustrating, exasperating, unsatisfying academic job in Canada. Now he is fifty-nine years old and president of a university that has impressive claims to be called Canada's best. Moreover, he has had no experience at all in politics, and his chances at a convention would be highly doubtful even if he decided to run.

Thus the process of elimination goes. Undoubtedly when the time comes the Conservatives will choose a leader, and the party will rally around him with more solidarity than would seem possible beforehand.

But there's even less doubt that for here and now, all Conservatives would rather have George Drew stay on. ★

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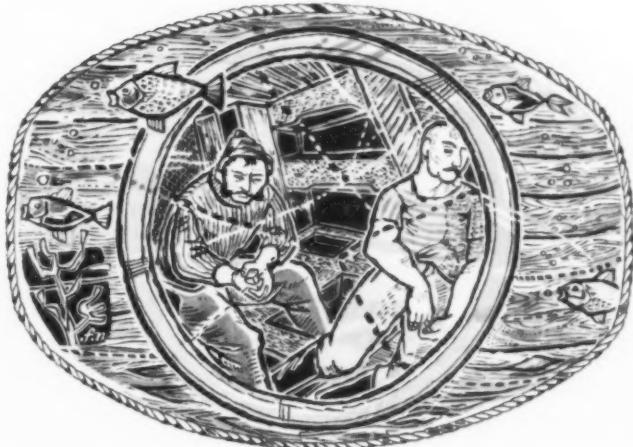
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CANADIAN ECDOTE



"Trapped, they prayed, but they knew only a miracle could save them."

The men who escaped from the bottom of the sea

When the news that the schooner Cod Seeker had sunk off the south coast of Nova Scotia reached the little town of Barrington, N.S., in May 1877, there was sorrow and dismay in the homes of the twelve men who had made up her crew. Then, one by one, women's hearts grew lighter. Captain Phillip Brown and three men had made Cape Sable Island in a dory after the Cod Seeker capsized in a storm. Five other crewmen had clung to the overturned ship and were rescued by the schooner Matchless.

Three had not survived. Zibs Hunt was washed overboard just before the Matchless arrived. Samuel Atwood and James Smith had been sleeping in the forecastle when the ship capsized and had gone down with her. Their families were united in grief.

Then began a story as strange as Enoch Arden's. As it was told later, the first notice Atwood and Smith had of the disaster was when they were jolted from their bunks in the darkness. They soon realized their ship had turned turtle and they were trapped. But the door at the head of the companionway was tightly closed and no water got in.

The men did not panic, but waited in hope. Their hope gradually gave out, however, when they felt the ship lurch and settle into the sea. A few seconds later a heavy jar told them she had struck bottom. They prayed, but knew

that only a miracle could save them.

Then, in the darkness, they felt the ship quiver and begin to rise. They groped for an explanation, and suddenly it dawned on them: the ship's cargo of salt had dissolved, changing the specific gravity, and she floated again to the surface, still bottom up.

As the hours went by, the men's hopes became dimmer. Despair gave way to frenzy as the oxygen in their tight prison became thinner. By the morning of the fourth day they could scarcely breathe. They began to have hallucinations and thought they were sailing home.

Then, after eighty-six hours, the schooner Ohio, out of Bucksport, Maine, sighted the capsized hulk. A boat was lowered and Captain Dow and his mate boarded the Cod Seeker. Standing on the hull, Dow thought he heard tapping under his feet. So did the mate. Quickly a hole was chopped through the planks. There was a hiss of escaping air and the ship began to settle. Atwood and Smith were yanked through a small opening just a few minutes before the Cod Seeker, no longer buoyed by air inside her, again plunged to the bottom.

The Ohio changed course for Barrington. There Atwood and Smith were greeted as men from the dead, which indeed they were.

G. J. GILLESPIE.

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Query from outer space: "What's yours?"

A Britisher who recently came to Canada on business says the passenger list on his plane comprised the usual assortment of world-weary travelers and excited folks on their first flight. Among the latter was one old lady whose deafness didn't lessen her delight in each new experience. She looked up eagerly when a stewardess stopped to ask her if she'd care for a drink from the bar, but didn't catch it. "Eh?" queried the passenger, cupping her ear against the roar of the engines. "Would you like a drink from the bar, madam?" the stewardess repeated.

"A message from Mars!" exclaimed the old lady. "How wonderful!"

* * *

A fellow came to work in one of the DVA offices in Ottawa recently to find a dust mop on his desk, left behind by the night squad, so he told a new messenger to "take it to the cleaners." Back it came a few days later, fresh as a daisy and with a bill for a dollar from a local dry cleaner.

* * *

Businessmen of Moose Jaw recently organized a mass outing for two hundred old-age pensioners and the string of volunteer cars made quite an impressive procession through town. The old folks enjoyed everything about the trip but nothing so much (says one of them who wrote us with glee) as the way all other traffic came to a stop and citizens all along the route stopped whatever they were doing to doff their hats and look appropriately solemn. With a sense of humor like that, the pensioner

Sight of the week in Winnipeg: several nicely dressed women getting out of their car in front of a church where a tea was being held, noticing belatedly that the car was right beside one of those stand-



up No Parking signs, and grabbing hold of the heavy thing to haul it farther down the street.

* * *

A regular customer of a general store at Manson's Landing, on Cortes Island, a hundred miles north of Vancouver, drew to the storekeeper's attention that neighborhood youngsters were helping themselves freely at his candy counter. "Yes, I know," retorted the merchant, "and one of these days some surprised parents are going to find some unexpected items on their monthly bills!"

The helpful customer nodded sympathetically then—but a week later at home he hit the roof to receive his own bill from the store containing an entry "Stolen—30c." His three children were hauled on the carpet, grilled and cross-questioned but finally dismissed on the strength of their fervent protestations of innocence. After which the outraged father stormed down to have it out with his friendly neighborhood merchant—who hastily explained the entry should have read "Stollen" . . . a kind of raisin bread the man's wife had bought.

* * *

One of those minor but shocking suburban tragedies occurred in Weston, Ont., recently when a pet parrot escaped from its cage and came to a quick but horrible end in a caldron of bubbling soup. There were tears in the eyes of its bereaved mistress as she went next door to tell her neighbor all about it, and no one was quicker to console her than her neighbor's tenderhearted but hearty young daughter. "Never mind, Mrs. Mullins," said the child. "We'll give you some of *our* soup."

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